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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

WINTER'S TALE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MACBETH.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, C. Dilly, J. Robſon, J. Johnſon, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinſon, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nicholls, F. and C. Rivington, W. Goldſmith, T. Payne, Jun. S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, B. and J. White, G. and T. Wilkie, J. and J. Taylor, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, E. Newbery, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvy and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, J. Deighton, and W. Miller.

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WINTER'S TALE.*

* WINTER'S TALE.] This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the play; as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgement of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime.*" STEEVENS.

The ſtory of this play is taken from *The Pleaſant Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia whom Shakſpeare names

Leontes, is called	——	Egiſtus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	——	Pandoſto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	——	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	——	Doraſtus.
Camillo ——	——	Franion.
Old Shepherd ——	——	Porrus.
Hermione ——	——	Bellaria.
Perdita ——	——	Faunia.
Mopſa ——	——	Mopſa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumſtances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "ſome of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Eſſay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conqueſt of Granada*: "Witneſs the lameneſs of their plots; [the plots of Shakſpeare and Fletcher;] many of which, eſpecially thoſe which they wrote firſt, (for even that age refined itſelf in ſome meaſure,) were made up of ſome ridiculous incoherent ſtory, which in one play many times took up the buſineſs of an age. I ſuppoſe I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expreſsly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the hiſtorical plays of Shakſpeare; beſides many of the reſt, as *The Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Loſt, Meaſure for Meaſure*, which were either grounded on impoſſibilities, or at leaſt ſo meanly written, that the comedy neither cauſed your mirth, nor the ſerious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the ſame ill-conſidered judgement on the play before us. "I ſhould conjecture (ſays he) of ſome of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more cenſured for the breach of dramatick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakſpeare was not ignorant of theſe rules, but diſregarded them,"—it may be obſerved, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once univerſally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poeſy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be ſo in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the reſt, where you ſhall have Aſia of the one ſide, and Affricke of the other, and ſo manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverſes ſhe is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres ſpace: which how abſurd it is in ſence, even ſence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is ſneered at by B. Jonſon, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a ſervant-monſter in the fair, who can help it, *nor a neſt of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget TALES, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." By the *neſt of antiques*, the twelve ſatyrs who are introduced at the ſheep-ſhearing feſtival, are alluded to.—In his converſation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another ſtroke at his *beloved* friend; "He [Jonſon] ſaid, that Shakſpeare wanted art, and ſometimes ſenſe; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, ſaying they had ſuffered ſhipwreck in Bohemia, where is no ſea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonſon, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. Theſe words therefore are a ſufficient anſwer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle ſuppoſition that *Bohemia* was an error of the preſs for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himſelf much needleſs concern that Shakſpeare ſhould conſider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia:* but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe* that *Dorafius and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.——Cervantes ridicules theſe geographical miſtakes, when he makes the princeſs Micomicona land at Oſſuna.——Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a ſea-port in

his dominions;" and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime miniſter of France, when he was embaſſador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "*upon the ſea?*"——There is a ſimilar miſtake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the hiſtoric plays of Shakſpeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have diſcovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The addreſs of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The ſubject was too delicate to be exhibited on the ſtage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured ſo home an alluſion on any other ground than compliment. The unreaſonable jealouſy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in conſequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boiſterous paſſions. Not only the general plan of the ſtory is moſt applicable, but ſeveral paſſages are ſo marked, that they touch the real hiſtory nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial ſays:

"——for honour,
"'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
"And only that I ſtand for."

This ſeems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where ſhe pleads for the infant princeſs his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unneceſſary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the alluſion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a ſtill-born ſon. But the moſt ſtriking paſſage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, deſcribing the new-born princeſs, and her likeneſs to her father, ſays: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one ſentence indeed ſo applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I ſhould ſuſpect the poet inſerted it after her death. Paulina, ſpeaking of the child, tells the king:

"——'Tis yours;
"And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
"So like you, 'tis the worſe."——

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a ſecond part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

PERSONS represented.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia:
Mamillius, *his ſon.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his ſon.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
Mopſa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdeſſes.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, &c.

SCENE, ſometimes in Sicilia, *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us,[2] we will be juſtified in our loves: for, indeed,—

CAM. 'Beſeech you,——

ARCH. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay.——We will give you ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

CAM. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

[2] ——*our entertainment*, &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the conſciouſneſs of our good-will ſhall juſtify us. JOHNSON.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhow himſelf over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attorney'd,[3] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.[4] The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius;

[3] ——*royally attorney'd,*] Nobly ſupplied by ſubſtitution of embaſſies, &c. Johnson.

[4] ——*ſhook hands, as over a* vaſt; *and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.*] Thus the folio 1623. The folio, 1632:——*over a* vaſt ſea. I have ſince found that Sir T. Hanmer attempted the ſame correction; though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vaſtum* was the ancient term for *waſte* uncultivated land. Over a *vaſt*, therefore, means at a great and vacant diſtance from each other. *Vaſt*, however, may be uſed for the *ſea*, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*

"Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

Steevens.

Shakſpeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinſhed, while writing the incantation of the weird ſiſters in *Macbeth*. There is alſo an alluſion to a print of one of the Henries holding a ſword adorned with crowns. In this paſſage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from oppoſite clouds, and joined as in token of friendſhip over a wide waſte of country. Henley.

it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject,[5] makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry ſtar have been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thouſands more
That go before it.

[5] ——phyſicks *the ſubject,*] Affords a cordial to the ſtate; has the power of aſſuaging the ſenſe of miſery. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth:* "The labour we delight in, *phyſicks* pain." Steevens.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence: That may blow
No ſneaping winds[6] at home, to make us ſay,
This is put forth too truly![7] Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leon. One ſeven-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that

[6] ——that may *blow*
No ſneaping winds—] Dr. Warburton calls this *nonſenſe*: and Dr. Johnſon tells us it is a *Galliciſm*. It happens however to be both *ſenſe* and *Engliſh*. *That*, for *Oh! that*—is not uncommon. In an old tranſlation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciſcans*: "St. Francis obſerving the holineſs of friar Juniper, ſaid to the priors, *That* I had a wood of ſuch Junipers!" And, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*:

"——In thy rumination,
"*That* I poor man might eftſoons come between!"

And ſo in other places. This is the conſtruction of the paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*That* runaway's eyes may wink!"

Which in other reſpects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.
FARMER.

—ſneaping *winds*—] *Nipping* winds. So, in *Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil's Eneid. Prologue of the ſeuynth Booke.*

"Scharp ſoppis of ſleit, and of the *ſnyppand* ſnaw."
HOLT WHITE.

[7] *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me ſay, *I had too good reaſon for my fears* concerning what might happen in my abſence from home. MALONE.

I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, ſir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to ſtay. You, ſir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bohemia's well: this ſatisfaction [8]
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leon. Well ſaid, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.—
Yet of your royal preſence [*To* Polixenes.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,[9]

[8] —— *this ſatisfaction* —] We had ſatisfactory accounts yeſterday of the ſtate of Bohemia. Johnson.

[9] —— *I'll give* him *my commiſſion*,] We ſhould read:
—— *I'll give* you *my commiſſion*,
The verb *let*, or hinder, which follows, ſhows the neceſſity of it: for ſhe could not ſay ſhe would give her huſband a commiſſion

To let him there a month, behind the geſt[2]
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed,[3] Leontes,

to *let* or hinder himſelf. The commiſſion is given to Polixenes, to whom ſhe is ſpeaking, to let or hinder her huſband.

WARBURTON.

"I'll give him my licence of abſence, ſo as to obſtruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him*, however, may be uſed as many other reflective verbs are by Shakſpeare, for to let or hinder *himſelf:* then the meaning will be, "I'll give him my permiſſion to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors read, I think, without neceſſity,—I'll give *you* my commiſſion, &c. MALONE.

[2] ——— *behind the* geſt —] Mr. Theobald ſays: *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the phraſe,* and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt:* But the word *geſt* is right, and ſignifies a ſtage or journey. In the time of *royal progreſſes* the king's ſtages, as we may ſee by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *geſts*; from the old French word *giſte, diverſorium.* WARBURTON.

In Strype's *Memorials of Archbiſhop Cranmer*, p. 283.——The archbiſhop entreats Cecil, "to let him have the new reſolved upon *geſts*, from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was."

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594:

"Caſtile, and lovely Elinor with him,
"Have in their *geſts* reſolv'd for Oxford town."

Again, in *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"—— Do, like the *geſts* in the progreſs,
"You know where you ſhall find me." STEEVENS.

Geſts, or rather *giſts*, from the Fr. *giſte*, (which ſignifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houſes or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a ſcroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furniſhed with a copy. MALONE.

[3] ——*yet*, good-deed,] ſignifies *indeed, in very deed*, as Shakſpeare in another place expreſſes it. *Good-deed* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the Earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gaſcoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—good *heed*,—meaning—take good heed. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio reads—*good heed*, which, I believe, is right. TYRWHITT.

I love thee not a jar o'the clock[4] behind
What lady ſhe her lord.—You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;

[4] ——*a* jar *o'the clock*—] A *jar* is, I believe, a ſingle repetition of the noiſe made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call *the ticking* of it. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they *jar*."

STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not ſuppoſe that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the ſeconds. See Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick*; as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. IV. ſt. 107; edit. 1609. "He *bears* no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre*." HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1601:—"the owle ſhrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clocke ſtriking twelve."

MALONE.

Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings[5] then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd[6]
That any did: Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[7]

[5] ——— *lordings* ——] This diminutive of *lord* is often uſed by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the hoſt ſays to the company, v. 790, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"*Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beſte."

STEEVENS.

[6] *The* doctrine *of ill-doing*, no, *nor dream'd*—] *Doctrine* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So *children*, *tickling*, and many others. The editor of the ſecond folio inſerted the word *no*, to ſupply a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

I cannot ſuppoſe myſelf to be reading a verſe, unleſs I adopt the emendation of the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *the impoſition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the im-

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to us: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay,[a]
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;

poſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven. Warburton.

[a] *Grace to boot!*

Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay, &c.] Polixenes had ſaid, that ſince the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two queens were become women. To each part of this obſervation the queen anſwers in order. To that of *temptations* ſhe replies, *Grace to boot!* i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot*, was a proverbial expreſſion on theſe occaſions. To the other part, ſhe replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no concluſion from thence, for that would be making your queen and me devils, &c. Warburton.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in the exiſtence of ſuch a proverbial expreſſion. Steevens.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might ſeem to be ſullied by a ſpecies of argument that made them appear to have led their huſbands into temptation.

Grace or Heaven *help* me!—Do not argue in that manner; do not draw any concluſion or inference from your, and your friend's, having, ſince thoſe days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your queen and me; for, as you have ſaid that in the period between childhood and the preſent time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or inſinuation would be ſtrong againſt us, as your corrupters, and, "by that kind of chaſe," your queen and I would be devils. Malone.

If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you ſlipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.

Leon. At my requeſt, he would not.
Hermione, my deareſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praiſe, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages: You may ride us,
With one ſoft kiſs, a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal;[a]—
My laſt good deed was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace?

[a] *With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal;*—] Thus this paſſage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to th' goal*, meant, *but to come to the purpoſe*; but the ſenſe is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

——————*ere*
With ſpur we heat an acre, but to the goal,

i. e. good uſage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we ſtop ſhort, even there where both our intereſt and our inclination would otherwiſe have carried us. Warburton.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. Steevens.

But once before I ſpoke to the purpoſe: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſour'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyſelf my love;[9] then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.[1]—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
The other, for ſome while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* Polixenes.

[9] *And* clap *thyſelf my love*;] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phraſe—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——Speak, widow, is't a match?
"Shall we *clap* it up?"

Again, in a *Trick to catch the old One*, 1618:

"Come, *clap* hands, a match."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"——and ſo *clap* hands, and a bargain." Steevens.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakſpeare often alludes. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"This is the *hand*, which with a *vow'd contract*
"Was faſt belock'd in thine."

Again, in *King John*:

"*Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *cloſe your hands.*
"*Aust.* And your lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
"That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd."

So alſo, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

"There theſe young *lovers* ſhall *clap hands* together."

I ſhould not have given ſo many inſtances of this cuſtom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—"And *clepe* thyſelf my love," has many favourers. The old copy has—*A* clap, &c. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] *It is* Grace, *indeed!*] Referring to what ſhe had juſt ſaid—"O, would her name were *Grace!*" Malone.

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,[9]
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs;—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer;[2] O, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?[3]
Why, that's my bawcock,[4] What, haſt ſmutch'd thy noſe?—

[9] ——*from* bounty, *fertile boſom,*] I ſuppoſe that a letter dropped out at the preſs, and would read—from *bounty's* fertile boſom. Malone.

By *fertile boſom*, I ſuppoſe, is meant a boſom like that of the earth, which yields a ſpontaneous produce. In the ſame ſtrain is the addreſs of *Timon of Athens:*

"Thou common mother, thou,
"Whoſe —— infinite *breaſt*
"*Teems and feeds all!*" Steevens.

[2] *The* mort *o'the deer;*] A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer. Theobald.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miſs of his fees." Again, in the oldeſt copy of *Chevy Chaſe:*

"The blewe a *mort* uppone the bent." Steevens.

[3] *I'fecks?*] A ſuppoſed corruption of—*in faith.* Our preſent vulgar pronounce it—*fegs.* Steevens.

[4] *Why, that's my* bawcock.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq.* It is ſtill ſaid in vulgar language that ſuch a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game.* The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Piſtol ſpeaks of *K. Henry the Fifth.* Steevens.

They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat;[5] not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling[6]
[*Obſerving* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

MAM. Yes, if you will, my lord.

LEON. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,[7]

[5] *We muſt be neat*;] Leontes, ſeeing his ſon's noſe ſmutch'd, cries, *we muſt be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he ſays, *not neat, but cleanly*. JOHNSON.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 3:

" His large proviſion there of fleſh, of fowl, of *neat*."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Still virginalling*—] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very ſmall kind of ſpinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the leſſons in it have proved ſo difficult, as to baffle our moſt expert players on the harpſichord.

So, in Decker's *Satiro-maſtix, or the Untruſſing of the Humorous Poet*, 1602:

" When we have huſbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they muſt riſe and fall to our humours, or elſe they'll never get any good ſtrains of muſick out of one of us."

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" Where be theſe raſcals that ſkip and down
" Like *virginal jacks*?" STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſtrung like a ſpinnet, and ſhaped like a *piano forte*.
MALONE.

[7] *Thou want'ſt a rough* paſh, *and the* ſhoots *that I have*,] *Paſh* (ſays Sir T. Hanmer) is *kiſs*. *Pax*. Spaniſh, i. e. *thou want'ſt a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiſs with*. *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the enſigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brain'd boy is, however, call'd a mad *paſh* in Cheſhire.
STEEVENS.

Thou want'ſt a rough *paſh*, and the *ſhoots* that I have, in connexion with the context, ſignifies——*to make thee a* calf *thou muſt*

To be full like me:[8]—yet, they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: But were they falſe
As o'er-died blacks,[9] as wind, as waters; falſe

have the tuft *on thy forehead and the* young horns *that* ſhoot *up in it, as I have.* Leontes aſks the Prince:

——How now, you *wanton calf!*
Art thou my *calf?*

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'ſt a rough *paſh*, and the *ſhoots* that I have,
To be full like me.

To *paſh* ſignifies to *puſh* or *daſh againſt*, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus Drayton:

"They either poles their heads together *paſht.*"

Again, in *How to chooſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602. 4to:

"——learn *paſh* and knock, and beat and mall,
"Cleave pates and caputs."

When in Cheſhire a *paſh* is uſed for a *mad-brained boy*, it is deſigned to characterize him from the wantonneſs of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head againſt any thing. HENLEY.

In *Troilus and Creſſida*, the verb *paſh* alſo occurs:

"——waving his beam
"Upon the *paſhed* corſes of the kings
"Epiſtrophus and Cedius."

And again (as Mr. Henley on another occaſion obſerves) in the *Virgin Martyr:*

"——when the battering ram
"Were fetching his career backward, to *paſh*
"Me with *his horns* to pieces." STEEVENS.

I have lately learned that *paſh* in Scotland ſignifies a *head.* The old reading therefore may ſtand. Many words, that are now uſed only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole iſland of Great Britain, or at leaſt to the northern part of England. The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I ſuppoſe, is this. *You tell me* (ſays Leontes to his ſon) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the* horned *bull: thou wanteſt the* rough head and the horns *of that animal, completely to reſemble your father.* MALONE.

[8] *To be* full *like me:*] *Full* is here as in other places, uſed by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

[9] *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer underſtands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourn [2] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me.—Come, ſir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye: [3] Sweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt! my collop! [4]—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center: [5]

It is common with tradeſmen to die their faded or damaged ſtuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean thoſe which have received a die over their former colour.

There is a paſſage in *The old Law* of Maſſenger, which might lead us to offer another interpretation:

" —— *Blacks* are often ſuch diſſembling mourners,
" There is no credit given to't, it has loſt
" All reputation by *falſe* ſons and widows:
" I would not hear of *blacks*."

It ſeems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

" —— in ſo many *blacks*
" I'll have the church hung round"——

Black, however, will receive no other hue without diſcovering itſelf through it. " *Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.*"
Plin. *Nat. Hiſt.* Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in a book which our author had certainly read, inclines me to believe that the laſt is the true interpretation. " Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore *it could take no other colour.*" Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580. MALONE.

[2] *No* bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet*:
" —— from whoſe *bourn*
" No traveller returns——." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *welkin-eye:*] Blue-eye; an eye of the ſame colour with the *welkin*, or ſky. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *my* collop!] So, in *The Firſt Part of K. Henry VI:*
" God knows, thou art a *collop* of my fleſh." STEEVENS.

[5] *Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center:*] Inſtead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority:

Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to the center.

Mr. Rowe firſt made the exchange. I am not ſure that I un-

Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,[6]
Communicat'ſt with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,[7]
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething; and thou doſt;
(And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.

derſtand the reading I have reſtored. *Affection*, however, I believe, ſignifies *imagination*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——————— *affection*,
" Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it," &c.

i. e. *imagination* governs our *paſſions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expreſſes it, " when the mind with great earneſtneſs, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, conſiders it on every ſide, and will not be called off by the ordinary ſollicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind ſeems to be what affects Leontes ſo deeply, or, in Shakſpeare's language,—*ſtabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

Intention, in this paſſage, means eagerneſs of attention, or of deſire; and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, where Falſtaff ſays—" She did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors, with ſuch a greedy *intention*," &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, " the diſpoſition of the mind when ſtrongly *affected* or poſſeſſed by a particular idea." And in a kindred ſenſe at leaſt to this, it is uſed in the paſſage quoted from *The Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

[6] *Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,*] i. e. thou doſt make thoſe things poſſible, which are conceived to be impoſſible. JOHNSON.

To expreſs the ſpeaker's meaning, it is neceſſary to make a ſhort pauſe after the word *poſſible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in ſtrictneſs it is improper. MALONE.

[7] ——— *credent,*] i. e. credible. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act V. ſc. v:

" For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.

Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?[8]

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?[9]

Leon. No, in good earneſt.—
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderneſs; and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! [*Aſide.*]—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite[2] its maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.[3]
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh,[4] this gentleman:—Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[5]

[8] *What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. Malone.

[9] *Are you* mov'd, *my lord?*] We have again the ſame expreſſion on the ſame occaſion, in *Othello:*

"*Iago.* I ſee my Lord, you are *mov'd.*
"*Othel.* No, not much *mov'd*, not much." Malone.

[2] —— *my dagger* muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite ——] So, in *King Heury VIII:*
"This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
"Have not the power to *muzzle* him."
Again, in *Much ado about nothing:* "I am truſted with a *muzzle.*" Steevens.

[3] *As* ornaments *oft do, too* dangerous.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"Thus *ornament* is but the guiled ſhore
"To a moſt *dangerous* ſea." Steevens.

[4] *This* ſquaſh,] A ſquaſh is a pea-pod, in that ſtate when the young peas begin to ſwell in it. Henley.

[5] *Will you take eggs for money?*] This ſeems to be a proverbial

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

expreſſion, uſed when a man ſees himſelf wronged and makes no reſiſtance. Its original, or preciſe meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's neſt; he therefore that has eggs laid in his neſt is ſaid to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial ſaying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you deſign to affront? Mamillius's anſwer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet with Shakſpeare's phraſe in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:——"I ſhall have *eggs for my money*; I muſt hang myſelf." STEEVENS.

Leontes ſeems only to aſk his ſon if he would fly from an enemy. In the following paſſage the phraſe is evidently to be taken in that ſenſe. "The French infantery ſkirmiſheth bravely afarre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onſet at the firſt charge; but after the firſt heat *they will take eggs for their money*." *Relations of the moſt famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the world*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

Mamillius's reply to his father's queſtion appears ſo deciſive as to the true explanation of this paſſage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phraſe undoubtedly ſometimes means what Mr. Malone aſſerts, but not here. REED.

This phraſe ſeems to me to have meant originally,—Are you ſuch a poltron as to ſuffer another to uſe you as he pleaſes, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of ſo ſmall a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly conſiſtent with the paſſage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* ſeems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame ſnake*.

The following paſſage in Campion's Hiſtory of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this paſſage; and ſhows that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you ſuffer yourſelf to be cajoled or impoſed upon?*—"What my couſin Deſmond hath compaſſed, as I know not, ſo I beſhrew his naked heart for holding out ſo long.—But go to, ſuppoſe hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Oſſory, who, notwithſtanding his high promiſes, having alſo the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leiſure."

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![3]—
My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, ſir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all:
He makes a July's day ſhort as December;
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhow in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[4] to my heart.

Her. If you would ſeek us,

Theſe words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in anſwer to a charge brought againſt him by Cardinal Wolſey, that he had not been ſufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Deſmond, then in rebellion. In this paſſage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, to *be trifled with*, or *to be impoſed upon*. "For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs inſtead of it?" Malone.

[3] ——*happy man be his* dole!] May his *dole* or *ſhare* in life be to be a *happy man*. Johnson.

The expreſſion is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the allowance of proviſion given to the poor, in great families. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"Had the women puddings to their *dole?*"

See Vol. VI. p. 418, n. 9. Steevens.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the archbiſhops of Canterbury, is ſtill called the *dole*. See the Hiſtory of Lambeth Palace, p. 31, in Bibl. Top. Brit. Nichols.

[4] *Apparent*——] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. Johnson.

We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aſide. Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
How ſhe holds up the neb,[5] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
To her allowing huſband![6] Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.[7]——
[*Exeunt* Polixenes, Hermione, *and attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,[8]
Now, while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by the arm,

[5] ——*the neb,*] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib.* It ſignifies here the *mouth.* So, in *Anne the Queen of Hungarie,* being one of the Tales in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure,* 1566.—" the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads." Steevens.

[6] *To her* allowing *huſband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving.* Malone.

[7] ——*a fork'd one.*] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold.* Johnson.

So, in *Othello:*
" Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,
" When we do quicken." Malone.

[8] ——*even at* this preſent,] i. e. preſent time. So, in *Macbeth:*
" Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
" *This* ignorant *preſent;*"—
See note on this paſſage; Act I. ſc. v. Steevens.

That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour,[9] by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will: Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of us
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.[2]

Leon. Why, that's ſome comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honeſt man.— [*Exit* Mamillius.
Camillo, this great ſir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.[3]

Leon. Didſt note it?

[9] *And his* pond fiſh'd *by his next neighbour,*] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fiſh, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correſpondence. Thus in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 15: "My mother bade me ſend you word that Waryn Herman hath daily *fiſhed her water* all this year." Steevens.

[2] —— they *ſay.*] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[3] —— *it ſtill came home.*] This is a ſea-faring expreſſion, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* Steevens.

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material.[2]

Leon. Didſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already;[3] whiſpering, rounding,[4]
Sicilia is a ſo-forth:[5] 'Tis far gone,

[2] ——— *made*
His buſineſs more material.] i. e. the more you requeſted him to ſtay, the more urgent he repreſented that buſineſs to be which ſummoned him away. Steevens.

[3] *They're here with me already*;] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but caſual obſervers, people accidentally preſent. Thirlby.

[4] ——*whiſpering*, rounding,] *To round in the ear* is to *whiſper*, or *to tell ſecretly*. The expreſſion is very copiouſly explained by M. Caſaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* Johnson.

The word is frequently uſed by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua*, 1607: "I help'd Herodotus to pen ſome part of his Muſes; lent Pliny ink to write his hiſtory; and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear*, when he hiſtorified Pantagruel."
Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:
"Forthwith revenge *ſhe rounded me i' th' ear.*" Steevens.

[5] *Sicilia is a* ſo-forth:] This was a phraſe employed when the ſpeaker, through caution or diſguſt, wiſhed to eſcape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakſpeare will often derive more advantage from liſtening to vulgar than to polite converſation. At the corner of Fleet-market, I lately heard one woman, deſcribing another, ſay—"every body knows that her huſband is a *ſo-forth*." As ſhe ſpoke the laſt word, her fingers expreſſed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads—*Sicilia is a*—ſo-forth. Steevens.

In regulating this line I have adopted a hint ſuggeſted by Mr. M. Maſon. I have more than once obſerved that almoſt every abrupt ſentence in theſe plays is corrupted. Theſe words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whiſpering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckold*, a tame cuckold," to which (ſays he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for ſuch, I ſuppoſe, the meaning of the words—*ſo forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckold* from a horrour of the very ſound. I ſuſpect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—*and* ſo forth. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and ſo following*.

When I ſhall guſt it laſt.[6]—How came't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking,[7] will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes,[8]
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind: ſay.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
" (*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or ſo forth.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" —— with a diſh of carraways, AND *ſo forth.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: " Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, AND *ſo forth*, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?" MALONE.

[6] ——*guſt it*——] i. e. taſte it. STEEVENS.

" Dedecus ille domus ſciet ultimus." *Juv. Sat.* 10. MALONE.

[7] —— is *ſoaking*,] Dr. Grey would read—*in* ſoaking; but I think without neceſſity. Thy conceit is of an *abſorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. ſeems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *lower meſſes*,] I believe, *lower meſſes* is only uſed as an expreſſion to ſignify the loweſt degree about the court, See *Anſtis. Ord. Gart.* I. App. p. 15: " The earl of Surry began the borde in preſence: the earl of Arundel waſhed with him, and ſat both at the *firſt meſſe*." Formerly not only at every great man's table the viſitants were placed according to their conſequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of ſitting below the great ſaltſeller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarſer proviſions ſet before them. The former cuſtom is mentioned in *The Honeſt Whore*, by Decker, 1604: " Plague him; ſet him *beneath the ſalt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut." The latter was as much a ſubject of complaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal, as the following inſtance may prove:

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your highneſs, and the entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your miſtreſs?——ſatisfy?—
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the neareſt things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind,[9] reſtraining

" Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moſs and ſtones,
" Partly to make a ſhew with,
" And partly to keep the *lower meſs* from eating."
Woman Hater, Act I. ſc. ii.

This paſſage may be yet ſomewhat differently explained. It appears from a paſſage in *The merye Jeſt of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the cuſtom in publick houſes to keep ordinaries of different prices: " What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no leſs than to ſhylinges, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my houſhold ſervantes geve me twelve pence."—Leontes comprehends inferiority of underſtanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. Steevens.

Concerning the different *meſſes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, ſee the *Houſhold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. Percy.

9 ——hoxes *honeſty behind*,] To *hox* is to ham-ſtring. So, in Knolles' *Hiſtory of the Turks*:

From courſe requir'd: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance,[a] 'twas a fear

" ——alighted, and with his ſword *boxed* his horſe."
King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to puniſh " *hochares*," or ſlayers of horſe, oxen, &c. Steevens.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-ſtring. Malone.

[a] *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Againſt the non-performance,] This is one of the expreſſions by which Shakſpeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This ſounding phraſe means, I think, no more than *a thing neceſſary to be done.* Johnson.

I think we ought to read—" the *now*-performance," which gives us this very reaſonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, ſuch circumſtances diſcovered themſelves, as made it prudent to ſuſpend all further proceeding in it.* Heath.

I do not ſee that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harſher word without an eaſier ſenſe. Johnson.

I have preſerved this note, [Mr. Heath's] becauſe I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakſpeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himſelf in the ſame manner; but it is clear that he *ſhould*

Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,[3])

have written, either—"againſt *the performance*," or—"*for* the non-performance." In *The Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himſelf in the ſame manner: "I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend eſtimation;" where either *impediment* ſhould be *cauſe*, or to *let him lack*, ſhould be, *to prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear:*

"————I have hope
"You *leſs* know how to value her deſert,
"Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

"————I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
"*Leſs* impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
"Than to perform it firſt."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"Fortune *forbid* my outſide have *not* charm'd her!"

Malone.

[3] ——*(for cogitation*
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,)] The folio, 1623, omits the pronoun—*it*, which is ſupplied from the folio 1632.

Steevens.

Mr. Theobald in a Letter ſubjoined to one edition of *The Double Falſhood* has quoted this paſſage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himſelf can be his parallel." "Who does not ſee at once (ſays he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the ſame light this paſſage ſhould ſeem to have appeared to all the ſubſequent editors, who read, with the editor of the ſecond folio, "—that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am perſuaded, is right. This is not an abſtract propoſition.

My wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobbyhorſe;[3] deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true.[4]

Leon. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?[5]
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career

The whole context muſt be taken together. Have you not thought (ſays Leontes) my wife is ſlippery (for cogitation reſides not in the man that does not think *my wife is ſlippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the neceſſity of a parentheſis, are evidently to be connected in conſtruction with it; and conſequently the ſeeming abſurdity attributed by Theobald to the paſſage, ariſes only from miſapprehenſion. In this play, from whatever cauſe it has ariſen, there are more involved and parenthetical ſentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* Malone.

I have followed the ſecond folio, which contains many valuable corrections of our author's text. The preſent emendation (in my opinion at leaſt) deſerves that character. Such advantages are not to be rejected, becauſe we know not from what hand they were derived. Steevens.

[3] ——*a* hobby *horſe*;] Old Copy—*holy*-horſe. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] ——————*were ſin*
As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your ſuſpicion is as great a ſin as would be that (if committed) for which you ſuſpect her. Warburton.

[5] ——*meeting noſes?*] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noſes*; that is, *meaſuring noſes*. Johnson.

Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[5] but theirs, theirs[6] only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lout, a mindleſs ſlave;
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.[7]

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,[8] hanging

[5] ——*the* pin *and* web,] Diſorders in the eye. See *King Lear*, Act III. ſc. iv. Steevens.

[6] ——*theirs, theirs*——] Theſe words were meant to be pronounced as diſſyllables. Steevens.

[7] ——*of one* glaſs.] i. e. of one *hour*-glaſs. Malone.

[8] ——*like* her *medal*,] Mr. Malone reads—*his* medal. Steevens.

About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
Had ſervants true about me; that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing:[9] Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'ſt beſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;[2]
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,

The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the preſs, either in conſequence of the compoſitor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being uſed in the Mſ. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the ſame emendation.—In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the ſame thought:

"——a loſs of her,
"That like *a jewel* has hung twenty years
"About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre."

It ſhould be remembered that it was cuſtomary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatiſe in commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton*, &c. by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18.—"he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinſman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*."—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. Malone.

I ſuppoſe the poet meant to ſay, that Polixenes *wore her, as he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck.* Sir Chriſtopher Hatton is repreſented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. Steevens.

[9] ——*more* doing:] The latter word is uſed here in a wanton ſenſe. See Vol. IV. p. 193, n. 8. Malone.

[2] ——*a laſting* wink;] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"To the perpetual *wink* for aye might put
"This ancient morſel."—— Steevens.

I could do this; and that with no raſh potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: [3] But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,[4]——

[3] ——*with no* raſh *potion*,——

Maliciouſly, *like poiſon:*] *Raſh* is *haſty*, as in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "——*raſh gunpowder.*" *Maliciouſly* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——*But I cannot*
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee, &c.] The laſt hemiſtich aſſign'd to Camillo muſt have been miſtakenly placed to him. It is diſreſpect and inſolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once lov'd him.—I have ventured at a tranſpoſition, which ſeems ſelf-evident. Camillo will not be perſuaded into a ſuſpicion of the diſloyalty imputed to his miſtreſs. The king, who believes nothing but his jealouſy, provoked that Camillo is ſo obſtinately diffident, finely ſtarts into a rage, and cries:

I've lov'd thee—Make't thy queſtion, and go rot!

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former reſpect at once. If thou any longer make a queſtion of my wife's diſloyalty, go from my preſence, and perdition overtake thee for thy ſtubbornneſs. THEOBALD.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done, but am not convinced that it is neceſſary. Camillo, deſirous to defend the queen, and willing to ſecure credit to his apology, begins, by telling the king that *he has loved him*, is about to give inſtances of his love, and to infer from them his preſent zeal, when he is interrupted. JOHNSON.

I have lov'd thee,] In the firſt and ſecond folio, theſe words are the concluſion of Camillo's ſpeech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

Make that thy queſtion, and go rot!——I have lov'd thee.

TYRWHITT.

I have reſtored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the king interrupts him by ſaying: *Make that thy queſtion*, i. e. make the love of which you boaſt, the ſubject of your future converſation, and go

Leon. Make't thy queſtion, and go rot![4]
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? ſully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,

to the grave with it. *Queſtion*, in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "But in the loſs of *queſtion*;" i. e. in converſation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet*: "*queſtionable* ſhape" is a form propitious to converſation. Again, in *As you like it*: "an *unqueſtionable* ſpirit" is a ſpirit unwilling to be converſed with. Steevens.

I think Steevens right in reſtoring the old reading, but miſtaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to expreſs his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not ſuffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's ſpeech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expreſſed of the Queen's miſconduct; and ſays—"Make that thy queſtion and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. Mason.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this paſſage, and ſome have wiſhed to tranſfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words "being honourable" ſhould be placed in a parentheſis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of theſe words, ought to be omitted. The ſenſe will then be: *Having ever had the higheſt reſpect for you, and thought you ſo eſtimable and* honourable *a character, ſo worthy of the love of my miſtreſs, I cannot believe that ſhe has played you falſe, has diſhonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king inſtances of his love, and is interrupted. I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for tranſferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's ſpeech, to denote an abrupt ſpeech. Malone.

[4] *Make't thy* queſtion, *and go rot!* &c.] This refers to what Camillo has juſt ſaid, relative to the queen's chaſtity:

——I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs—

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's diſloyalty, which is ſo clear a point,) a ſubject of debate or diſcuſſion, and go rot! Doſt thou think, I am ſuch a fool as to torment myſelf, and to bring diſgrace on me and my children, without ſufficient grounds? Malone.

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps?[6]
Give ſcandal to the blood o'the prince my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?[7]

Cam. I muſt believe you, ſir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your queen, as yours at firſt;
Even for your ſon's ſake; and, thereby, for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholſome beverage,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

[6] *Is goads,* &c.] Somewhat neceſſary to the meaſure is omitted in this line. Perhaps we ſhould read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

"Is goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails of waſps."

Steevens.

[7] *Could man ſo* blench?] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to ſhrink. So, in *Hamlet:*

"——if he but *blench,*
"I know my courſe."——

Leontes means—could any man ſo ſtart or fly off from propriety of behaviour? Steevens.

Leon. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me,
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example[8]
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, moſt royal ſir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,

[8] ——*If I could find example*, &c.] An alluſion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. Blackstone.

Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;[8] and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?[9] 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhows me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk:
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns

[8] ——*when he,*
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;] This is a ſtroke of nature worthy of Shakſpeare. Leontes had but a moment before aſſured Camillo that he would ſeem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealouſy gets the better of his reſolution, and he finds it impoſſible to reſtrain his hatred.
M. Mason.

[9] ——*Do you know, and dare not*
Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confeſs to me that you know?* Tyrwhitt.

Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle,[2]—I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muſt be anſwer'd.—Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be even as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry, *loſt*, and ſo good-night.

[2] *In whoſe* ſucceſs *we are* gentle,] I know not whether *ſucceſs* here does not mean *ſucceſſion*. Johnson.

Gentle in the text is evidently oppoſed to *ſimple*; alluding to the diſtinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"And make thee *gentle* being born a beggar."

In whoſe *ſucceſs* we are gentle, may, indeed, mean in conſequence of whoſe *ſucceſs* in life, &c. Steevens.

Succeſs ſeems clearly to have been uſed for *ſucceſſion* by Shakſpeare, in this, as in other inſtances. Henley.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *ſucceſs* the true one.—So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Plead my *ſucceſſive* title with your ſwords." Malone.

Pol. On, good Camillo,

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.[2]

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't,[3]—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beſt![4]

[2] *I am appointed* Him *to murder you.*] i. e. I am the perſon appointed to murder you. Steevens.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

" *Him* that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
" Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet."

Malone.

[3] *To* vice *you to't,*] i. e. to draw, perſuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil.

Warburton.

The *vice* is an inſtrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff ſpeaking of Falſtaff: " *If he come but within my* vice," &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakſpeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinſhed, p. 245: " —— the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverſe *vices* to moove the eyes and lips," &c. It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of " to *adviſe* you." So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

" Then ſaid the emperour Ernis,
" Methinketh thou ſayeſt a good *vyce*,"

But my firſt attempt at explanation is, I believe, the beſt.

Steevens.

[4] —— *did betray the* beſt!] Perhaps Judas. The word *beſt* is ſpelt with a capital letter thus, *Beſt*, in the firſt folio.

Henderson.

Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven,[5] and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,[6]
As or, by oath, remove, or counſel, ſhake,

[5] *Swear* his thought *over*
By each particular ſtar in heaven, &c.] The tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter reconciles this paſſage to good ſenſe. Polixenes, in the preceding ſpeech, had been laying the deepeſt imprecations on himſelf, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:
——*Swear* this though *over*, &c. THEOBALD.

Swear his thought *over*
may perhaps mean, *overſwear his preſent perſuaſion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by ſwearing oaths numerous as the ſtars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: "Though you ſhould endeavour to *ſwear away* his jealouſy,—though you ſhould ſtrive, by your oaths, to change his preſent thoughts."—The vulgar ſtill uſe a ſimilar expreſſion: "To *ſwear* a perſon *down*." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonſenſe; nor have either Malone or Johnſon explained it into ſenſe. I think therefore that Theobald's amendment is neceſſary and well imagined.
M. MASON.

Perhaps the conſtruction is—"Over-ſwear his thought"—i. e. ſtrive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-ſwear*, for *ſwear-over* in *Twelfth Night*, Act V.
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*you may as well*
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,] We meet with the ſame ſentiment in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
"And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height."
DOUCE.

The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,[6] and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies encloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'the city: For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in his face.[7] Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine:[8] My ſhips are ready, and

[6] ——— *whoſe foundation*
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of ſettled *belief*. Steevens.

[7] *I ſaw his heart in his face.*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"To find the mind's conſtruction in the face." Steevens.

[8] —— *and thy* places *ſhall*
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—"And thy *paces* ſhall," &c. Thou ſhalt be my conductor, and we will both purſue the ſame path.—The old reading however may mean—wherever thou art, I will ſtill be near thee. Malone.

By *places*, our author means—*preferments*, or *honours*. Steevens.

My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature: as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'erſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion![9] Come, Camillo;
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence: Let us avoid.

[9] *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion!] But how could this expedition comfort the queen? on the contrary, it would increaſe her huſband's ſuſpicion. We ſhould read:

——*and comfort*
The gracious queen's;

i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, juſt; but what ſhall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the line which connected them to the reſt is loſt.

——*and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion!——

Jealouſy is a paſſion compounded of love and ſuſpicion; this paſſion is the *theme* or ſubject of the King's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wiſhes the queen, for her comfort, ſo much of that *theme* or ſubject as is good, but deprecates that which cauſes miſery. May part of the king's preſent ſentiments comfort the queen, but away with his ſuſpicion. This is ſuch meaning as can be picked out. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the ſenſe is—May that good ſpeed which is my friend, *comfort* likewiſe the queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. *partly* on whoſe account I go away; but may not the ſame *comfort* extend itſelf to the groundleſs ſuſpicions of the king; i. e. may not my de-

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the poſterns: Pleaſe your highneſs
To take the urgent hour: come, ſir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1. *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. *Lady.* Why, my ſweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard; and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill.—I love you better.

parture ſupport him in them! *His* for *its* is common with Shakſpeare: and Paulina ſays, in a ſubſequent ſcene, that ſhe does not chooſe to appear a friend to Leontes, *in comforting his evils*, i. e. in ſtrengthening his jealouſy by appearing to acquieſce in it.
Steevens.

Comfort is, I apprehend, here uſed as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her huſband's jealouſy;—the queen, who is the ſubject of his converſation, but without reaſon the object of his ſuſpicion!—We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in *Twelfth-Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is *ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.*" Malone.

2. *Lady.* And why ſo, my good lord?[8]

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2. *Lady.* Who taught you this?[9]

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1. *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, ſir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter:[1]

[8] —— *my* good *lord?*] The epithet—*good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is tranſplanted (for the ſake of metre) from a redundant ſpeech in the following page. Steevens.

[9] *Who taught* you *this?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[1] A *ſad* tale's *beſt for* winter:] Hence, I ſuppoſe, the title of the play. Tyrwhitt.

I have one of ſprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, ſir.[9]
Come on, ſit down:—Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,——

Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly;
Yon crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leon. How bleſs'd am I [2]
In my juſt cenſure? in my true opinion?[3]—

This ſuppoſition may ſeem to be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any *Summer's ſtory* tell."

And yet, I cannot help regarding the words—*for winter* (which ſpoil the meaſure) as a playhouſe interpolation. All children delight in telling diſmal ſtories; but why ſhould a diſmal ſtory be *beſt for winter?* Steevens.

[9] *Let's have that, ſir.*] The old copy redundantly reads—*good* ſir. Steevens.

[2] *How bleſs'd am I*——] For the ſake of metre, I ſuppoſe, our author wrote—How bleſſ*ed then* am I— Steevens.

[3] *In my juſt* cenſure? *in my true opinion?*] *Cenſure*, in the time of our author, was generally uſed (as in this inſtance) for judge-

Alack, for leſſer knowledge![4]—How accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt!—There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd,[5] and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts:[6]—I have drank, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted:—that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[7] yea, a very trick

ment, opinion. So, ſir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verſes prefixed to Gaſcoigne's *Steel Glaſſe*, 1576:

"Wherefore to write my *cenſure* of this book—."

MALONE.

[4] *Alack, for leſſer knowledge!*] That is, *O that my knowledge were leſs.* JOHNSON.

[5] *A ſpider ſteep'd,*] That ſpiders were eſteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a perſon who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The Counteſſe wiſhed me to get the *ſtrongeſt poyſon* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *ſeven —— great ſpiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: "—like the *ſpider*, which turneth all things to poiſon which it taſteth."

MALONE.

[6] —— *violent* hefts:—] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' *Tranſlation of Lucan*, 1614:

"But if a part of heavens huge ſphere
"Thou chuſe thy pond'rous *heft* to beare." STEEVENS.

[7] *He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing;] The ſenſe, I think, is, He hath now diſcovered my deſign, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they pleaſe. HEATH.

For them to play at will:—How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.

This ſenſe is poſſible; but many other meanings might ſerve as well. Johnson.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, a novel by one John Hinde, 1606: "Sith then, Cleodora, thou art *pinched*, and haſt none to pity thy paſſions, diſſemble thy affection, though it coſt thee thy life." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with ſo many paſſions," &c. Theſe inſtances may ſerve to ſhow that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at preſent. Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. xii. has equipped *grief* with a pair of *pincers*:

"A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,
"With which he *pinched* people to the heart."

The ſenſe propoſed by the author of *The Reviſal* may, however, be ſupported by the following paſſage in *The City Match*, by Jaſper Maine, 1639:

"——*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
"Like fiſhes, fowls, or faces."

Again, by a paſſage in *All's well that ends well*:—"If you *pinch* me like a paſty, [i. e. the cruſt round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantaſtick ſhapes,] I can ſay no more." Steevens.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not,
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, *ſhe is a goodly lady*, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha; theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf:[8]—theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But it be known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.[9]

[8] The ſubſequent words—"a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear ſtrongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. Malone.

——*for calumny will* ſear
Virtue itſelf:] That is, will ſtigmatize or brand as infamous. So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"——my maiden's name
"*Sear'd* otherwiſe." Henley.

[9] ——*you, my lord,*
Do but miſtake.] Otway had this paſſage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Caſtalio:

"——Should the braveſt man
"That e'er wore conquering ſword, but dare to whiſper
"What thou proclaim'ſt, he were the worſt of liars:
"My friend may be miſtaken." Steevens.

Leon. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid, with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her;[9] and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal,[2] that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold titles;[3] ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

[9] *A* federary *with her*;] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. Steevens.

We ſhould certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no ſuch word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. ii. Malone.

[2] But *with her moſt vile principal*,] One that knows what we ſhould be aſhamed of, even if the knowledge of it reſted only in her own breaſt and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here uſed for *only*, renders this paſſage ſomewhat obſcure. It has the ſame ſignification again in this ſcene:

"He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
"*But* that he ſpeaks." Malone.

[3] ——*give* bold *titles*;] The old copy reads—bold'ſt titles; but if the contracted ſuperlative be retained, the roughneſs of the line will be intolerable. Steevens.

Leon. No, no; if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center[4] is not big enough to bear
A ſchoolboy's top.—Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.[5]

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable.[6]—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here,[7] which burns

[4] —— *if I miſtake*——
The center, &c.] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not ſupport the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be truſted. JOHNSON.

Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*, has expreſſed the ſame thought in more exalted language:
" —— if this fail,
" The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
" And earth's baſe built on ſtubble." STEEVENS.

[5] *He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar* off *guilty,*
But that he ſpeaks.] *Far* off *guilty*, ſignifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *K. Henry V:*
" Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhow you *far off*
" The dauphin's meaning?"
But that he ſpeaks—means, *in merely ſpeaking.* MALONE.

[6] —— *till the heavens* look
With an aſpect *more favourable.*] An aſtrological phraſe. The *aſpect* of ſtars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be ſuch till the age in which Milton tells us
" —— the ſwart ſtar ſparely *looks.*" *Lycidas*, v. 138.
STEEVENS.

[7] —— *but I have*
That honourable grief lodg'd here,] Again, in *Hamlet:*
" But I have that within which paſſeth ſhow." DOUCE.

Worſe than tears drown:[8] 'Beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me;—and ſo
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beſeech your highneſs,
My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,[9]
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall.——My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

1. *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, call the queen again.

[8] ——*which* burns
Worſe than tears drown:] So, in *King Henry VIII.* Queen Katharine ſays—
" —— my *drops of tears*
" I'll turn to *ſparks of fire.*" Steevens.

[9] ——*this* action, *I now* go on,] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's ſenſe, for *indictment, charge,* or *accuſation.* Johnson.

We cannot ſay that a perſon *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accuſation. I believe, Hermione only means, " What I am now about to do." M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon's ſuppoſition may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Much ado about nothing,* Act I. ſc. i:
" When I went forward *on this* ended *action.*" Steevens.

Ant. Be certain what you do, ſir; leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your queen, your ſon.

1. *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, ſir,
Pleaſe you to accept it, that the queen is ſpotleſs
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife;[9] I'll go in couples with her;

[9] —— *I'll keep my ſtables where*
I lodge my wife;] *Stable-ſtand* (*ſtabilis ſtatio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the foreſt-laws, and ſignifies a place where a deer-ſtealer fixes his ſtand under ſome convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing deer as they paſs by. From the place it came to be applied alſo to the perſon, and any man taken in a foreſt in that ſituation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was preſumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *ſtable-ſtand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *ſtable*; and it may perhaps be objected, that another ſyllable added ſpoils the ſmoothneſs of the verſe. But by pronouncing *ſtable* ſhort, the meaſure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakſpeare never ſcruples to uſe; therefore I read, *ſtable-ſtand*. Hanmer.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567:

"Where thou dwelleſt, the devyll may have a *ſtable*."
Steevens.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never truſt my wife out of my ſight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that reſpect, my houſe ſhall reſemble a ſtable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I ſuppoſe, as well as our author, has occaſionally ſeen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a ſtable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John:*

Than when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;[9]
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh, is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,[2]
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him:[3] Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,—

" To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
" To *crouch in litter of your ſtable planks.*"

In the Teutonick language, *hund-ſtall*, or *dog-ſtable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *ſtable*, however may mean *ſtation*, *ſtabilis ſtatio*, and two diſtinct propoſitions may be intended. I'll keep my ſtation in the ſame place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. Malone.

[9] Than, *when I feel, and ſee her*, &c.] The old copies read—Then when, &c. The correction is Mr. Rowe's. Steevens.

The modern editors read—*Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly ſpelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. Malone.

[2] ——*putter-on*,] i. e. one who inſtigates. So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——— the powers divine
" *Put on* their inſtruments." Steevens.

[3] ——*land*-damn *him*:] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *ſtop his urine. Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

Land-damn is probably one of thoſe words which caprice brought into faſhion, and which, after a ſhort time, reaſon and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*. Johnson.

Land-damn him, if ſuch a reading can be admitted, may mean, *he would procure ſentence to be paſt on him in this world, on this earth.*

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *ſtopping his urine*. Beſides, it appears too ridiculous a puniſhment for ſo atrocious a criminal. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that what Sir T.

I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;[4]

Hanmer has ſaid concerning the word *lant*, is true. I meet with the following inſtance in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't."

And, in Shakſpeare's time, to drink a lady's health in *urine* appears to have been eſteemed an act of gallantry. One inſtance (for I could produce many) may ſuffice: " Have I not religiouſly vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for your health, eat glaſſes, *drank urine*, ſtabb'd arms, and done all the offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?" *Antigonus*, on this occaſion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It ſhould be remembered, however, that to *damn* anciently ſignified to *condemn*. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" Vouchſafe to give my *damned* huſband life."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I *damn* him."

STEEVENS.

I am perſuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the tranſcriber was deceived by ſimilitude of ſounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be aſcertained; but the ſentiment was probably ſimilar to that in *Othello*:

" O heaven, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold," &c.

I believe, we ſhould read—land-*dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

" His ears are ſtopp'd with *duſt*; he's *dead*."

Again, ibid:

" And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome *duſt*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

" The corps clapt faſt in clotter'd *claye*,
" That here engrav'd doth lie—."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

" Speak to the knave?
" I'll ha' my *mouth* firſt *ſtopp'd with earth*." MALONE.

After all theſe aukward ſtruggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unſafely, read—

" I'd *laudanum* him,"——

i. e. poiſon him with *laudanum*. The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakſpeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

[4] *The ſecond and the third, nine, and* ſome *five*;] The ſecond folio reads—*ſonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obſcure, becauſe the word *nine* ſeems to refer to both " *the ſecond and the third*." But it is ſufficiently clear, *re-*

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.[4]

Leon. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe: I ſee't, and feel't,[5]

ferendo ſingula ſingulis. The ſecond is of the age of nine, and the third is ſome *five years old.* The ſame expreſſion, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear:*

" For that I am, *ſome* twelve or fourteen moonſhines,
" Lag of a brother."

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſons* five; ſtartled probably by the difficulty that ariſes from the ſubſequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author anſwer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, ſhows it may be done. Shakſpeare undoubtedly wrote *ſome*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read—*ſons* five, then the ſecond and third daughter would both be of the ſame age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reaſonable to ſuppoſe. Beſides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but ſons never. Malone.

[4] *And I had rather* glib *myſelf*, &c.] For *glib* I think we ſhould read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the ſame with *geld*.

In *The Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, Act IV. the word *lib* is uſed in this ſenſe:—" He can ſing a charm (he ſays) ſhall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, or corn-cutter, did ever work with ſo little feeling to a patient." Grey.

So, in the comedy of *Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, by Ford, 1638:

" What a terrible ſight to a *lib'd* breech, is a ſow-gelder?"

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they ſay—*to glib a boar, to glib a horſe.* So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640:

" If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." Steevens.

[5] ——*I ſee't, and feel't,*] The old copy—*but* I *do* ſee't, and feel't. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, who omits theſe exple-

As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.[6]

ANT. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.[7]

LEON. What! lack I credit?

tives, which ſerve only to derange the metre, without improving the ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I ſee't and feel't,*
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.] Some ſtage direction ſeems neceſſary in this place; but what that direction ſhould be, it is not eaſy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm*; Dr. Johnſon—*ſtriking his brows.* STEEVENS.

As a ſtage direction is certainly requiſite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propoſe a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, *touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a* SNAIL'S HORNS; for *theſe*, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are *the inſtruments that feel*, to which he alluded.—There is a ſimilar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, from whence the direction of *ſtriking his brows* ſeems to have been adopted:—"he ſo takes on,—ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, and ſo *buffets himſelf on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*"—The word *lunes*, it ſhould be noted, occurs in the context of both paſſages, and in the ſame ſenſe. HENLEY.

I ſee and feel *my diſgrace*, as you, *Antigonus*, *now* feel *me*, *on my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* ſee the inſtruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"——all the body's members
"Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:—
"That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.
"——where, the other *inſtruments*
"Did ſee, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, *feel*," &c.

Leontes muſt here be ſuppoſed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or ſome other part, of Antigonus. See a ſubſequent note in the laſt ſcene of this act. MALONE.

[7] ——*dungy earth.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——our *dungy earth* alike
"Feeds beaſt as man." STEEVENS.

1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels; but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which,—if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill,) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh as truth,[7] like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,

[7] ——*which,—if you* ——
Reliſh as *truth,*] The old copy reads—*a* truth. Mr. Rowe made the neceſſary correction—*as.* Steevens.

Our author is frequently inaccurate in the conſtruction of his ſentences, and the concluſion of them do not always correſpond with the beginning. So before, in this play:

" ——*who,*—if I
" Had ſervants true about me,—
" ——— they would do that," &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical; but a wiſh to reduce our author's phraſeology to the modern ſtandard, has been the ſource of much errour in the regulation of his text. Malone.

That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing,[8] all other circumſtances
Made up to the deed,) doth puſh on this proceed-
ing:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild,) I have deſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency:[9] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

1. *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am ſatisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to the minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two,[1] fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in publick: for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. [*Aſide.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*nought for approbation,*
But only ſeeing,] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. Johnson.

[9] ——*ſtuff'd ſufficiency:*] That is, of abilities more than enough. Johnson.

[1] *Leſt that the treachery of the two*, &c.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot againſt his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. Johnson.

SCENE II.

The ſame. The outer Room of a Priſon.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

PAUL. The keeper of the priſon,—call to him;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon?—Now, good ſir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
KEEP. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
PAUL. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
KEEP. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have expreſs commandment.
PAUL. Here's ado,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors!——Is it lawful,
Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?
KEEP. So pleaſe you, madam, to put
Apart theſe your attendants, I ſhall bring
Emilia forth.
PAUL. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt* Attend.
KEEP. And, madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, *My poor priſoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be ſworn:——
Theſe dangerous unſafe lunes o'the king![3] beſhrew them!
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,

[3] *Theſe dangerous unſafe* lunes *o' the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, obſerved this word adopted in our tongue, to ſignify, *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expreſſion with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune*, folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tete.* Richelet." Theobald.

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608: "I know 'twas but ſome peeviſh *moon* in him." Again, in *As you like it*, Act III. ſc. ii: "At which time would I, being but a *mooniſh* youth," &c. Steevens.

The old copy has—*i'*the king. This ſlight correction was made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Commend my beſt obedience to the queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhow't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudeſt: We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'the child;
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodneſs, is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the queen of your moſt noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let it not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the queen: Pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't pleaſe the queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, ſir:
The child was priſoner to the womb; and is,
By law and proceſs of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will ſtand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being;—part o'the cauſe,
She, the adultreſs;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain,[4] plot-proof: but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.——Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My lord? [*advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1. *Atten.* He took good reſt to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

[4] ——*out of the* blank
And level *of my brain,*] Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make againſt him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. Johnson.

Blank and *level*, mean *mark* and *aim*; but they are terms of gunnery, not of archery. Douce.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:
" ——I ſtood i'th' *level*
" Of a *full-charg'd* conſpiracy." Ritson.

Leon. To ſee,
His nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely:[5] go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,[6]—Let him be,
Until a time may ſerve: for preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

1. *Lord.* You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

[5] ——*Leave me ſolely:*] That is, leave me alone. M. Mason.

[6] *The very thought of my* revenges *that way*
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,] So, in *Doraſtus and Fawnia:* "Pandoſto, although he felt that *revenge* was a ſpur to warre, and that envy alwayes proffereth ſteele, yet he ſaw Egiſthus was not only of great puiſſance and proweſſe to withſtand him, but alſo had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need ſhould ſerve; for he married the Emperor of Ruſſia's daughter." Our author, it is obſervable, whether from forgetfulneſs or deſign, has made this lady the wife (not of Egiſthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes. Malone.

Ant. That's enough.

1. *Atten.* Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,—
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,—ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leon. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

Leon. How?——
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leon. What, canſt not rule her?

Paul. From all diſhoneſty, he can: in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run;
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs[7]

[7] ——*who* profeſs—] Old copy—*profeſſes.* Steevens.

Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor; yet that dare
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,[8]
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours:—I ſay, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I ſay, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you.[9]

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, firſt, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![a] Hence with her, out o' door:

[8] ——*in comforting your evils,*] *Comforting* is here uſed in the legal ſenſe of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action. M. Mason.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courſes*. Malone.

[9] *And would by combat make her good, ſo were I*
A man, the worſt about you.] The *worſt* means only the *loweſt*. Were I the meaneſt of your ſervants, I would yet claim the combat againſt any accuſer. Johnson.

The *worſt*, (as Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Henley obſerve,) rather means the *weakeſt*, or the *leaſt expert in the uſe of arms*. Steevens.

Mr. Edwards obſerves, that "The worſt about you" may mean the weakeſt, or leaſt warlike. So, "a *better man*, the *beſt man* in company, frequently refer to ſkill in fighting, not to moral goodneſs." I think he is right. Malone.

[a] *A* mankind *witch!*] A *mankind* woman is yet uſed in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and miſchievous. It has the ſame ſenſe in this paſſage.

A moſt intelligencing bawd!

PAUL. Not ſo:

I am as ignorant in that, as you

Witches are ſuppoſed to be *mankind*, to put off the ſoftneſs and delicacy of women; therefore ſir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, ſays of a woman ſuſpected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"That e'er I ſhould be ſeen to ſtrike a woman.——

"Why ſhe is *mankind*, therefore thou may'ſt ſtrike her."

Again, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, in *A. Fraunce's Iviechurch:* He is ſpeaking of the Golden Age:

"Noe man murdring man with teare-fleſh pyke or a poll-ax;

"Tygers were then tame, ſharpe tuſked boare was obeiſſant;

"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankinde.*"

So, in *M. Frobiſher's firſt voyage for the diſcoverie of Cataya*, 4to. bl. l. 1578: p. 48. "He ſaw mightie deere, that ſeemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he eſcaped with his life," &c. STEEVENS.

I ſhall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon grammar, p. 119. edit, 1705, obſerves: "*Saxonicè man* eſt a *mein* quod *Cimbricè* eſt *nocumentum*, *Francicè* eſt *nefas*, *ſcelus*." So that *mankind* may ſignify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, miſchief or wickedneſs, and from *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

Notwithſtanding the many learned notes on this expreſſion, I am confident that *mankind*, in this paſſage, means nothing more than *maſculine*. So, in Maſſinger's *Guardian*;

"I keep no *mankind* ſervant in my houſe,

"For fear my chaſtity may be ſuſpected."

And Jonſon, in one of his Sonnets, ſays

"Pallas now thee I call on, *mankind* maid!"

The ſame phraſe frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus in *Monſieur Thomas*, when Sebaſtian ſees him in womens' clothes, and ſuppoſes him to be a girl, he ſays,

"A plaguy *mankind* girl; how my brains totter!"

And Gondarino in *The Woman-Hater:*

"Are women grown ſo *mankind?*"

In all which places *mankind* means *maſculine*. M. MASON.

In ſo entitling me: and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the baſtard:—
Thou, dotard, [*To* Antigonus.] thou art woman-tir'd,[3] unroofted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the baſtard;
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy crone.[4]

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs[5]
Which he has put upon't!

[3] ——*thou art woman-tir'd,*] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked.* The phraſe is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakſpeare.—So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"He has given me a bone to *tire* on."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"—— the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Muſt with keen fang *tire* upon thy fleſh."

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old ſtory book of *Reynard the Fox.* Steevens.

[4] ——*thy crone.*] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothleſs ſheep: thence an old woman. So, in *The Malcontent*, 1606: "There is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Maquerelle." Again, in *Love's Miſtreſs*, by T. Heywood, 1636:

"Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam."

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611: "All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old *crones* with child." Again, in the ancient enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene*, 1567:

"I have knowne painters, that have made old *crones*,
"To appear as pleaſant as little prety young Jones."

Steevens.

[5] *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs—] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the baſtard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the princeſs under that appellation. *Forced* is *falſe*, uttered with violence to truth. Johnson.

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A neſt of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf: for he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's,[6] betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's;[7] and will not
(For, as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone, was ſound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

A *baſe* ſon was a common term in our author's time. So, in *K. Lear:*

" ——Why brand they us
" With *baſe?* with *baſeneſs?* baſtardy?" Malone.

[6] ——*his* babe's,] The female infant then on the ſtage. Malone.

[7] ——*ſlander,*
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's;] Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——ſlander
" Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
" Out-venoms all the worms of Nile." Douce.

So like you, 'tis the worſe.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his ſmiles;[7]
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't;[8] leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's![9]

[7] —— *his* ſmiles;] Theſe two redundant words might be rejected, eſpecially as the child has already been repreſented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of uſing words of two ſyllables, as monoſyllables. So *eldeſt*, *higheſt*, *lower*, *either*, &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed ſo here; and *of his*, when contracted, or ſounded quickly, make but one ſyllable likewiſe. In this view there is no redundancy. MALONE.

How is the word—*dimples*, to be monoſyllabically pronounced? STEEVENS.

[8] *No yellow in't;*] *Yellow* is the colour of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

So, Nym ſays in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I will poſſeſs him with *yellowneſs*." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,*
Her children not her huſband's!] In the ardour of compoſition Shakſpeare ſeems here to have forgotten the difference of ſexes. No ſuſpicion that the babe in queſtion might entertain of her future huſband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offſpring. Unleſs ſhe were *herſelf* a "bed-ſwerver," (which is not ſuppoſed,) ſhe could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealouſy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the preſent inſtance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

I regard this circumſtance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The ſeeming abſurdity in the laſt clauſe of Paulina's ardent addreſs to Nature, was undoubtedly deſigned, being an extravagance characteriſtically preferable to languid correctneſs, and chaſtiſed declamation. STEEVENS.

Leon. A groſs hag!—
And, lozel,[a] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not ſhe, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this moſt cruel uſage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove ſend her

[a] *And,* lozel,] "A *Loſel* is one that hath loſt, neglected, or caſt off his owne good and welfare, and ſo is become lewde and careleſſe of credit and honeſty." *Verſtegan's Reſtitution,* 1605, p. 335. Reed.

This is a term of contempt, frequently uſed by Spenſer. I likewiſe meet with it in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington,* 1601:

"To have the *lozel's* company."

A *lozel* is a worthleſs fellow. Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield,* 1599:

"Peace, prating *lozel,*" &c. Steevens.

A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony,) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

1. *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe;
Which, being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, ſir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.

You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey,[3]—what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leon. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this ſword,[4]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (ſeeſt thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it

[3] *So ſure as* this *beard's* grey,] The king muſt mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occaſion, (ſee p. 59, n. 6.) it was intended, he ſhould lay hold of. Leontes has himſelf told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of courſe his age at the opening of this play muſt be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. Malone.

[4] ——— *Swear by this ſword,*] It was anciently the cuſtom to ſwear by the croſs on the handle of a ſword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. v. Steevens.

So, in *The Penance of Arthur*, Sig. S. 2: "And therewith King Marke yielded him unto Sir Gaheris, and then he kneeled downe and made his oath *upon the croſſe of the ſword*," &c.

I remember to have ſeen the name of Jeſus engraved upon the pummel of the ſword of a Cruſader in the Church at Winchelſea. Douce.

To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,—
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,[5]
Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this; though a preſent death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurſes! Wolves, and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! and bleſſing,[6]
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs![7]

[*Exit, with the child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

1. *Attend.* Pleaſe your highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to the oracle, are come

[5] ——commend *it* ſtrangely *to ſome place,*] *Commit* it to ſome place, *as a ſtranger*, without more proviſion. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" I wiſh your horſes ſwift and ſure of foot,
" And ſo I do *commend* you to their backs."

To *commend* is to *commit*. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. Malone.

[6] ——*and bleſſing,*] i. e. the favour of heaven. Malone.

[7] ——*condemn'd to* loſs!] i. e. to expoſure, ſimilar to that of a child whom its parents have *loſt*. I once thought that *loſs* was here licentiouſly uſed for *deſtruction*; but that this was not the primary ſenſe here intended, appears from a ſubſequent paſſage, Act III. ſc. iii:

" ——Poor wretch,
" That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
" To *loſs*, and what *may follow!*" Malone.

An hour ſince: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So pleaſe you, ſir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: 'Tis good ſpeed; [8] foretels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady: for, as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

[8] 'Tis *good ſpeed*; &c.] Surely we ſhould read the paſſage thus: *This* good ſpeed foretels, &c. M. Mason.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street in ſome town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.[8]

CLEO. The climate's delicate; the air moſt ſweet;
Fertile the iſle;[9] the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

DION. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me,[a] the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice!
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

CLEO. But, of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,

[8] ——*Cleomenes and Dion.*] Theſe two names, and thoſe of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch. MALONE.

[9] *Fertile the iſle*;] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakſpeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an iſland of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakſpeare wrote: *Fertile the* ſoil,——which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is ſuppoſed to be a maritime country. JOHNSON.

In the *Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Faunia*, the queen deſires the king to ſend "ſix of his noblemen, whom he beſt truſted, to the *iſle* of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

[a] *For moſt* it *caught me*,] *It* may relate to the whole ſpectacle. JOHNSON.

Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the queen,—O, be't ſo!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't.[3]

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the beſt! Theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the buſineſs: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare,
Even then will ruſh to knowledge.——Go,—freſh horſes;—
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Court of Juſtice.

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly ſeated.*

Leon. This ſeſſions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)

[3] *The* time *is worth the* uſe *on't.*] *The time is worth the uſe on't*, means, the time which we have ſpent in viſiting Delos, has recompenſed us for the trouble of ſo ſpending it. Johnson.

If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have ſpent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath coſt us.* In other words, the happy iſſue of our journey will compenſate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the ſame expreſſion in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603: "The common ſaying is, the *time* we live, is *worth the* money *we pay for it.*" Malone.

Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart:[3] The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice; which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.[4]——
Produce the priſoner.

Offi. It is his highneſs' pleaſure, that the queen
Appear in perſon here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded*; PAULINA *and Ladies, attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband: the pretence*[5] *whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me

[3] ——*puſhes 'gainſt our heart:*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" —— every minute of his being *thruſts*
" *Againſt my near'ſt of life.*" STEEVENS.

[4] Even *to the guilt, or the purgation.*] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *even* is not to be underſtood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, ſignifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in Macbeth to *Juſtice*, ſeems to unite both ſenſes. HENLEY.

[5] ——*pretence*—] Is, in this place, taken for a *ſcheme laid*, a *deſign formed*; to *pretend* means to *deſign*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

To ſay, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,[6]
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.[7]—You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt[8] will ſeem to do ſo,) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which[9] is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it[a]

[6] ——*mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedneſs*, my aſſertion of it will paſs but for a *lie*. *Falſehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently uſed in the former ſenſe in *Othello*, Act V:

"He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was *falſe*."

Again:

"——Thou art raſh as fire,
"To ſay that ſhe was *falſe*." MALONE.

[7] ——*If* powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, *and tyranny*
Tremble at patience.] Our author has here cloſely followed the novel of *Doraſtus and Faunia*, 1588: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions*, (*as no doubt they are*,) I hope my *patience* ſhall make fortune *bluſh*, and my unſpotted life ſhall ſtayne ſpiteful diſcredit." MALONE.

[8] Who *leaſt*——] Old Copy—*Whom* leaſt. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] ——*which*——] That is, which unhappineſs. MALONE.

[a] ——*For life, I prize it*, &c.] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as ſuch only is conſidered by me; I would therefore willingly diſmiſs it. JOHNSON.

As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare:[9] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,[2]
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience,[3] ſir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus:[4] if one jot beyond

[9] —— *I would ſpare:*] To *ſpare* any thing is to *let it go, to quit the poſſeſſion of it.* JOHNSON.

[2] *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,*] This ſentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Eccleſiaſticus*, iii. 11. cannot be too often impreſſed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in diſhonour, is a reproach unto her children.*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— *I appeal*
To your own conſcience, &c.] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia,* "How I have led my life before Egiſthus' coming, I *appeal,* Pandoſto, to the Gods, and *to thy conſcience.*" MALONE.

[4] ——*ſince he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus:] Theſe lines I do not underſtand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot underſtand I ſuppoſe unintelligible, and therefore propoſe that they may be altered thus:

——*Since he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Been ſtain'd *to appear thus?*

At leaſt I think it might be read:

With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond— JOHNSON.

The ſenſe ſeems to be this:—*what ſudden ſlip have I made, that I ſhould catch a wrench in my character*: So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"——a noble nature
"May catch a wrench."

An *uncurrent encounter* ſeems to mean an irregular, unjuſtifiable congreſs. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting,* in which the ſhock of meeting adverſaries was ſo called. Thus, in Drayton's *Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Eſſex:*

"Yet theſe *encounters* thruſt me not *awry.*"

The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts

The ſenſe would then be:——In what baſe reciprocation of love have I caught this ſtrain? *Uncurrent* is what will not paſs, and is, at preſent, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*ſome* ſtrain *in her character*, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cuſtom of the Country*, the ſame expreſſion occurs:

" ——*ſtrain* your loves
" With any baſe; or hir'd perſuaſions."

To *ſtrain*, I believe, means to *go awry*. So, in the 6th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" As wantonly ſhe *ſtrains* in her laſcivious courſe."

Drayton is ſpeaking of the irregular courſe of the river Wye.

STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, juſtify Mr. Steevens in ſuppoſing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

Johnſon thinks it neceſſary for the ſenſe, to tranſpoſe theſe words and read, " With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I ſtrained to appear thus?" But he could not have propoſed that alteration, had he conſidered, with attention, the conſtruction of the paſſage, which runs thus: " I appeal to your own conſcience, with what encounter," &c. That is, " I appeal to your own conſcience *to declare* with what encounter ſo uncurrent I have ſtrained to appear thus." He was probably miſled by the point of interrogation at the end of the ſentence, which ought not to have been there.

M. MASON.

The preciſe meaning of the word *encounter* in this paſſage may be gathered from our author's uſe of it elſewhere:

" Who hath—
" Confeſs'd the vile *encounters* they have had
" A thouſand times in ſecret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

Hero and Borachio are the perſons ſpoken of. Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: " We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— found no oppoſition
" But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
" Should from *encounter* guard."

As, to paſs or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the preſent paſſage, with his accuſtomed licence, uſes the word *uncurrent* as ſynonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *ſtrain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have ſwerved or deflected from the ſtrict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.[5]

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a ſaying, ſir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;[6]

" Nor aught ſo good, but *ſtrain'd* from that fair uſe,
" Revolts—."

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

" Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud *heart go wide.*"

A bed-*ſwerver* has already occurred in this play.

" To appear *thus*," is, to appear in ſuch an aſſembly as this; to be put on my trial. Malone.

[5] *I ne'er heard yet,*
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs *impudence to gain-ſay what they did,*
Than to perform it firſt.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at leaſt according to the preſent, uſe of words, *leſs* ſhould be *more*, or *wanted* ſhould be *had*. But Shakſpeare is very uncertain in his uſe of negatives. It may be neceſſary once to obſerve, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but ſtrengthen the negation. This mode of ſpeech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in oppoſition to long cuſtom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confuſion. Johnson.

Examples of the ſame phraſeology (as Mr. Malone obſerves,) occur in this play, p. 31; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. xii. and in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv; and (as Mr. Ritſon adds) in *Macbeth*, Act III. ſc. vi. Steevens.

[6] —— *For Polixenes,*
(*With whom I am accus'd,*) *I do confeſs*
I lov'd *him, as in* honour *he requir'd*; &c.] So, in *Doraſtus*

With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes; though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not:
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,[7]
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,

and Faunia: "What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveale. That I *lov'd* Egiſthus, I cannot denie; that I *honour'd* him, I ſhame not to confeſs.—But as touching laſcivious luſt, I ſay Egiſthus is honeſt, and hope myſelf to be found without ſpot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuſe him nor excuſe him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer myſelfe to the divine oracle." Malone.

[7] *My life* ſtands in the level *of your dreams,*] To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery, *to be within the reach.* Johnson.

This metaphor, (as both Mr. Douce and Mr. Ritſon have already obſerved,) is from *gunnery.* See p. 65, n. 4.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"——I *ſtood i'th level*
"Of a full charg'd confederacy." Steevens.

And I but dream'd it:—As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth:[7]
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:[8]
For as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life,[9] your favour,

[7] —*As you were paſt all ſhame,*
(*Thoſe of your* fact *are ſo,*) *ſo paſt all truth:*] I do not remember that *fact* is uſed any where abſolutely for *guilt*, which muſt be its ſenſe in this place. Perhaps we ſhould read:
Thoſe of your pack *are ſo.*
Pack is a low coarſe word well ſuited to the reſt of this royal invective. Johnson.

I ſhould gueſs *feat* to be the right word. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv.
In Middleton's *Mad World, my Maſters*, a Courtezan ſays: "It is the eaſieſt art and cunning for our *feat* to counterfeit ſick, that are always full of fits when we are well." Farmer.

Thus, Falſtaff, ſpeaking of Dol Tearſheet: "So is all her *feat*: if they be once in a calm, they are ſick." *Thoſe of your fact* may, however, mean—thoſe who have done as you do. Steevens.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved deciſively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former paſſage ["I ne'er heard yet, That any of theſe bolder vices," &c.]: "And as for her [ſaid Pandoſto] it was her part to *deny* ſuch a monſtrous crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the *fact*, ſince ſhe had *paſſed all ſhame* in committing the fault." Malone.

[8] *Which to deny*, concerns *more than* avails:] It is your *buſineſs* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be uſeleſs; will prove nothing. Malone.

[9] *The* crown *and* comfort *of my life*,] The *ſupreme bleſſing* of my life. So, in *Cymbeline*:
"O that huſband!
"My ſupreme *crown* of grief." Malone.

I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily,[2] is from my breaſt
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; With immodeſt hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion;—Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit.[3] Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;——No! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.[4]—Your honours all,

[2] *Starr'd moſt unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauſpicious planet. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"And ſhake the yoke of *inauſpicious ſtars*
"From this world-wearied fleſh." STEEVENS.

[3] *I have got* ſtrength *of* limit.] I know not well how *ſtrength* of *limit* can mean *ſtrength to paſs the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it muſt mean in this place, unleſs we read in a more eaſy phraſe, *ſtrength of* limb. *And* now, &c. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon judiciouſly conceives *ſtrength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of ſtrength which it is cuſtomary for women to acquire, before they are ſuffered to go abroad after child-bearing.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *I tell you,*

'Tis rigour, and not law.] This alſo is from the novel: "Bellaria, no whit diſmaid with this rough reply, told her huſband Pandoſto, that he ſpake upon choller, and not conſcience; for her virtuous life had been ſuch as no ſpot of ſuſpicion could ever ſtayne. And if ſhe had borne a friendly countenance to Egiſthus, it was in reſpect he was his friend, and not for any luſting affection: therefore *if ſhe were condemned without any farther proofe, it was rigour and not law.*" MALONE.

I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Ruſſia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery;[5] yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon this ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that, ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leon. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] Hermione *is chaſte,*[6] Polixenes

[5] *The* flatneſs *of my miſery*;] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. Johnson.

So, Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. II:

"——Thus repuls'd, our final hope
"Is *flat* deſpair." Malone.

[6] *Hermione* is chaſte, *&c.*] This is almoſt literally from Lodge's Novel:

"*The Oracle.*

"Suſpicion is no proofe; jealouſie is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaſte; Egiſthus blameleſs; Franion a true ſubject; Pandoſto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king ſhall dye without an heire, if that which is loſt be not found." Malone.

blameleſs, Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praiſed!

Leon. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even ſo
As it is here ſet down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter a Servant, *haſtily.*

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O ſir, I ſhall be hated to report it:
The prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's ſpeed,[7] is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. [Hermione *faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; ſhe will recover.—

[7] *Of the queen's* ſpeed,] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: ſo we ſtill ſay, he *ſped* well or ill. Johnson.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:—
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and ladies, with* HERMIONE.
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command,[8] though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,[9]

[8] *But that* the good mind *of Camillo tardied*
My ſwift command,] Here likewiſe our author has cloſely followed Greene: "—promiſing not only to ſhew himſelf a loyal and a loving huſband; but alſo to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſthus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how treacherouſly he thought to have practiſed his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpoſe." MALONE.

[9] —— *and to the* certain *hazard*
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,] In the original copy ſome word probably of two ſyllables, was inadvertently omitted in the firſt of theſe lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the ſecond folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—the *certain* hazard; the moſt improper word that could have been choſen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been ſhown in my preface. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 76. MALONE.

I am of a contrary opinion, and therefore retain the emendation of the ſecond folio.

No richer than his honour:—How he gliſters
Thorough my ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker![2]

Re-enter PAULINA.

PAUL. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1. *LORD.* What fit is this, good lady?

PAUL. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Muſt I receive; whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ungrateful:[3] nor was't much,

Certain hazard, &c. is quite in our author's manner. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"Until I know this *ſure uncertainty*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confeſſion of more crimes than he was ſuſpected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the viciſſitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppreſſed with guilt. JOHNSON.

[3] *That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;*
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, *inconſtant,*
And damnable *ungrateful:*] I have ventured at a ſlight alteration here, againſt the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read—*foul*. It is certainly too groſs and blunt in Paulina, though ſhe might impeach the king of fooleries in ſome of his paſt actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more par-

Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,[4]
To have him kill a king; poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:[5]
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: But the laſt,—O, lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't

donable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face. THEOBALD.

——*ſhow thee* of *a fool,*] So all the copies. We ſhould read:
——*ſhow thee* off, *a fool,*——
i. e. repreſent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconſtant, &c. WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deſerve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have ſpared his ſagacity, if he had remembered that the preſent reading, by a mode of ſpeech anciently much uſed, means only, *It ſhow'd thee* firſt *a fool,* then *inconſtant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnable is here uſed adverbially. See Vol. VI. p. 318. MALONE.

The ſame conſtruction occurs in *The ſecond Book of Phaer's Verſion of the Æneid:*

"When this the yong men heard me ſpeak, *of wild they waxed wood.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,*] How ſhould Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himſelf, while Paulina was abſent, attending on Hermione. The poet ſeems to have forgotten this circumſtance. MALONE.

[5] ——————*though a devil*
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:] i. e. a devil would have ſhed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed ſuch an action. STEEVENS.

Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead; I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

1. *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't;[6]
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhow'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief:[7] Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you

[6] *I am ſorry for't;*] This is another inſtance of the ſudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. Johnson.

[7] ——*what's paſt help,*
Should be paſt grief:] So, in *King Richard II:*
"Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care."
Steevens.

Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leon. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exerciſe,
So long I daily vow to uſe it. Come,
And lead me to theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A deſert country near the ſea.*

Enter Antigonus, *with the Child; and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then,[7] our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,

[7] *Thou art* perfect *then,*] *Perfect* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for *certain, well aſſured,* or *well informed.* Johnson.

It is ſo uſed by almoſt all our ancient writers. Steevens.

And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:——
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts: the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,

Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina *more*:—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
There lie; and there thy character:[8] there theſe;
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine.——The ſtorm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough:[9] I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour?[2]—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

[8] ——*thy* character:] thy deſcription; i. e. the writing afterwards diſcovered with Perdita. STEEVENS.

[9] *A* lullaby *too rough:*] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia:* "Shall thy tender mouth, inſtead of ſweet kiſſes, be nipped with bitter ſtormes? Shalt thou have the *whiſtling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and the ſalt ſeaſome, inſtead of ſweet milke?" MALONE.

[2] —*A ſavage clamour?*] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then ſeeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal purſued*. JOHNSON.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—— Would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcared away two of my beſt ſheep; which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find, than the maſter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browzing on ivy.[3] Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne![4] A boy, or a child,[5] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, ſome ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my ſon come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

[3] —— *if any where I have them, 'tis by the* ſea-ſide, browzing *on* ivy.] This alſo is from the novel: "[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was ſo poore as a ſheepe was halfe his ſubſtance,) wand'red downe towards the *ſea-cliffes*, to ſee if perchance the *ſheepe* was *browzing* on the *ſea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed." Malone.

[4] —— *a* barne; *a very pretty* barne!] i. e. child. So, in R. Broome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"Peace wayward *barne!* O ceaſe thy moan,
"Thy far more wayward daddy's gone."

It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; ſeeming to anſwer to the Latin *nati*. Steevens.

[5] —— *A boy, or* a child,] I am told, that in ſome of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradiſtinction to a *male one*, is ſtill termed, among the peaſantry,—*a child*. Steevens.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clown. I have ſeen two ſuch fights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt;[3] and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and ſaid, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it:[4]—but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under

[3] ——*now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt*;] So, in *Pericles*: "But ſea-room, and the brine and cloudy *billow kiſs the moon*, I care not." Malone.

[4] ——flap-dragon'd *it*:] i. e. ſwallowed it, as our ancient topers ſwallowed *flap-dragons*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "Thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a *flap-dragon*." See note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. Steevens.

water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man![5]

Clown. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[6] for a ſquire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changeling:[7]—open't: What's within, boy?

[5] Shep. *Would I had been by, to have help'd the* old *man.*] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am perſuaded, we ought to reſtore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; beſides, the Clown hath juſt told his father, that he ſaid his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*; and no leſs than three times in this ſhort ſcene, the Clown, ſpeaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. Theobald.

I ſuppoſe the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himſelf; or perhaps Shakſpeare, who was conſcious that he himſelf deſigned Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never ſeen him. Steevens.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding ſpeech: "—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's ſecond conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. Malone.

[6] ——*a bearing-cloth*—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is uſually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. Percy.

[7] ——*ſome changeling:*] i. e. ſome child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had ſtolen.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
"She never had ſo ſweet a *changeling*." Steevens.

Clown. You're a made old man;[7] if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way.[8] We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry:[9] if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *You're a* made *old man*;] In former copies:—*You're a* mad *old man*; *if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!*—This the Clown ſays upon his opening his fardel, and diſcovering the wealth in it. But this is no reaſon why he ſhould call his father a *mad* old *man*. I have ventured to correct in the text——*You're a* made *old man*; i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treaſure. So our poet, in a number of other paſſages. Theobald.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man deſired his wife to be quiet: if ſhe would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." Farmer.

[8] ——*the* next *way*.] i. e. the neareſt way. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher." Steevens.

[9] *They are never* curſt, *but when they are hungry*:] Curſt, ſignifies *miſchievous*. Thus the adage: *Curſt* cows have ſhort horns. Henley.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

TIME. I,—that pleaſe ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,[2]—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years,[3] and leave the growth untried

[2] ——*that make, and unfold error,*] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* miſtakes, and *diſcover them*, at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a ſeaſon *covers* errors, which he afterwards *diſplays* and *brings to light.* I chuſe therefore to read:
——*that* maſk *and* unfold *error,*—— THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is ſurely unneceſſary. *Departed time* renders many facts obſcure, and in that ſenſe is the cauſe of error. *Time to come* brings diſcoveries with it.

" Theſe very comments on Shakſpeare (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) prove that time can both make and unfold error." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*that I ſlide*
O'er ſixteen years,] This treſpaſs, in reſpect of dramatic unity, will appear venial to thoſe who have read the once famous *Lyly's Endymion*, or (as he himſelf calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon.* This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the ſpace of forty years, Endymion lying down to ſleep at the end of the ſecond, and waking in the firſt ſcene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconſcionable length. Lyly has likewiſe been guilty of much greater abſurdities than ever Shakſpeare committed; for he ſuppoſes that Endymion's hair, features, and perſon, were changed by age during his ſleep, while all the other perſonages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetſtone, in the epiſtle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Meaſure for Meaſure* is formed) had pointed out many of theſe abſurdities and offences

Of that wide gap;[4] ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law,[5] and in one ſelf-born hour

againſt the laws of the Drama. It muſt be owned therefore that Shakſpeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is ſo laſcivious in his comedies, that honeſt hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he preſents on everye common ſtage, what preachers ſhould pronounce in pulpits. The Engliſhman in this quallitie, is moſt vaine, indiſcreete, and out of order. He firſt grounds his worke on impoſſibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monſters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will ſerve to ſhow that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were deſigned to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and ſecure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

In *The Pleaſant Comedie of Patient Griſſel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griſſel is in the firſt act married, and ſoon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a ſon and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the ſcene as a woman old enough to be married. MALONE.

[4] ——*and leave the* growth *untried*
Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is ſomewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progreſſion of the time which filled up the *gap* of the ſtory between Perdita's birth and and her ſixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is *to leave the paſſages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have choſen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a ſubſequent paſſage:

"I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch *growing*,
"As you had ſlept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"Whom our faſt-*growing* ſcene muſt find
"At Tharſus."

Gap, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph*, is likewiſe ſupported by the ſame play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, ſays,

To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom: Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now received: I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning; and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealouſies; ſo grieving,
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;[6] and remember well,
I mentioned a ſon o'the king's, which Florizel

" —learn of me, who ſtand i'the *gaps* to teach you
" The ſtages of our ſtory." MALONE.

[5] ——*ſince it is in my power*, &c.] The reaſoning of *Time* is not very clear; he ſeems to mean, that he who has broke ſo many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her ſixteenth year; and he intreats that he may paſs as of old, before any *order* or ſucceſſion of objects, ancient or modern, diſtinguiſhed his periods. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*imagine* me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I *now may be*
In fair Bohemia;] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both ſenſe and grammar may not dictate:
——*imagine* we,
Gentle ſpectators, that you *now may be*, &c.
Let *us* imagine that *you*, who behold theſe ſcenes, are now in Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Imagine *me*, means imagine *with me*, or imagine *for me*; and is a common mode of expreſſion. Thus we ſay " do *me* ſuch a thing," " ſpell *me* ſuch a word." In *Henry IV.* Falſtaff ſays, ſpeaking of ſack,
" It aſcends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there," &c.
Again, in *King Lear*, Gloſter ſays to Edmund, ſpeaking of Edgar:
" Wind *me* into him," &c. M. MASON.

I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her enſues,
I liſt not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: [6] Of this allow,[7]
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now;
If never yet, that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years,[8] ſince I ſaw my country: though I have, for the moſt part, been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the

[6] *Is the argument of time:*] *Argument* is the ſame with *ſubject.* Johnson.

[7] —— *Of this* allow,] To *allow* in our author's time ſignified to *approve.* Malone.

[8] *It is* fifteen *years,*] We ſhould read——*ſixteen.* *Time* has juſt ſaid:

——*that I ſlide*
O'er ſixteen *years*——

Again, Act V. ſc. iii: "Which lets go by ſome *ſixteen* years."—Again, *ibid.* "——Which *ſixteen* winters cannot blow away." Steevens.

penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me: to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo; which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou loveſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips.[9] Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee ſpeak no more: whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my brother; whoſe loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince;

9 ——*and my profit therein, the* heaping friendſhips.] The ſenſe of *heaping friendſhips*, though like many other of our author's, unuſual, at leaſt unuſual to modern ears, is not very obſcure. *To be more thankful ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein the heaping friendſhips.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I ſhall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I ſhall heap friendſhips, as I confer favours on thee I ſhall increaſe the friendſhip between us.* Johnson.

Friendſhips is, I believe, here uſed, with ſufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.* Malone.

What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted,[2] he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle[3] that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place: where we

[2] ——*but I have*, miſſingly, *noted*,] *Miſſingly* noted means, I have obſerved him at *intervals*, not conſtantly or regularly, but occaſionally. Steevens.

[3] ——*But, I fear the* angle—] Mr. Theobald reads,——*and* I fear the *engle*. Johnson.

Angle in this place means a *fiſhing-rod*, which he repreſents as drawing his ſon, like a fiſh, away. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" ——he did win
" The hearts of all that he did *angle* for."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" She knew her diſtance, and did *angle* for me."
Steevens.

So, in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

" Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle; and as ſweet is the fiſh which thou getteſt in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market." Malone.

will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion[4] with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo!—We muſt diſguiſe ourſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus,[5] *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peer,[6]——
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[6]

[4] ——*ſome* queſtion ——] i. e. ſome talk. See Vol. IV. p. 263, n. 8. Malone.

[5] ——*Autolycus,*] *Autolycus* was the ſon of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

"*Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.*" Martial.

Steevens.

[6] *When daffodils begin to peer,*——

and

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,] "Two *nonſenſical* ſongs, by the rogue Autolycus," ſays Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shakſpeare to muſical ſcience, intercede for a better epithet than *nonſenſical?*

The Dr. ſubſequently obſerves, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minſtrel, as deſcribed in the old Fabliaux."

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,[7]—
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O, how they ſing!—
Doth ſet my pugging tooth[8] *on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.

I believe that many of our readers will puſh the compariſon a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minſtrels of the opera, like their predeceſſor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as ſingers of *nonſenſical* ballads. STEEVENS.

[6] *For the red blood* reigns *in the* winter's *pale.*] This line has ſuffered a great variety of alterations, but I am perſuaded the old reading is the true one. The firſt folio has "the *winter's pale;*" and the meaning is, the red, the *ſpring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter.* The *Engliſh pale*, the *Iriſh pale*, were frequent expreſſions in Shakſpeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were choſen for the ſake of the *antitheſis.*
FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnſon, who rejected it. In *K. Henry V.* our author ſays:

"——— the Engliſh beach
"*Pales* in the flood," &c.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or ſky inclips."

Holinſhed, p. 528, calls Sir Richard Aſton, "Lieutenant of the Engliſh *pale*, for the earle of Summerſet." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a *pale.*"
STEEVENS.

[7] *The white ſheet* bleaching, &c.] So, in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, SPRING mentions as deſcriptive of that ſeaſon, that then "——— maidens *bleach* their ſummer *ſmocks.*"
MALONE.

[8] ——*pugging tooth*——] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth.* It is certain that *pugging* is not now underſtood. But Dr. Thirlby obſerves, that it is the cant of gypſies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is uſed by Greene in one of his pieces; and a *puggard* was a cant name for ſome particular kind of thief. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Of cheaters, liſters, nips, foiſts, *puggards*, curbers."

See to *prigge* in *Minſheu.* STEEVENS.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.[9]—
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:—
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,[2]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[3] but now I am out of ſervice:

[9] *The lark, that* tirra-lirra *chants.*]

— — — — — — —

La gentille allouette avec ſon *tire-lire*
Tire lire a lirè et tire-lirant tire
Vers la voute du Ciel, puis ſon vol vers ce lieu
Vire et deſire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.
Du Bartas. Liv. 5. de ſa premiere ſemaine.
Ecce ſuum *tirile tirile:* ſuum *tirile* tractat.
Linnæi Fauna Suecica.
HOLT WHITE.

So, in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

" Let Philomela ſing, let Progne chide,
" Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—."

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its ſynonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

[2] ——*my aunts,*] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to catch the Old one*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being uſed in that ſenſe:—" It was better beſtow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not ſay *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* ſtands for in the laſt tranſlation." Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" I never knew
" What ſleeking, glazing, or what preſſing meant,
" Till you preferr'd me to your *aunt* the lady:
" I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
" No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes
" To help a lady's breath, until your *aunt*
" Learn'd me the common trick."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: " I'll call you one of my *aunts*, ſiſter, that were as good as to call you arrant *whore*."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*wore* three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets;[3] when the kite builds, look

" —— and line them
" With black, crimſon, and tawny *three-pil'd velvet.*"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Maſter *Three-pile*, the mercer." STEEVENS.

[3] *My traffick is ſheets*; &c.] So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,
" To catch *ſheets* from hedges moſt pleaſant to ſee."

Again, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, *Riotte* ſays

" If any heere three ydle people needes,
" Call us in time, for we are fine for *ſheetes:*
" Yea, for a ſhift, to ſteale them from the hedge,
" And lay both *ſheetes* and linnen all to gage.
" We are beſt be gone, leaſt ſome do heare alledge
" We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars Buſh:*

" To ſteal from the hedge both the ſhirt and the *ſheet.*"

STEEVENS.

Autolycus means, that his practice was to ſteal ſheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the ſmaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

When the kite builds, look to leſſer linen.] *Leſſer linen* is an ancient term, for which our modern laundreſſes have ſubſtituted—*ſmall clothes.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage, I find, is not generally underſtood. When the good women, in ſolitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miſs any of their *leſſer linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in ſpring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her neſt; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpoſe. HOLT WHITE.

to leſſer linen. My father named me, Autolycus;[4] who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon;[5] and my revenue is the ſilly cheat:[6] Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway:[7] beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

[4] ——*My father nam'd me, Autolycus*; &c.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *the alluſion is unqueſtionably to Ovid.* He is miſtaken. Not only the alluſion, but the whole ſpeech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from *his diſcourſe on judicial aſtrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the ſon of Mercury by the ancients, namely becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was tranſlated long before the time of Shakſpeare, I have ſeen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon*;] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myſelf to this ſhabby dreſs. PERCY.

[6] ——*my revenue is the* ſilly *cheat:*] *Silly* is uſed by the writers of our author's time, for ſimple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the ſpeech conſiſts. I don't aſpire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows: I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles.* But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, ſeems to have declared war againſt all Shakſpeare's humour, alters it to,—*the ſly cheat.* WARBURTON.

The *ſilly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the reſt, in his treatiſe on that ancient and honourable ſcience. I think it means *picking pockets.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Gallows, and knock*, &c.] The reſiſtance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the puniſhment which he ſuffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the ſilly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

Enter Clown.

CLOWN. Let me ſee:—Every 'leven wether tods;[7] every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling: fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?

AUT. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

CLOWN. I cannot do't without counters.[8]—Let

[7] ——*tods*;] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an errour concerning this paſſage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a ſubſtantive, but which is uſed ungrammatically as the third perſon ſingular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The ſame diſregard of grammar is found in almoſt every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and ſhould be preſerved.

Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that to *tod* is uſed as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they ſay, "Twenty ſheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words is, "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every tod yields a pound and ſome odd ſhillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furniſhed our poet with accurate knowledge on this ſubject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a ſheep at the time of ſhearing. About thirty ſhillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is ſingular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there ſhould be ſo little variation between the price of wool in Shakſpeare's time and the preſent.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool ſold for nine ſhillings and ſix pence. MALONE.

Every 'leven wether tods;] This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven ſheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28 *lb.* Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 *lb.* 8 oz. 11½ *dr.* and the whole produce of *fifteen hundred ſhorn* 136 *tod.* 9 *lb.* 6 *oz.* 2 *dr.* which *at pound and odd ſhilling per* tod would yield £. 143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the ſubject to be ſuſpected of inaccuracy. RITSON.

[8] ——*without* counters.] By the help of ſmall circular pieces of baſe metal, all reckonings were anciently adjuſted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus Iago, in contempt of Caſſio, calls him—*counter-caſter*. See my note on *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

me ſee; what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt?[9] *Three pound of ſugar*; *five pound of currants*; *rice*——What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſegays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all,[2] and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means and baſes:[3] but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings pſalms to hornpipes. I muſt have *ſaffron*, to colour the warden pies;[4] *mace*,—*dates*,

[9] ——*ſheep-ſhearing feaſt?*] The expence attending theſe feſtivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in *Queſtions of Profitable and Pleaſant Concernings*, &c. 1594: "If it be a *ſheep-ſhearing feaſt*, maiſter Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maiſter of three ſheapheard's wages, ſpent on freſh cates, beſides *ſpices* and *ſaffron* pottage." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *three-man ſong-men all*,] i. e. ſingers of catches in three parts. *A ſix-man ſong* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626: "—call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man* ſong." Before the comedy of *The Gentle Craft, or the Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, ſome of theſe *three-man ſongs* are printed. STEEVENS.

[3] —— means *and baſes:*] *Means* are tenors.

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"————he can ſing
"A *mean* moſt meanly." STEEVENS.

[4] —— warden *pies*;] *Wardens* are a ſpecies of large pears. I believe the name is diſuſed at preſent. It however afforded Ben Jonſon room for a quibble in his maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed*:

"A deputy tart, a church-*warden* pye."

It appears from a paſſage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that theſe pears were uſually eaten roaſted:

"I would have had him *roaſted like a warden*,
"In brown paper."

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volemum*] ſays, *Volema* autem *pyra* ſunt prægrandia, ita dicta quod impleant volam. REED.

—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, ſeven; a race, or two, of ginger*;—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raiſins o'the ſun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clown. I'the name of me,[5]——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags; and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor ſoul; thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, ſir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good ſir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor ſoul.

[5] *I' the name of me,*] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard uſed. So, ſir Andrew Ague-cheek:—"Before *me*, ſhe's a good wench." Steevens.

Aut. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*picks his pocket.*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.[6]

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[7] I knew him once a

[6] —— *that* kills my heart.] So, in *K. Henry V.* Dame Quickly, ſpeaking of Falſtaff, ſays—" the king hath *kill'd his heart.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 92, n. 3. MALONE.

[7] —— *with* trol-my-dames:] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatiſe on *Buckſtone Bathes*, he ſays: " The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or ſofte, after their own diſcretion: the paſtyme *troule in madame* is termed." FARMER.

The old Engliſh title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, reſemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-houſe*. So, in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

" Three-pence I loſt at nine-pins; but I got
" Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes*."

Again, in *A wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632: " What quickſands he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-holes*." STEEVENS.

ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[8]

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well: he hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon,[9] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue: ſome call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig:[2] he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his deſcription of the game of *Trou-madame*, or *pigeon holes*. *Nine holes* is quite another thing; Thus:

o o o being ſo many holes made in the ground, into which
o o o they are to bowl a pellet. I have ſeen both played
o o o at. RITSON.

This game is mentioned by Drayton in the 14th ſong of his *Polyolbion*:

"At *nine-holes* on the heath while they together play."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*abide.*] To *abide*, here, muſt ſignify, to *ſojourn*, to live for a time without a ſettled habitation. JOHNSON.

To *abide* is again uſed in *Macbeth*, in the ſenſe of *tarrying for a while*:

"I'll call upon you ſtraight; *abide* within." MALONE.

[9] —— motion *of the prodigal ſon*,] i. e. the *puppet-ſhew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.
WARBURTON.

[2] —Prig, *for my life, prig*:] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knaviſh beggar. WHALLEY.

Aut. Very true, ſir; he, ſir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I muſt go buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing.

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet ſir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue![3]

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,[4]
And merrily hent the ſtile-a:[5]
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

[3] —— *let me be* unroll'd, *and my name put in the book of virtue!*] Begging gypſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhow of an incorporated body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled, if he does not ſo and ſo. WARBURTON.

[4] *Jog on, jog on,* &c.] Theſe lines are part of a catch printed in "*an Antidote againſt Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry catches,* 1661," 4to. p. 69. REED.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

FLO. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[6] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'the land,[7] you have obſcur'd

[5] *And merrily* hent *the ſtile-a:*] To *hent* the ſtile, is to take hold of it. I was miſtaken when I ſaid in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act IV. ſc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend*. It is to *hent*, and comes from the Saxon pentan. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Some by the armes *hent* good Guy."

Again:

"And ſome by the brydle him *hent*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. vii:

"Great labour fondly haſt thou *hent* in hand."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*your* extremes,] This is, your *exceſſes*, the *extravagance* of your praiſes. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praiſes*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obſcuring himſelf "in a ſwain's wearing," while he "prank'd her up moſt goddeſs-like." The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

[7] *The gracious* mark *o' the land,*] The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation. JOHNSON.

With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſslike prank'd up:[8] But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it[9] with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.[2]

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" He was the *mark* and glaſs, copy and book,
" That faſhion'd others." MALONE.

[8] —— prank'd *up*:] To *prank* is to dreſs with oſtentation. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" For they do *prank* them in authority."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

" I pray you go *prank* you." STEEVENS.

[9] *Digeſt* it ——] The word *it* was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] ——*ſworn, I think,*
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an eaſy ſenſe, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the preſent reading. But concerning this paſſage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this paſſage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a tranſpoſition, which I would explain thus:

—— *But that our feaſts*
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, (ſworn I think,)
To ſee you ſo attired, I ſhould bluſh
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.

i. e.—But that our ruſtick feaſts are in every part accompanied with abſurdity of the ſame kind, which cuſtom has authorized, (cuſtom which one would think the gueſts had ſworn to obſerve,) I ſhould bluſh to preſent myſelf before a glaſs, which would ſhow me my own perſon adorned in a manner ſo foreign to my humble ſtate, or ſo much better habited than even that of my prince. STEEVENS.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.[2]

Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
To me, the difference forges dread;[3] your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: O, the fates!

I think ſhe means only to ſay, that the prince, by the *ruſtick* habit that he wears, ſeems as if he had ſworn to ſhow her a glaſs, in which ſhe might behold how ſhe *ought* to be attired, inſtead of being "moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up." The paſſage quoted in p. 119, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. V. p. 244, a foreſter having given the princeſs a true repreſentation of herſelf, ſhe addreſſes him,—"Here, good my *glaſs*."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"——I, your *glaſs*,
"Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf,
"That of yourſelf," &c.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet:*

"——he was indeed the *glaſs*,
"Wherein the noble youth did *dreſs* themſelves."

Florizel is here Perdita's glaſs. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ſwoon*, inſtead of *ſworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change; and the words "to *ſhew* myſelf" appear to me inconſiſtent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the ſimilitude of the words *ſworn* and *ſwoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *ſwoon* in the old copies of theſe plays is always written *ſound* or *ſwound*. Malone.

[2] *When my good* falcon *made her flight acroſs*
Thy father's ground.] This circumſtance is likewiſe taken from the novel: "— And as they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed ſtore of game,) incountered by the way theſe two maides." Malone.

[3] *To me, the* difference *forges dread*;] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
"But either it was *different* in blood—." M. Mason.

How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up?[4] What would he ſay? Or how
Should I, in theſe my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love,[5] have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way[6] ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires

[4] —— *his work, ſo noble,*
Vilely bound up?] It is impoſſible for any man to rid his mind of his profeſſion. The authorſhip of Shakſpeare has ſupplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would loſe it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind paſſed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

The alluſion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,
" To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."

Again:

" That book in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
" That in *gold claſps* locks in the golden ſtory."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *The gods themſelves,*
Humbling their deities to love,] This is taken almoſt literally from the novel: " The Gods above diſdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One ſomething inferior to theſe in birth, but far ſuperior to them in beauty; born to be a ſhepherdeſſe, but worthy to be a goddeſſe." Again: "And yet, Doraſtus, ſhame not thy ſhepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have ſometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a ſhepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love." MALONE.

[6] *Nor* in a *way* ——] Read:—Nor *any* way. RITSON.

Nor in a way ſo chaſte:] It muſt be remembered that the tranſformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and conſe-

Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear ſir,[7]
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak; that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deareſt Perdita,
With theſe forc'd thoughts,[8] I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feaſt: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady fortune.
Stand you auſpicious!

quently were not "in a way ſo chaſte" as that of Florizel, whoſe object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

[7] *O but, dear ſir,*] In the oldeſt copy the word—*dear*, is wanting. Steevens.

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—O but, *dear* ſir; to complete the metre. But the addition is unneceſſary; *burn* in the preceding hemiſtich being uſed as a diſſyllable. Perdita in a former part of this ſcene addreſſes Florizel in the ſame reſpectful manner as here: "*Sir*, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now ſtated, propoſed to take the word *your* from the ſubſequent line; but no change is neceſſary. Malone.

I follow the ſecond folio, confeſſing my inability to read—*burn*, as a word of more than one ſyllable. Steevens.

[8] *With theſe* forc'd *thoughts*,] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not ariſing from the preſent objects. M. Mason.

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *diſguiſed*; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and others.*

FLO. See, your gueſts approach:
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

SHEP. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and ſervant: welcom'd all; ſerv'd all:
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt:[9] Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

PER. Welcome, ſir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'the day:—You're welcome, ſir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary, and rue; theſe keep

[9] *That which you are,* miſtreſs o' the feaſt:] From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as *miſtreſs of the feaſt.*" MALONE.

Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,[9]
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the faireſt flowers o'the ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gillyflowers,
Which ſome call, nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,[2]

[9] *For you there's* roſemary, *and* rue; *theſe keep*
Seeming, *and* ſavour, *all the winter long:*
Grace, *and* remembrance, *be to you both,*] Ophelia diſtributes the ſame plants, and accompanies them with the ſame documents. "There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we may call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retaining *ſeeming* and *ſavour*, appear to be the reaſon why theſe plants were conſidered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The noſegay diſtributed by Perdita with the ſignifications annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkiſh lover, deſcribed by lady M. W. Montagu. Henley.

Grace, and remembrance,] *Rue* was called *herb of Grace*. *Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals. Johnson.

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and is preſcribed for that purpoſe in the books of ancient phyſick. Steevens.

[2] For *I have heard it ſaid,*] *For*, in this place, ſignifies—*becauſe that*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8092:
"She dranke, and *for* ſhe wolde vertue pleſe,
"She knew wel labour, but non idel eſe." Steevens.

There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature.[3]

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, o'er that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcion to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,[4]
And do not call them baſtards.

[3] *There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares*
With great creating nature.] That is, as Mr. T. Warton obſerves, "There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herſelf."

This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of ſome of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification. Steevens.

[4] —— *in* gillyflowers,] There is ſome further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been diſcovered. The old copy, (in both inſtances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gilly'vors*, a term ſtill uſed by low people in Suſſex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following paſſage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his miſtreſs as they are going into a garden, and after ſhe has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roſes, have you not?" "Yes, ſir, (ſays ſhe,) but no *gillyflowers*." Meaning, perhaps, that ſhe would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I ſuppoſe *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phraſe, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the ſame variability in this ſpecies of flowers:

Per. I'll not put
The dibble[5] in earth to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,
And with him riſes weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my faireſt friend,
I would, I had ſome flowers o'the ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proſerpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall

" —— the fond carnation loves to ſhoot
" Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, ſome ſorts of *gilliflowers* are called *ſmall honeſties, cuckoo gillofers*, &c. And in *A. W's. Commendation of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies*, is the following remark on this ſpecies of flower:

" Some thinke that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous ſmell.*"

See Gaſcoigne's Works, 1587. Steevens.

The following line in *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, 1578, may add ſome ſupport to the firſt part of Mr. Steevens's note:

" Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* eſteemeth for his joy."

Malone.

[5] ——*dibble* ——] An inſtrument uſed by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minſheu*. Steevens.

From Dis's waggon![6] daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,[7]

[6] ——— *O Proſerpina,*
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From Dis's waggon!] So, in *Ovid's Metam.* B. V:
" ——— *ut ſumma veſtem laxavit ab ora,*
" *Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis.*" STEEVENS.

The whole paſſage is thus tranſlated by Golding, 1587:
" While in this garden *Proſerpine* was taking her paſtime,
" In gathering either *violets* blew, or *lillies* white as lime,—
" *Dis* ſpide her, lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well neere.—
" The ladie with a wailing voice *afright* did often call
" Hir mother—
" And as ſhe from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
" By chance ſhe let her lap ſlip downe, and out her *flowers* went."
RITSON.

[7] ——— *violets, dim,*
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I ſuſpect that our author miſtakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddeſs of blue eyes.* Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uſes *ſweet* in the general ſenſe, for *delightful.* JOHNSON.

It was formerly the faſhion to kiſs the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderneſs. I have ſomewhere met with an account of the firſt reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is ſaid to have *kiſſed her fayre eyes.* So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, v. 1358:
" This Troilus full oft her *eyin two*
" Gan for to kiſſe," &c.

Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Strutt the engraver:
" O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
" But let me kiſſe thine *eyes*, my ſweete delight." p. 6. b.

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as thoſe of Pallas.
——— βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη. *Homer.*

But (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) " we are not told that Pallas was the goddeſs of blue eye-*lids*; beſides, as Shakſpeare joins in the compariſon, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets." STEEVENS.

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold[8]
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips,[9] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

" —— That *eye* was *Juno's*,
" Thoſe lips were hers that won the golden ball,
" That virgin bluſh, Diana's."

Spenſer, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

" Upon her eye-*lids* many graces ſate,
" Under the ſhadow of her even brows."
Faery Queen, B. II. c. iii. ſt. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

" When on each eye-*lid* ſweetly do appear
" An hundred graces, as in ſhade they ſit." MALONE.

[8] —— *pale primroſes,*
That die unmarried, ere they can behold &c.] So, in *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609:

" The pretty Dazie (eye of day)
" The *Prime-Roſe* which doth firſt diſplay
" Her youthful colours, and *firſt dies*:
" Beauty and Death are enemies."

Again, in Milton's *Lycidas*:

" —— the rathe *primroſe* that *forſaken dies*."

Mr. Warton, in a note on my laſt quotation, aſks " But why does the Primroſe die *unmarried*? Not becauſe it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a ſtate of ſolitude, and without ſociety. Shakſpeare's reaſon, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is ſuch as I do not wiſh to underſtand. The true reaſon is, becauſe it grows in the ſhade, uncheriſhed or unſeen by the ſun, who was ſuppoſed to be in love with ſome ſorts of flowers." STEEVENS.

[9] —— bold *oxlips*,] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible ſtalk like the *cowſlip*, but erects itſelf *boldly* in the face of the ſun. Wallis, in his *Hiſt. of Northumberland*, ſays, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It ſhould be confeſſed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— yellow *oxlips* bright as burniſh'd *gold*."

See Vol. V. p. 61, n. 2. STEEVENS.

The flower-de-luce being one! O, theſe I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.[2] Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſun' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To ſing them too: When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo, and own
No other function: Each your doing,[3]
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

[2] ——*not to be buried,*
But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:
" *Iſab.* Heigh ho, you'll *bury me*, I ſee.
" *Rob.* In the ſwan's down, and *tomb thee in my arms.*"
Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; 1609:
" ——O come, be *buried*
" A ſecond time *within theſe arms.*" Malone.

[3] ——*Each your doing*, &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. Johnson.

Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,[4]
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear,[5] as I have purpoſe
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

[4] —— *but that your youth,*
And the true blood *which fairly* peeps *through it,*] So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander:*

" Through whoſe white ſkin, ſofter than ſoundeſt ſleep,
" With damaſke eyes *the* ruby *blood doth peep.*"

The part of the poem that was written by Marlowe, was publiſhed, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verſes entitled *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the firſt two Seſtiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman.
MALONE.

[5] *I think, you have*
As little ſkill *to fear,*] *To have ſkill to do a thing* was a phraſe then in uſe equivalent to our *to have a reaſon to do a thing.* The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to:

As little ſkill in *fear.*

which has no kind of ſenſe in this place. WARBURTON.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this paſſage, or believe that *to have a ſkill* to do a thing, ever meant, to *have reaſon* to do it; of which, when he aſſerted it, he ought to have produced one example at leaſt.

The fears of women, on ſuch occaſions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they bluſh, becauſe they underſtand. It is to this that Florizel alludes, when he ſays, that Perdita had *little ſkill to fear.*—So Juliet ſays to Romeo:

" But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
" Than thoſe who have more *cunning* to be ſtrange."
M. MASON.

You as little *know* how to fear that I am falſe, as, &c.
MALONE.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.[6]

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſward: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out:[7] Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we ſtand[8] upon our manners.—
Come, ſtrike up. [*Muſick.*

[6] Per. *I'll ſwear for 'em.*] I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong perſon. And that the king begins his ſpeech aſide:

Pol. *I'll ſwear for 'em,*
This is the prettieſt &c. JOHNSON.

We ſhould doubtleſs read thus:

I'll ſwear for *one.*

i. e. I will anſwer or engage for myſelf. Some alteration is abſolutely neceſſary. This ſeems the eaſieſt, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

[7] *He tells her ſomething,*
That makes her blood look out:] The meaning muſt be this. The prince tells her ſomething *that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her bluſh.* She, but a little before, uſes a like expreſſion to deſcribe the prince's ſincerity:

——*your youth*
And the true blood, *which fairly* peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd. THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—look *on't.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*we ſtand,* &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour,* Maſter Stephen ſays—

" Nay, we do not *ſtand* much on our gentility, friend." STEEVENS.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf[9]
To have a worthy feeding:[2] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth:[3] He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt.[4]

[9] ——and *he boaſts himſelf*—] The old copy reads—*and* boaſts himſelf; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*a* boaſts himſelf. Malone.

[2] ——— *a worthy* feeding:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *paſture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of paſturage not inconſiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is juſt. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

" Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd
" To have kept ſafe, by theſe vile cattle ſpoil'd."

Again, in the ſixth ſong of the *Polyolbion*:

" ——ſo much that do rely
" Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility."

" A *worthy* feeding (ſays Mr. M. Maſon) is a *valuable*, a *ſubſtantial* one. Thus Antonio, in *Twelfth Night*:

" But were my *worth*, as is my conſcience, firm,
" You ſhould find better dealing."

Worth here means *fortune* or *ſubſtance*. Steevens.

[3] *He looks like* ſooth:] *Sooth* is truth. Obſolete. So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" Thou doſt diſſemble, but I mean good *ſooth*."

Steevens.

[4] *Who loves* another *beſt*.] Surely we ſhould read—Who loves *the other* beſt. M. Mason.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing; though I report it, That ſhould be ſilent: if young Doricles Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down,[5] or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs, for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves:[6] he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids; ſo without bawdry, which is ſtrange; with ſuch delicate burdens of *dildo's*[7] and *fadings:*[8] *jump her*

[5] —— doleful *matter*, merrily *ſet down*,] This ſeems to be another ſtroke aimed at the title-page of Preſton's *Cambiſes*, "A *lamentable* Tragedy, mixed full of pleaſant *Mirth*," &c. Steevens.

[6] —*no milliner can ſo fit* his *cuſtomers with gloves:*] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. Malone.

[7] ——*of* dildo's—] "With a hie *dildo* dill" is the burthen of the *Batchelors Feaſt*, an ancient ballad, and is likewiſe called the *Tune* of it. Steevens.

See alſo *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

"A ſtory ſtrange I will you tell,
"But not ſo ſtrange as true,
"Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,
"And ſo did her huſband too;

and thump her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*[9]

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[a]

" With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*
" With a *dildo, dildo,* dee." Malone.

[8] ——*fadings:*] An Iriſh dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in *The Iriſh Maſque at Court.*

" ——— and daunſh a *fading* at te wedding."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle:*

" I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jigg."
Tyrwhitt.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

" But under her coats the ball be found.——
" With a *fading*,"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's 97th epigram:

" See you' yond motion? not the old *fading*." Steevens.

[9] ——*Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*] This was the name of an old ſong. In the famous hiſtory of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of*, " *Oh! do me no harme, good man.*" Farmer.

This tune is preſerved in a collection intitled " Ayres, to ſing and play to the Lvte and Baſſe Violl. with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine:" 1610. fol. Ritson.

[a] ——*unbraided wares?*] Surely we muſt read *braided*, for ſuch are all the *wares* mentioned in the anſwer. Johnson.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing beſides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity ſold by ballad-ſinging pedlers. Yes, replies the ſervant, *he has ribands*, &c. which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's queſtion, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly ſold by ſuch vagrants; any thing worthy to be preſented to his miſtreſs: or, as probably, by enquiring for ſomething which pedlars uſually have not, to eſcape laying out his money at all. The following paſſage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to ſuppoſe that there is here ſome

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,[2] though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes,[3] cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings them over, 'as they were gods or goddeſſes; you would think, a ſmock were a ſhe-angel; he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the ſquare on't.[4]

alluſion which I cannot explain: "——She ſays that you ſent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London meaſure." Steevens.

Unbraided wares may be wares of the beſt manufacture. *Braid* in Shakſpeare's *All's Well*, &c. Act IV. ſc. ii. ſignifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's Dict. means *faded*, or having loſt its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better ſort? Several old ſtatutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falſely and deceitfully wrought." Tollet.

Probably *unbraided* wares means, "wares *not ornamented with braid.*" M. Mason.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for ſomething better than common, but for ſmooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twiſted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all anſwer to this deſcription. Malone.

[2] ——points, *more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,*] The *points* that afford Autolycus a ſubject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguilettes*, Fr. Malone.

[3] ——*caddiſſes,*] I do not exactly know what *caddiſſes* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters ſays:—— "I will have eight velvet pages, and ſix footmen in *caddis.*"

In *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* I have ſuppoſed *caddis* to be *ferret.* Perhaps by *ſix footmen in caddis*, is meant ſix footmen with their liveries laced with ſuch a kind of worſted ſtuff. As this worſted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadeſſe*, the ancient name for a *daw.* Steevens.

Caddis is, I believe, a narrow worſted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow ſlight ſerge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape alſo. Malone.

[4] ——*the ſleeve*-hand, *and the work about the* ſquare *on't.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—ſleeve-*band.* Johnson.

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of theſe pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

The old reading is right, or we muſt alter ſome paſſages in other authors. The word *ſleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 323: "A ſurcoat [of crimſon velvet] furred with mynever pure, the coller, ſkirts, and *ſleeve-hands* garniſhed with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemiſe.*" is Engliſhed "the wriſtband, or gathering at the *ſleeve-hand* of a ſhirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, king James's "ſhurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *ſleeve-hand* occurs, and ſeems to ſignify the cuffs of a ſurcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a ſmock. I conceive, that the *work about the ſquare on't*, ſignifies the work or embroidery about the boſom part of a ſhift, which might then have been of a ſquare form, or might have a ſquare tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illuſtrious perſons. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of *Taſſo*, B. XII. ſt. 64:

"Between her breaſts the cruel weapon rives,
"Her curious *ſquare*, emboſs'd with ſwelling gold."

I ſhould have taken the *ſquare* for a gorget or ſtomacher, but for this paſſage in Shakſpeare. Tollet.

The following paſſage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewiſe tend to the ſupport of the ancient reading—ſleeve-*hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he ſays:

"Their ſmockes are all bewrought about the necke and *hande*." Steevens.

The word *ſleeve-hand* is likewiſe uſed by P. Holland, in his Tranſlation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparel he was noted for ſingularity, as who uſed to goe in his ſenatour's purple ſtudded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *ſleeve-hand*." Malone.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *ſinging.*

Lawn, as white as driven ſnow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roſes;
Maſks for faces, and for noſes;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,[5]
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-ſticks of ſteel,[6]
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry:
Come, buy, &c.

[5] ——*necklace-amber,*] Place only a comma after *amber.* "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and ſays that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, ſome *necklace-amber,* an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber,* fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Act IV. ſc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets,* beads," &c. Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber.* See *Sams. Agon.* v. 720:

"An *amber* ſcent of odorous perfume,
"Her harbinger." T. WARTON.

[6] ——*poking-ſticks of ſteel,*] Theſe *poking-ſticks* were heated in the fire, and made uſe of to adjuſt the plaits of ruffs. In Marſton's *Malcontent,* 1604, is the following inſtance:——"There is ſuch a deale of pinning theſe ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth them all:" and, again, "if you ſhould chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-ſtick* to recover his form," &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable,* 1602: "Your ruff muſt ſtand in print, and for that purpoſe get *poking-ſticks* with fair long handles, leſt they ſcorch your hands."

Theſe *poking-ſticks* are ſeveral times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody,* 1633, ſecond part; and in the *Yorkſhire Tragedy,* 1619, which has been attributed to Shakſpeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled Blewe Starche and *Poking-ſticks.* Allowed under the hand of the Biſhop of London."

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promiſed them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promiſed you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promiſed you: may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[7] to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpering: Clamour your tongues,[8] and not a word more.

Stowe informs us, that "about the ſixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of ſteele *poking-ſticks*, and untill that time all lawndreſſes uſed ſetting ſtickes made of wood or bone." See Vol. IV. p. 486. Steevens.

[7] ——kiln-*hole*,] The mouth of the oven. The word is ſpelt in the old copy *kill*-hole, and I ſhould have ſuppoſed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* deſires Falſtaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the ſame falſe ſpelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. Malone.

Kiln-hole is the place into which coals are put under a ſtove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *ſtoking-hole*, is part of the office of female ſervants in farm-houſes. *Kiln*, at leaſt in England, is not a ſynonyme to *oven*. Steevens.

[8] ——Clamour *your tongues*,] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The alluſion is humourous. Warburton.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promiſed me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.[9]

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not ſignify in Shakſpeare a ceaſing, but a continued ringing. Thus uſed in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act V. ſc. ii:

Ben. ——" *If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e'er he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the* bell rings *and the widow weeps.*

Beat. " *And how long is that, think you?*

Ben. " *Queſtion? why an hour in* clamour, *and a quarter in rheum.*" GREY.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* " A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in ſome villages is uſed in this ſenſe, ſignifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I ſuſpect that Dr. Warburton's is a mere *gratis dictum.*

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon ſays, that " to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the ſound." If this be ſo, it affords an eaſy interpretation of the paſſage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the ſenſe, the diſputed phraſe may anſwer to the modern one of—*ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*you promiſed me a* tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus deſcribed in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henſhawe: " *Tawdrie lace*, aſtrigmenta, timbriæ, ſeu faſciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henſhawe." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenſer's *Paſtorals*, Aprill:

" And gird in your waſt,
" For more fineneſſe, with a *tawdrie lace.*" T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

" Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace.*"

Tom, the miller, offers this preſent to the queen, if ſhe will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to obſerve, that theſe *tawdry laces* were not the ſtrings with which the ladies faſten their ſtays, but were worn about their heads, and their waiſts. So, in *The Four P's.* 1569:

" Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,
" *Laces round and flat for women's heads.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong the ſecond:

" Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make
" Them *tawdries* for their necks."

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, ſir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, ſir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

In a marginal note it is obſerved that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth ſong:

" ——not the ſmalleſt beck,
" But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck."

STEEVENS.

9 ——*a pair of ſweet gloves.*] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakſpeare, and were very faſhionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the ſong juſt preceding this paſſage, offers to ſale:

" *Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes.*"

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the Engliſh could not " make any coſtly waſh or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, ſweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleaſant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuſtes, or roſes, of cullered ſilke. The queene took ſuch pleaſure in thoſe gloves, that ſhee was pictured with thoſe gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume.*" *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868. col. 2.

In the *computus* of the burſars of Trinity college, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: " *Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves makes a conſtant and conſiderable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in thoſe of many other ſocieties. They were annually given (a cuſtom ſtill ſubſiſting) to the college-tenants, and often preſented to gueſts of diſtinction. But it appears (at leaſt, from accompts of the ſaid college in preceding years) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpoſe was fallen into diſuſe ſoon after the reign of Charles the Firſt. T. WARTON.

Clown. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome: I love a ballad in print, a'-life;[2] for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a uſurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs Taleporter; and five or ſix honeſt wives' that were preſent: Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?[3]

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

[2] *I love a ballad in print,* a'-life;] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,——*or* a life. The text, however, is right; only it ſhould be printed thus:——*a'-life.* So, it is in Ben Jonſon:

" —— thou *loveſt a'-life*
" Their perfum'd judgment."

It is the abbreviation, I ſuppoſe, of—*at life*; as *a'-work* is, of *at work.* Tyrwhitt.

This reſtoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Iſle of Gulls,* 1606: " Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too." Again, in a *Trick to catch the Old One,* 1619: " I love that ſport *a'-life,* i'faith." *A-life* is the reading of the eldeſt copies of *The Winter's Tale,* viz. fol. 1623, and 1632. Steevens.

[3] —*Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakſpeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid, 1587, in the ſame page in which he read the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing.* They conclude the tale:

" Theſe things did ancient men report of credite very good,
" *For why, there was no cauſe that they ſhould lie.* As I there ſtood," &c. Malone.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fiſh,[3] that appear'd upon the coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh[4] with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices' hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

[3] ——*a ballad, Of a fiſh,* &c.] Perhaps in later times proſe has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meaneſt departments; for all dying ſpeeches, confeſſions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. ſeem anciently to have been written in verſe. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occaſionally beſtowed on theſe compoſitions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play:——"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to expreſs it." Steevens.

——*Of a* fiſh, *that appeared upon the coaſt,—it was thought, ſhe was a* woman,] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waiſt upward, ſeene in the ſea." To this it is highly probable that Shakſpeare alludes. Malone.

See *The Tempeſt*, Vol. III. p. 77, n. 3. Steevens.

[4] ——for *ſhe would not exchange fleſh*——] i. e. becauſe. Reed.

So, in *Othello:* "Haply, *for* I am black." Malone.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. *Get you hence, for I muſt go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou doſt ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'ſt? ſay, whither?

Clown. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: My father and the gentlemen are in ſad [5] talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the firſt choice.—Follow me, girls.

[5] ——*ſad*—] For *ſerious.* Johnson.
So, in *Much ado about nothing*:—"hand in hand, in *ſad* conference." Stevens.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em. [*Aſide.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.[6]

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there is three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, three ſwine-herds,[7] that have

[6] *That doth* utter *all men's ware-a.*] To *utter.* To *bring out, or produce.* JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phraſe often made uſe of in law proceedings and acts of Parliament, and ſignifies to vend by retail. From many inſtances I ſhall ſelect the firſt which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3. declares that the proviſions therein contained ſhall not prejudice certain letters patent or commiſſion granted to a corporation "concerning the licenſing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or ſelling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or ſpent in the manſion-houſe of the party ſo ſelling or *uttering* the ſame." REED.

See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "An *utterance*, or ſale." MALONE.

[7] *Maſter, there are three* carters, *three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds,*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two ſpeeches after this, theſe are called *four* threes of *herdſmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdſmen?* At leaſt, they have not the final ſyllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakſpeare intended all the *four threes* ſhould have. I therefore gueſs he wrote:——*Maſter, there are three* goat-herds, *&c.* And ſo, I think, we take in the *four* ſpecies of cattle uſually tended by *herdſmen*, THEOBALD.

made themſelves all men of hair;[8] they call them-

[8] ——*all men of hair*;] *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *ſatyrs*. A dance of ſatyrs was no unuſual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great feſtival celebrated in France, the king and ſome of the nobles perſonated ſatyrs dreſſed in cloſe habits, tufted or ſhagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and ſet fire to his ſatyr's garb, the flame ran inſtantly over the looſe tufts, and ſpread itſelf to the dreſs of thoſe that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly ſcorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguiſh them. The king had ſet himſelf in the lap of the dutcheſs of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and ſaved him. JOHNSON.

Melvil's Memoirs, p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional teſtimony to the prevalence of this ſpecies of mummery:

"During their abode [that of the embaſſadors who aſſembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her ſon] at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Engliſhmen: For a Frenchman called Baſtian deviſed a number of men formed like *ſatyrs*, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with muſicians clothed like maids, ſinging, and playing upon all ſorts of inſtruments. But the *ſatyrs* were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in ſuch ſort, as the Engliſhmen ſuppoſed it had been deviſed and done in deriſion of them; weakly apprehending that which they ſhould not have appeared to underſtand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Ligniſh and the moſt part of the gentlemen deſired to ſup before the queen and great banquet, that they might ſee the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but ſo ſoon as they perceived the *ſatyrs* wagging their tails, they all ſat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not ſee themſelves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton ſaid unto me, if it were not in the queen's preſence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Baſtian, who he alledged had done it out of deſpight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen." REED.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine Mſ. of Froiſſart's Chronicle preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, will ſerve to illuſtrate Dr. Johnſon's note, and to convey ſome idea, not only of the manner in which theſe *hairy men* were habited, but alſo of the rude ſimplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Maſquerade. See the ſtory at large in Froiſſart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOUCE.

ſelves ſaltiers:[8] and they have a dance which the wenches ſay is a gallimaufry[9] of gambols, becauſe they are not in't; but they themſelves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,[2]) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, ſir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: Pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, ſir, hath danced before the king; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the ſquire.[3]

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleaſed, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at door, ſir. [*Exit.*

[8] ——*they call themſelves* ſaltiers:] He means *Satyrs.* Their dreſs was perhaps made of goat's ſkin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spaniſh writer, Lopè de Rueda, "all the furniture and utenſils of the actors conſiſted of four ſhepherds' jerkins, made of the ſkins of ſheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four paſtoral crooks;—little more or leſs." Probably a ſimilar ſhepherd's jerkin was uſed in our author's theatre.
MALONE.

[9] ——*gallimaufry*——] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard words*, 12mo. 1622, ſays, a *gallimaufry* is "a confuſed heape of things together." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*bowling,*] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of ſmooth motion, without great exertion of agility.
JOHNSON.

The alluſion is not to a ſmooth dance, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, but to the ſmoothneſs of a bowling green. M. MASON.

[3] ——*by the* ſquire.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Eſquierre*, Fr. See *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. V. p. 344, n. 9. MALONE.

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve ruſticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.[2]—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's ſimple, and tells much. [*Aſide.*]—How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were ſtraited[3]
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old ſir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem,[4]
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

[2] Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the king in anſwer to the ſhepherd's ſaying, *ſince theſe good men are pleaſed.* WARBURTON.

The dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preſerve any connection between the two ſpeeches. The line ſpoken by the king ſeems to be in reply to ſome unexpreſſed queſtion from the old ſhepherd. RITSON.

This is an anſwer to ſomething which the Shepherd is ſuppoſed to have ſaid to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

[3] ——*ſtraited*—] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.

[4] —— who, *it ſhould ſeem*,] Old Copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow,[5]
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This ſhows a ſound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

[5] ——— *or the fann'd ſnow,*] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" That pure congealed white, high Taurus' ſnow,
" *Fann'd* by the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
" When thou hold'ſt up thy hand." STEEVENS.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;——
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand;——
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, ſwain, a while, 'beſeech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and altering rheums?[6] Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?[7]

[6] ——*altering rheums?*] Rowe has tranſplanted this phraſe into his *Jane Shore*, Act II. ſc. i.

" ——when *altering rheums*
" Have ſtain'd the luſtre of thy ſtarry eyes,"——

Steevens.

[7] ——*diſpute his own eſtate?*] Perhaps for *diſpute* we might read *compute*; but *diſpute his eſtate* may be the ſame with *talk over his affairs*. Johnson.

The ſame phraſe occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Let me *diſpute* with thee of thy *eſtate*," Steevens.

Does not this allude to the next heir ſuing for the eſtate in caſes of imbecillity, lunacy, &c? Chamier.

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?

Flo. No, good ſir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father, (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity,) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reaſons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come he muſt not:—
Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young ſir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

It probably means—"Can he aſſert and vindicate his right to his own property?" M. Mason.

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force,[5] muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with;——

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as never[6]
I mean thou ſhalt,) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than[7] Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea, him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body[8] more with thy embraces,

[5] —— who, *of force*,] Old Copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] *That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as* never—] The old copy reads, with abſurd redundancy:

"That thou no more ſhalt *never* ſee," &c. Steevens.

[7] *Far than*——] I think for *far than* we ſhould read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even ſo far off as Deucalion the common anceſtor of all. Johnson.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Gloſſaries* to Robert of Gloceſter and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was ſoftened into *ferre*,

"But er I bere thee moche *ferre*." *H. of Fa.* B. II. v. 92.
"Thus was it peinted, I can ſay no *ferre*."
Knight's Tale, 2062. Tyrwhitt.

[8] *Or* hoop *his body*—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard:[9] for once, or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelfſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[2]—Wilt pleaſe you, ſir, be gone?
[*To* Florizel.

[9] *I was not much afeard:* &c.] The character is here finely ſuſtained. To have made her quite aſtoniſhed at the king's diſcovery of himſelf had not become her birth; and to have given her preſence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. Warburton.

[2] *I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,*
The ſelfſame ſun, *that ſhines upon his* court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, *but*
Looks on alike.] So, in *Noſce Teipſum*, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

"Thou, like *the ſunne*, doſt with indifferent ray,
"Into the *palace* and the *cottage* ſhine."

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

"The ſunne on rich and poor alike doth ſhine."

Looks on alike is ſenſe, and is ſupported by a paſſage in *King Henry VIII:*

"——No, my lord,
"You know no more than others, but you blame
"Things that are known *alike.*"

i. e. that are known alike *by all.*

To *look upon*, without any ſubſtantive annexed, is a mode of expreſſion, which, though now unuſual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"He is my prize; I will not *look upon.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Why ſtand we here—
"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeited actors." Malone.

To look *upon*, in more modern phraſe, is to look *on*, i. e. to be a mere idle ſpectator. In this ſenſe it is employed in the two preceding inſtances. Stevens.

——*the ſelfſame ſun*, &c.] "For he maketh his ſun to riſe on the evil and the good." St. Matthew, v. 45. Douce.

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, ſir,
[*To* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,[2]
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.[3]—O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire.[4] [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?[5]

[2] *You have undone a man of fourſcore three,* &c.] Theſe ſentiments, which the poet has heighten'd by a ſtrain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the ſpeaker; whoſe ſelfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here ſupported, by ſhowing no regard for his ſon or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three.* Warburton.

[3] *Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.*] This part of the *prieſt's* office might be remembered in Shakſpeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. Farmer.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth,* &c.
Henley.

[4] *If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd*
To die when I deſire.] So, in *Macbeth:*
" Had I but died an hour before this chance,
" I had liv'd a bleſſed time." Steevens.

[5] *Why look you ſo* upon me?] Perhaps the two laſt words ſhould be omitted. Steevens.

I am but ſorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper:[6] at this time
He will allow no ſpeech,—which, I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'the earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within![7]—Lift up thy looks:[8]—
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[9] if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;

[6] *You know* your *father's temper:*] The old copy reads—*my* father's. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[7] *And mar the ſeeds within!*] So, in *Macbeth:*
"And nature's *germins* tumble all together." Steevens.

[8] —— Lift up *thy looks:*] "*Lift up* the light of thy countenance." Pſalm, iv. 6. Steevens.

[9] —— *and by my* fancy:] It muſt be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love.* Johnson.

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*
"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."
See Vol. V. p. 132, n. 6. Steevens.

If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate, ſir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more,) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; Let myſelf, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver,—I am put to ſea
With her, whom here[7] I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need,[8] I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—— [*Takes her aſide.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;

[7] —— whom *here*—] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[8] *And, moſt opportune to* our *need,*] The old copy has—*her* need. This neceſſary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee,

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick,
To ſpeak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs; where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; (from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)
Your diſcontenting father ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.[9]

Flo. How, Camillo,

[9] *And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)*
Your diſcontenting *father ſtrive to qualify,*
And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to ſoften your incenſed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my beſt ſervices ſhall not be wanting during your abſence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or neceſſity, reads—*I'll* ſtrive to qualify;—which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors.

Diſcontenting is in our author's language the ſame as *diſcontented.* Malone.

May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And, after that, truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do;[9] ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance,[2] and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair princeſs,
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be,) 'fore Leontes;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon,[3] forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'the father's perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs: o'er and o'er divides him

[9] *But as the* unthought on accident *is* guilty
To *what we wildly do*;] *Guilty to*, though it ſounds harſh to our ears, was the phraſeology of the time, or at leaſt of Shakſpeare: and this is one of thoſe paſſages that ſhould caution us not to diſturb his text merely becauſe the language appears different from that now in uſe. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"But left myſelf be *guilty to* ſelf-wrong,
"I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong."

Malone.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected diſcovery made by Polixenes. M. Mason.

[2] *Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of* chance,] As *chance* has driven me to theſe extremities, ſo I commit myſelf to *chance*, to be conducted through them. Johnson.

[3] —— *aſks thee*, the *ſon*,] The old copy reads—thee *there* ſon. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

Perhaps we ſhould read—(as Mr. Ritſon obſerves)
"Aſks *there* the ſon forgiveneſs,"— Steevens.

'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faſter than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay;[4] that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.[5]

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:[6]

[4] *Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:*
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay;] *Every ſitting*, ſays Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has alter'd it to *every ſitting*. The truth is, the common reading is very expreſſive; and means, at every audience you ſhall have of the king and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common ſpeech, *the ſittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, ſays: "My lord preſident hopes to be at the next *ſitting* in York." FARMER.

[5] *There is ſome* ſap in this.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"There's *ſap in't* yet." STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *miſeries* ———
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"——— to ſhift his being,
"Is to exchange one miſery with another." STEEVENS.

Nothing ſo certain, as your anchors; who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love;
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.[5]

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.[6]

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions; for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, ſir, for this;
I'll bluſh you thanks.[7]

[5] *But not* take in *the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"He could ſo quickly cut th' Ionian ſeas,
"And *take in* Toryne."

Mr. Henley, however, ſuppoſes that to *take in*, in the preſent inſtance, is ſimply to *include* or *comprehend*. Steevens.

[6] ——*i'the rear* of *birth.*] Old copy—i'th'rear *our* birth. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I ſuſpect that they were introduced by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. Malone.

Theſe unneceſſary words are here omitted. Steevens.

[7] *Your pardon, ſir, for this;*
I'll bluſh you thanks.] Perhaps this paſſage ſhould be rather pointed thus:

Your pardon, ſir; for this
I'll bluſh you thanks. Malone.

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we ſtand upon!—Camillo,—
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our houſe!—how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bohemia's ſon;
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene you play, were mine. For inſtance, ſir,
That you may know you ſhall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander,[8] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-

[8] —— pomander,] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intituled, *Certain neceſſary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two ſorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. Grey.

In *Lingua*, or *a Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607, is the following receipt given, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this. Take an ounce of the pureſt garden mould, cleans'd and ſteep'd ſeven days in change of motherleſs roſe-water. Then take the beſt labdanum, benjoin, both ſtoraxes, amber-gris and civet and muſk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you pleaſe. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you ſmell as ſweet as my lady's dog."

The ſpeaker repreſents Odor. Steevens.

ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[9] and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man,) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears:[2] you might have pinch'd a placket,[3] it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a hubbub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

Other receipts for making *pomander* may be found in "Plat's Delightes for ladies to adorne their perſons, &c. 1611," and in "The accompliſht Lady's Delight, 1675." They all differ. DOUCE.

9 ——*as if my trinkets had been* hallowed,] This alludes to beads often ſold by the Romaniſts, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of ſome relick. JOHNSON.

2 ——*all their other ſenſes ſtuck* in ears:] Read—"ſtuck in *their* ears." M. MASON.

3 ——*a* placket,] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively uſed, as perhaps in *King Lear*: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." This ſubject, however, may receive further illuſtration from *Skialetheia*, a collection of epigrams, &c. 1598. Epig. 32:

"Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note
"Whoſe burthen is—*Pinch not my petticoate*:
"Not that ſhe feares cloſe nips, for by the rood,
"A privy pleaſing nip will cheare her blood:
"But ſhe which longs to taſt of pleaſure's cup,
"In nipping would her petticoate weare up." STEEVENS.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

FLO. And thoſe that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

CAM. Shall ſatisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you!
All, that you ſpeak, ſhows fair.

CAM. Who have we here?——
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging. [*Aſide.*

CAM. How now, good fellow? Why ſhakeſt thou ſo? Fear not man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, ſir.

CAM. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee: Yet, for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the penny-worth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.[4]

AUT. I am a poor fellow, ſir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aſide.*

CAM. Nay, pr'ythee, deſpatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.[5]

[4] ——*boot.*] That is, *ſomething over and above*, or, as we now ſay, *ſomething to boot.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*is half* flay'd *already.*] I ſuppoſe Camillo means to ſay no more, than that Florizel is half *ſtripped* already. MALONE.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, ſir?—I ſmell the trick of it.— [*Aſide.*

Flo. Deſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earneſt; but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. *and* Autol. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate miſtreſs,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert: take your ſweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle you; and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,[4]) to ſhipboard
Get undeſcried.

Per. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, ſir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converſe apart.*

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king [*Aſide.*
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight

[4] —— *over* you,] *You*, which ſeems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.

[*Exeunt* Florizel, Perdita, *and* Camillo.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:[5] I hold it the more knavery to

[5] —— *If I thought it were* not *a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:*] The old copy reads—If I thought it *were* a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would *not* do't. See the following note. Steevens.

The reaſoning of Autolycus is obſcure, becauſe ſomething is ſuppreſſed. The prince, ſays he, is about a bad action, he is ſtealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, becauſe that would be inconſiſtent with my profeſſion of a knave; *but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with reſpect to the* prince, *and therefore I might, conſiſtently with my character, reveal that matter to the king,* though *a piece of honeſty to him:* however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's ſcheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am ſtill conſtant to my profeſſion.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the ſubſequent editors read—If I thought it were *not* a piece of honeſty, &c. I *would* do it: but words ſeldom ſtray from their places in ſo extraordinary a manner at the preſs: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. Malone.

I have left Sir T. Hanmer's reading in the text, becauſe, in my opinion, our author, who wrote merely for the ſtage, muſt have

conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Show thoſe things you found about her; thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her: This being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furtheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.[6]

deſigned to render himſelf ihtelligible without the aid of ſo long an explanatory clauſe as Mr. Malone's interpretation demands.
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.*] I ſuſpect that a word was omitted at the preſs. We might, I think, ſafely read—by I know *not* how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the ſame emendation.
MALONE.

Aut. Very wiſely; puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[7] — [*Takes off his falſe beard.*] How now, ruſticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[8] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[9]

[7] ——*pedler's* excrement.] Is pedler's beard. Johnson.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"Whoſe chin bears no impreſſion of manhood,
"Not a hair, not an *excrement.*"

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"——dally with my *excrement*, with my muſtachio."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*: "Why is Time ſuch a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an *excrement?*" Steevens.

[8] ——*of what* having,] i. e. eſtate, property. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "The gentleman is of no *having.*" Steevens.

[9] ——*therefore they do not* give *us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *ſell* it us. Johnson.

Clown. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.[9]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the meaſure of the court?[2] receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze[3] from

[9] ——*with the manner.*] In the fact. See Vol. V. p. 193, n. 7. Steevens.

[2] ——*hath not my gait in it, the* meaſure *of the court?*] i. e. the ſtately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about nothing*, Vol. IV. p. 425: "—the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure*, full of *ſtate* and ancientry." Malone.

[3] ——*inſinuate*, or toze——] The firſt folio reads—*at toaze*; the ſecond—*or* toaze; Mr. Malone—*and* toze.

To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to diſentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraſeology which he ſuppoſes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have underſtood the word *inſinuate*, without ſuch a comment on it. Steevens.

To *inſinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condeſcenſion and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"With death ſhe humbly doth *inſinuate*,
"Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs, and ſtories,
"His victories, his triumphs, and his glories."

The word *toaze* is uſed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"——We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,
"But we will know this purpoſe."

To *touſe*, ſays Minſhieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. Malone.

To *inſinuate*, and to *teaſe*, or *toaze*, are oppoſites. The former ſignifies to introduce itſelf obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get ſomething out that was knotted up in it. Milton has uſed each word in its proper ſenſe:

"——cloſe the ſerpent ſly
"*Inſinuating*, wove with Gordian twine
"His braided train, and of his fatal guile
"Gave proof unheeded."— *Par. Loſt*, B. IV. l. 347.

thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, ſir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant;[4] ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, ſir; I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I'll not diſdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clown. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.[5]

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

" —— coarſe complexions,
" And cheeks of ſorry grain, will ſerve to ply
" The ſampler, and to *teaze* the houſewife's wool."
Comus, l. 749. Henley.

[4] Advocate's *the court-word for a* pheaſant;] As he was a ſuitor from the country, the Clown ſuppoſes his father ſhould have brought a preſent of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus aſks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheaſant*. Steevens.

[5] —— *a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.*] It ſeems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of ſome pretenſion to greatneſs or elegance. So, the Baſtard, in *King John*, ſpeaking of the traveller, ſays:
" He and *his pick-tooth* at my worſhip's meſs." Johnson.

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this fardel, and box, which none muſt know but the king; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to the ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, ſir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip to purge melancholy, and air himſelf: For, if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, ſir; about his ſon, that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clown. Think you ſo, ſir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſtoned; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey,[5] ſet on the head

[5] ——*then, 'nointed over with honey*, &c.] A puniſhment of this ſort is recorded in a book which Shakſpeare might have ſeen:— "he cauſed a cage of yron to be made, and ſet it in the ſunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him

of a waſp's neſt; then ſtand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims,[6] ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men,) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſidered,[7] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king, to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

Clown. He ſeems to be of great authority: cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe

naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greateſt languor and torment in the worlde, with ſwarmes of flies that dayly fed on hym; and in this ſorte, with paine and famine, ended his miſerable life." *The Stage of popiſh Toyes*, 1581, p. 33. REED.

[6] —— *the hotteſt day* prognoſtication *proclaims*,] That is, *the hotteſt day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakſpeare's time publiſhed under this title. "An Almanack and *Prognoſtication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." See Herbert's Typograph. Antiq. II. 1029. MALONE.

[7] —— *being ſomething gently conſidered*,] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike conſideration given me*, i. e. a bribe, *will bring you*, &c. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"—— ſure, ſir, I'll *conſider it* hereafter if I can.
"What, *conſider* me? doſt thou think that I am a *bribe-taker?*"

Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1633: "Thou ſhalt be well *conſidered*, there's twenty crowns in earneſt." STEEVENS.

with gold: ſhow the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ſtoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't pleaſe you, ſir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, ſir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clown. In ſome ſort, ſir: but though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the king, and ſhow our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walk before toward the ſea-ſide; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good;

which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leon. Whilſt I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf: which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:[8]
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,[9]
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrikeſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers, by his highneſs' fail of iſſue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,

[8] True, *too true, my lord:*] In former editions:
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.
Paul. *Too true, my lord:*
A very ſlight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that *true,* here has jumped out of its place in all the editions.
THEOBALD.

[9] *Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,*] This is a favourite thought; it was beſtowed on Miranda and Roſalind before.
JOHNSON.

Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?[2]
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,—
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

PAUL. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heavens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To* LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

LEON. Good Paulina,—
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,

[2] ——*the former queen is* well?] i. e. at reſt; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phraſe is ſaid to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

"*Meſſ.* Firſt, madam, he is *well.*
"*Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but ſirrah, mark;
"We uſe to ſay, *the dead are well*; bring it to that,
"The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
"Down thy ill-uttering throat."

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar ſpeaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, ſays:

"Then ſhe is *well*, and nothing can be ill." MALONE.

This phraſe ſeems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 Kings, iv. 26. HENLEY.

I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treaſure from her lips,——

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.
No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?* [3]

[3] *(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,*
Begin, And why to me?] The old copy reads—*And begin,* why to me? The tranſpoſition now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads:

——and on this ſtage
(Where we *offend* her now) appear ſoul-vex'd, &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were* we offenders now) appear, &c. "——that is, if we ſhould now at laſt ſo far offend her." Mr. M. Maſon thinks that the ſecond line ſhould be printed thus:

And begin, why? to me.

"that is, begin to call me to account."

There is ſo much harſh and involved conſtruction in this play, that I am not ſure but the old copy, perplexed as the ſentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again poſſeſs her corps, (and on this ſtage
Where we offenders now appear ſoul-vex'd,)
And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one leſs worthy,* Leontes inſinuates would be the purport of Hermione's ſpeech. There is, I think, ſomething awkward in the phraſe—Where we offenders now *appear.* By removing the parentheſis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear,* to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *ſoul-vex'd* to Leontes and the reſt who mourned the loſs of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated. Malone.

To countenance my tranſpoſition, be it obſerved, that the blunders occaſioned by the printers of the firſt folio are ſo numerous, that it ſhould ſeem, when a word dropp'd out of their preſs, they were careleſs into which line they inſerted it. Steevens.

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.[4]

Leon. She had; and would incenſe me[5]
To murder her I married.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift[6] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very ſtars,[7]

I believe no change is neceſſary. If, inſtead of being repeated, the word *appear* be underſtood, as, by an obvious ellipſis, it may, the ſenſe will be ſufficiently clear. Henley.

[4] *She had juſt cauſe.*] The firſt and ſecond folio read—*ſhe had juſt* ſuch *cauſe.* Reed.

We ſhould certainly read, "ſhe had juſt cauſe." The inſertion of the word *ſuch*, hurts both the ſenſe and the metre.
M. Mason.

There is nothing to which the word *ſueh* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the obſervation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the Second Appendix to my Supp. to Shaksp. 1783, I have obſerved that the editor of the third folio made the ſame correction. Malone.

[5] —— incenſe *me* ——] i. e. inſtigate, ſet me on. So, in *K. Richard III:*
"Think you, my lord, this little prating York
"Was not *incenſed* by his ſubtle mother?" Steevens.

[6] *Should* rift ——] i. e. ſplit. So, in *The Tempeſt:*
"—— *rifted* Jove's ſtout oak." Steevens.

[7] *Stars, very ſtars,*] The word—*very*, was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to aſſiſt the metre. So, in *Cymbeline:*
"'Twas *very* Cloten."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"Eſpecially againſt his *very* friend." Steevens.

And all eyes elſe, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.[5]

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.[6]
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, ſir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chooſe you a queen: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidd'ſt us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

[5] *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is *to meet.* Johnson.
So, in *Cymbeline:*
"Your preparation can *affront* no leſs
"Than what you hear of." Steevens.

[6] Paul. *I have done.*] Theſe three words in the old copy make part of the preceding ſpeech. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princeſs, (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld,) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs: his approach,
So out of circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leon. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.[7] Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,[8] (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,[9]) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,

[7] ——*ſo muſt thy* grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.] *Thy grave* here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. Edwards.

[8] —— *Sir, you yourſelf*
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,] The reader muſt obſerve, that *ſo* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *ſhe had not been——equall'd.* Johnson.

[9] *Is colder than that* theme,] i. e. than the lifeleſs body of Hermione, the *theme* or *ſubject* of your writing. Malone.

To ſay, you have ſeen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almoſt forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is ſuch a creature,[9]
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis ſtrange,
[*Exeunt* Cleomenes, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'ſt,[2]
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.—They are come.——

[9] *This is* ſuch *a creature,*] The word *ſuch*, which is wanting in the old copy, was judiciouſly ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

[2] *Pr'ythee,* no more; *thou know'ſt,*] The old copy redundantly reads—

" Pr'ythee, no more; *ceaſe*; thou know'ſt,"—

Ceaſe, I believe, was a mere marginal gloſs or explanation of—*no more*, and, injuriouſly to metre, had crept into the text. Steevens.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Attendants.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him; and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome!
And your fair princeſs, goddeſs!—O, alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly,) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.[3]

FLO. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[4]

[3] ——— whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.] The old copy reads—
Once more to look *on him*. STEEVENS.

For this incorrectneſs our author muſt anſwer. There are many others of the ſame kind to be found in his writings. See p. 60, n. 7. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without neceſſity, omitted the word *him*, and to ſupply the metre, reads in the next line—"*Sir*, by his command," &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

As I ſuppoſe this incorrect phraſeology to be the mere jargon of the old players, I have omitted—*him*, and (for the ſake of metre) inſtead of—*on*, read—*upon*. So, in a former part of the preſent ſcene:

"I might have look'd *upon* my queen's full eyes—."

Again, p. 202:

"Strike all that look *upon* with marvel." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*that a king*, at *friend*,] Thus the old copy; but having

Can ſend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath ſomething
ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me ſay ſo,) more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs!—Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
The adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal ſir, from thence; from him,
whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:[4] thence

met with no example of ſuch phraſeology, I ſuſpect our author wrote—*and* friend. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. Malone.

At friend, perhaps, means *at friendſhip*. So, in *Hamlet*, we have—"the wind *at* help." We might, however, read, omitting only a ſingle letter—*a* friend. Steevens.

[4] ——*whoſe daughter*
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:] This is very ungrammatical and obſcure. We may better read:
——*whoſe daughter*
His tears proclaim'd her *parting with her.*

(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly,) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your highneſs: My beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Libya, ſir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The bleſſed gods[5]
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman;[6] againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſueleſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

The prince firſt tells that the lady came from *Libya*; the king, interrupting him, ſays, *from Smalus? from him*, ſays the prince, *whoſe tears, at parting, ſhowed her to be his daughter.* Johnson.

The obſcurity ariſes from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his*, I think the ſenſe is clear'd. Steevens.

[5] *The bleſſed gods*—] Unleſs both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as diſſyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—The *ever*-bleſſed gods—; but whether there was any omiſſion, is very doubtful, for the reaſon already aſſigned. Malone.

I muſt confeſs that in this preſent diſſyllabic pronunciation I have not the ſmalleſt degree of faith. Such violent attempts to produce metre ſhould at leaſt be countenanced by the ſhadow of examples. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

Here, where we *happily* are. Steevens.

[6] *A* graceful *gentleman*;] i. e. full of grace and virtue. M. Mason.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble ſir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great ſir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me:
Deſires you to attach his ſon; who has
(His dignity and duty both caſt off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I ſpeak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage. To your court
Whiles he was haſt'ning, (in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour, and whoſe honeſty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, ſir; I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion.[7] Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

[7] ——*in* queſtion.] i. e. in converſation. So, in *As you like it*: "I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him."
STEEVENS.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, ſir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt:—
The odds for high and low's alike.[7]

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leon. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,[8]
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe, to change our loves.—'Beſeech you, ſir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time[9]

[7] *The odds for* high and low's *alike.*] A quibble upon the falſe dice ſo called. See note in *The Merry Wives of Windſor.* Vol. III. p. 339, n. 4. Douce.

[8] *Your choice is not ſo rich in* worth *as beauty,*] *Worth* ſignifies any kind of *worthineſs*, and among others that of high deſcent. The king means that he is ſorry the prince's choice is not in other reſpects as worthy of him as in beauty. Johnson.

Our author often uſes *worth* for *wealth*; which may alſo, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. Malone.

So, in *Twelfth-Night:*

"But were my *worth* as is my conſcience firm," &c.
Steevens.

[9] *Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time,* &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age. Malone.

Than I do now: with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus, *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beſeech you, ſir, were you preſent at this relation?

1. *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this,

methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes; there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: A notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance were joy, or ſorrow;[2] but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:
The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, ſir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: Has the king found his heir?

[2] ——*if the* importance *were joy, or ſorrow*;] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported*. M. Mason.

3. *Gent.* Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleneſs,[9] which nature ſhows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; ſo, and in ſuch manner,[2] that, it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[3] Our king,

[9] ——*the* affection *of nobleneſs*,] *Affection* here perhaps means *diſpoſition* or *quality*. The word ſeems to be uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in the following title: "The firſt ſet of Italian Madrigalls engliſhed, not to the ſenſe of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate," &c. By Thomas Watſon, quarto. 1590. *Affection* is uſed in *Hamlet* for *affectation*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV.* *affection* is uſed for *propenſity*:

"——in ſpeech, in gait,
"In diet, in *affections* of delight,
"In military exerciſes, humours of blood,
"He was the mark and glaſs," &c. Malone.

[2] ——*ſo, and in ſuch manner*,] Our author ſeems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkſhip. It is the technical language of conveyancers. Ritson.

[3] ——*favour*.] i. e. countenance, features. So, in *Othello*:
"Defeat thy *favour* with an uſurped beard." Steevens.

being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then aſks Bohemia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her:[4] now he thanks the old ſhepherd, which ſtands by, like a weather-bitten[5] conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.[6]

[4] ——*with* clipping *her:*] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney:*
" He, who before ſhun'd her, to ſhun ſuch harms,
" Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*weather*-bitten, &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather*-beaten. *Hamlet* ſays: " The air *bites* ſhrewdly;" and the Duke, in *As you like it:*——" when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the ſecond part, &c. 1592, has—" winter-*bitten* epitaph." RITSON.

Conduits, repreſenting a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, ſtill exiſts at Hoddeſdon in Herts. Shakſpeare refers again to the ſame ſort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" How now? a *conduit*, girl? what ſtill in tears?
" Evermore ſhowering?" HENLEY.

See Vol. VI. p. 130, n. 7.
Weather-bitten was in the third folio changed to weather-*beaten*; but there does not ſeem to be any neceſſity for the change.
MALONE.

[6] ——*I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which* lames report to follow it, *and undoes deſcription to do it.*] We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Tempeſt:*
" For thou wilt find, ſhe will *outſtrip* all praiſe,
" And make it *halt* behind her."
Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:
" ——————a face
" That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,
" Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace." MALONE.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill; which will have matter to rehearſe, though credit be aſleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon; who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much,) to juſtify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death; and in the view of the ſhepherd: ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loſs of her huſband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princeſs from the earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, (bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter: till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there,[7]

[7] ——*moſt marble there,*] i. e. moſt petrified with wonder.

changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed: if all the world could have ſeen it, the woe had been univerſal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: the princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano;[8] who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath

So, in Milton's Epitaph on our author:

" There thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
" Doſt make us *marble by too much conceiving.*"

STEEVENS.

It means thoſe who had the hardeſt hearts. It would not be extraordinary that thoſe perſons ſhould change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was, that hardened hearts ſhould be moved by a ſcene of tenderneſs. M. MASON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

" —Hearts of moſt hard temper
" Melt, and lament for him." MALONE.

Mr. M. Maſon's and Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——now from head to foot
" I am *marble* conſtant." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano*; &c.] This excellent artiſt was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praiſe muſt be owned, yet it was a ſtrange abſurdity, ſure, to thruſt it into a tale, the action of which is ſuppoſed within the period of heatheniſm, and whilſt the oracles of Apollo were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachroniſm. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakſpeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; ſo we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may ſubſiſt without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wiſh we could underſtand this paſſage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the ſtatue carved by another. Ben Jonſon makes Doctor Rut in *The Magnetic Lady*, Act V. ſc. viii. ſay:

into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom,[9] ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

2. *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

" ——all city ſtatues muſt be *painted*,
" Elſe they be worth nought i'their ſubtil judgements."

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the faſhion of colouring even regal ſtatues for the ſtronger expreſſion of affection, which he takes leave to call an Engliſh barbariſm. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unleſs the ſuppoſed ſtatue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddineſs upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily ſeem to bear blood*, as the poet expreſſes it afterwards. Tollet.

Our author expreſsly ſays, in a ſubſequent paſſage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

" The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
" You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
" With *oily painting*." Malone.

Sir H. Wotton could not poſſibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany ſeveral valuable drawings of the diſcoveries made at *Pompeii*, and preſented by him to our Antiquary Society, *viz.* that it was uſual to colour ſtatues among the ancients. In the chapel of Iſis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddeſs had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has ſince informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, obſerves from Pauſanias and Herodotus, that ſometimes the ſtatues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures.

Steevens.

9 ——*of her cuſtom*,] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her cuſtomers from her. Johnson.

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? [2] every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be,) who began to be much ſeaſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, ſir: You denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no

[2] *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs?*] It was, I ſuppoſe, only to ſpare his own labour that the poet put this whole ſcene into narrative, for though part of the tranſaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be ſhewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the ſtage, and, after the examination of the old ſhepherd, the young lady might have been recogniſed in ſight of the ſpectators. Johnson.

gentleman born: See you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born: you were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, ſir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, call'd my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentlemanlike tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clown. Ay; or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clown. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman?

Let boors and franklins ſay it,[3] I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clown. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll ſwear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands,[4] and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it: and I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.—

[3] ——franklins *ſay it,*] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. Johnson.

[4] ——tall *fellow of thy hands,*] *Tall*, in that time, was the word uſed for *ſtout*. Johnson.

Part of this phraſe occurs in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 114:

"A noble knight eke *of his honde.*"

A *man of his hands* had anciently two ſignifications. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow ſkilful in thievery*. In the firſt of theſe ſenſes it is uſed by the Clown. Phraſeology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Thou art *a good man of thyne habite.*" Steevens.

A tall fellow of thy hands means, a ſtout fellow of your ſize. We meaſure horſes by hands, which contain four inches; and from thence the phraſe is taken. M. Mason.

The following quotation from *Queſtions concernyng Conie-hood*, &c. 1595, will at leaſt aſcertain the ſenſe in which Autolycus would have wiſhed this phraſe to be received: "Conie-hood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongſt mirth having but one croſſe worde given him, ſtraightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemeale the quicke and the dead through ſuperfluity of his manhood; and doth this for this purpoſe, that the ſtanders by may ſay that he is *a tall fellow of his hands*, and ſuch a one as will not ſwallow a cantell of cheeſe." Steevens.

I think, in old books it generally means *a ſtrong ſtout fellow*. Malone.

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

LEON. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

PAUL. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

LEON. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,

[5] ——*Come, follow us: we'll be thy* good maſters.] The Clown conceits himſelf already a man of conſequence at court. It was the faſhion for an inferior, or ſuitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good maſter* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this ſtyle.

Thus Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter, when in priſon, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore, I beſeeche you to be *gode maſter* unto one in my neceſſities, for I have neither ſhirt, nor ſute, nor yet other clothes, that are neceſſary for me to wear." WHALLEY.

The ſtatue of her mother.

Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart:[6] But here it is: prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.
[Paulina *undraws a curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhows off
Your wonder: But yet ſpeak;—firſt, you, my liege.
Comes it not ſomething near?

Leon. Her natural poſture!—
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;

[6] ——*therefore I keep it*
Lonely, *apart:*] The old copy—*lovely.* Steevens.

Lovely, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderneſs. The Oxford editor reads:

Lonely, *apart:*——

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone.* Warburton.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be diſtinguiſhed from *lovely*. To ſay, that *I keep it alone, ſeparate from the reſt*, is a pleonaſm which ſcarcely any nicety declines. Johnson.

The ſame error is found in many other places in the firſt folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

" Advantaging their *loue* with intereſt
" Often times double."

Here we have *loue* inſtead of *lone*, the old ſpelling of *loan.*
Malone.

Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leon. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majeſty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not ſay, 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;[6]
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on;
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers, dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image

[6] *O, patience;*] That is, *Stay a while, be not ſo eager.* Johnson.

Would thus have wrought[7] you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhow'd it.[8]

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[9]—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

[7] ——*wrought*——] i. e. worked, agitated. So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——my dull brain was *wrought*
" With things forgotten." Steevens.

[8] *Indeed, my lord,*
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhow'd it.] I do not know whether we ſhould not read, without a parentheſis:
——for the ſtone i'th' mine
I'd not have ſhew'd it.
A *mine* of *ſtone*, or *marble*, would not perhaps at preſent be eſteemed an accurate expreſſion, but it may ſtill have been uſed by Shakſpeare, as it has been uſed by Holinſhed. *Deſcript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: " Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many *mines of ſundrie kinds of coarſe and fine marble* are there to be had in England?"—And a little lower he uſes the ſame word again for a quarry of ſtone, or plaiſter: " *And ſuch is the mine of it, that the ſtones thereof lie in flakes,*" &c. Tyrwhitt.

To change an accurate expreſſion for an expreſſion confeſſedly not accurate, has ſomewhat of retrogradation. Johnson.

——*(for the* ſtone *is mine,)*] So afterwards Paulina ſays, " —be *ſtone* no more." So alſo Leontes: " Chide me, dear *ſtone*." Malone.

[9] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The ſentence compleated is.
——*but that, methinks, already I converſe with the dead.*
But there his paſſion made him break off. Warburton.

Pol. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,[2]
As we are mock'd with art.[3]

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.

Paul. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you: but

[2] *The* fixure *of her eye has* motion *in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet:

" — Your ſweet hue, which methinks *ſtill doth ſtand,*
" Hath *motion,* and mine eye may be deceived."

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a ſtatue always is,] yet it ſeems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure,* which Shakſpeare has uſed both in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* and *Troilus and Creſſida,* is likewiſe employed by Drayton in the firſt canto of *The Barons' Wars:*

" Whoſe glorious *fixure* in ſo clear a ſky." STEEVENS.

[3] As *we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is uſed by our author here, as in ſome other places, for " as *if.*" Thus, in *Cymbeline:*

" He ſpake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
" And ſhe alone were cold."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" *As* they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands
" Liſt'ning their fear." MALONE.

As *we* are *mock'd* with *art.*] Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Malone, very properly obſerve that *as,* in this inſtance is uſed, as in ſome other places, for *as if.* The former of theſe gentlemen would read *were* inſtead of *are,* but unneceſſarily, I think, conſidering the looſe grammar of Shakſpeare's age.—*With,* however, has the force of *by.* A paſſage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*—" And *mock* our eyes *with* air." STEEVENS.

I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not theſe twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel; or reſolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I proteſt againſt,) I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all ſtand ſtill;
Or thoſe,[4] that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.

[4] Or *thoſe,*] The old copy reads—*On:* thoſe, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

Paul. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike.—
[*Muſick.*
'Tis time; deſcend; be ſtone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbneſs, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, ſhe ſtirs:
[Hermione *comes down from the pedeſtal.*
Start not: her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leon. O, ſhe's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or, how ſtol'n from the dead?

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.—
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Hermione.

Her. You gods, look down,[4]

[4] *You gods, look down,* &c.] A ſimilar invocation has already occurred in *The Tempeſt:*

" Look down, ye gods,
" And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown!" Steevens.

And from your ſacred vials pour your graces[5]
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being,—have preſerv'd myſelf,
To ſee the iſſue.

PAUL. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all;[6] your exultation
Partake to every one.[7] I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.[8]

[5] *And from your* ſacred vials *pour your graces*—] The expreſſion ſeems to have been taken from the ſacred writings: "And I heard a great voice out of the temple, ſaying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth." Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

[6] *You precious* winners *all*;] You who by this diſcovery have *gained* what you deſired, may join in feſtivity, in which I, who have loſt what never can be recovered, can have no part.
JOHNSON.

[7] ——*your exultation*
Partake *to every one.*] *Partake* here means *participate.* It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.*
MALONE.
It is alſo thus employed by Spenſer:
"My friend, hight Philemon, I did *partake*
"Of all my love, and all my privity." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I, an old turtle,*
Will wing me to ſome wither'd *bough; and there*
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, ſpeaking of his grief for the loſs of Eurydice, ſays:

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou ſhould'ſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable huſband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty,[9]
Is richly noted; and here juſtify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion.—This your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.[2]—Good Paulina,

" Sic gemit *arenti* viduatus ab arbore turtur."
So, in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:
" A *turtle* ſat upon a *leaveleſs* tree,
" Mourning her abſent *pheere*,
" With ſad and ſorry cheere:
" And whilſt her plumes ſhe rents,
" And for her *love laments*," &c. Malone.

[9] ——whoſe *worth, and honeſty*,] The word *whoſe*, evidently refers to *Camillo*, though *Paulina* is the immediate antecedent.
M. Mason.

[2] ——*This your ſon-in-law,*
And ſon unto the king, (whom *heavens* directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.] *Whom heavens directing* is here in the abſolute caſe, and has the ſame ſignification as if the poet had written—" *him* heavens directing." So, in *The Tempeſt:*
" Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
" A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
" Out of his charity, (*who being* then appointed
" Maſter of the deſign,) did give us."

Lead us from hence; where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd: Haſtily lead away.

[*Exeunt.*[3]

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" Or as the ſnail (*whoſe* tender horns *being* hurt,)
" Shrinks backward to his ſhelly cave with pain."

Here we ſhould now write—" *his* tender horns."

See alſo a paſſage in *King John*, Act II. ſc. ii. " *Who having* no external thing to loſe," &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. ii. which are conſtructed in a ſimilar manner. In the note on the latter paſſage this phraſeology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[3] This play, as Dr. Warburton juſtly obſerves, is, with all its abſurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented. JOHNSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

* COMEDY OF ERRORS.] Shakſpeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whoſe verſion of the acroſtical argument hereafter quoted, is as follows:

" Two twinne borne ſonnes a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Soſicles the other;
" The firſt his father loſt, a little lad;
" The grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell took to ſeeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
" That citizens there take him for the ſame:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
" Much pleaſant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the laſt of theſe lines ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the title for his piece.

See this tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, among *ſix old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-croſs.

At the beginning of an addreſs *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Dekker's *Satiromaſtix*, &c. 1602, is the following paſſage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us.

" In ſteed of the Trumpets ſounding thrice before the play begin, it ſhall not be amiſſe (for him that will read) firſt to beholde this ſhort *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greateſt enter, to give them inſtead of a hiſſe, a gentle correction." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am poſſibly ſingular in thinking that Shakſpeare was not under the ſlighteſt obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner's tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotes* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that tranſlation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a ſufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what muſt, of courſe, be common to every tranſlation. Sir William Blackſtone, I obſerve, ſuſpects " this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions." But I much doubt whether any of theſe " long hobbling verſes" have the honour of proceeding from his pen; and, in fact, the ſuperior elegance and harmony of his language is no leſs diſtinguiſhable in his earlieſt than his lateſt production. The truth is if any inference

can be drawn from the moſt ſtriking diſſimilarity of ſtile, a tiſſue as different as ſilk and worſted, that this comedy though boaſting the embelliſhments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, ſpeeches, and ſcenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from ſome inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a tranſlation, or, at leaſt, did not make uſe of Warner's. And this I take to have been the caſe, not only with the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* as I think a late editor (*O ſi ſic omnia!*) has ſatisfactorily proved, but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *K. Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakſpeare's new work is as apparent as the brighteſt touches of Titian would be on the pooreſt performance of the verieſt canvaſs-ſpoiler that ever handled a bruſh. The originals of theſe plays (except the *ſecond* and *third parts of K. Henry VI.*) were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager for the purpoſe of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleaſant and fine conceited comedie," as intitled to a ſituation among the "*ſix plays on which Shakſpeare founded his Meaſure for Meaſure*, &c." of which I ſhould hope to ſee a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Solinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.

Antipholus *of* Epheſus,[a] } *Twin Brothers, and Sons*
Antipholus *of* Syracuſe, } *to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *on the two* Antipholus's.

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuſe.
Pinch, *a Schoolmaſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholus *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *her Siſter.*
Luce, *her Servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

[a] In the old copy, theſe brothers are occaſionally ſtyled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps —*erraticus*, and *ſurreptus*. One of theſe twins *wandered* in ſearch of his brother, who had been *forced* from Æmilia by fiſhermen of Corinth. The following acroſtic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, ſurrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen ſurreptitii illi indit qui domi eſt
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soſiclem.
Et is germanum, poſtquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Poſt Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille ſurreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et ſocer.
Ii ſe cognoſcunt fratres poſtremò invicem.

The *tranſlator*, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Soſicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *traveller*. Whenceſoever *Shakſpeare* adopted *erraticus* and *ſurreptus* (which either he or his editors have miſ-ſpelt) theſe diſtinctions were ſoon dropped, and throughout the reſt of the entries the *twins* are ſtyled of *Syracuſe* or *Epheſus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, *Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

ÆGE. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

DUKE. Merchant of Syracuſa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Epheſus, be ſeen
At any Syracuſan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracuſan born,
Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's diſpoſe;
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,

Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

Æge. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,[3]
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too,[4] had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,

[3] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers underſtood that the puniſhment he was about to undergo was in conſequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two ſtates, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general ſuperſtition amongſt the ancients, that every great and ſudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven purſuing men for their ſecret offences. Hence the ſentiment put into the mouth of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life, (ſays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand, that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] Warburton.

The real meaning of this paſſage is much leſs abſtruſe, than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection.*—Ægeon came to Epheſus in ſearch of his ſon, and tells his ſtory, in order to ſhew that his death was in conſequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. Mason.

[4] *And by me* too,] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the metre. Malone.

By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,[4]
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe:
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting, under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear,)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelfſame inn,
A poor mean woman[6] was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant

[4] *And* he, *great care of goods at random left,*] Surely we ſhould read:

And *the* great care of goods at random left
Drew me, &c.

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can ſcarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

[5] *A* poor *mean woman* —] *Poor* is not in the old copy. It was inſerted for the ſake of the metre by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently borne upon,[6]
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome[7] to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.[8]

Æge. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,[9]

[6] —— *borne* upon,] The original copy reads—borne *up*. The additional ſyllable was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[7] *Gave* helpful *welcome* ——] Old copy—*healthful* welcome. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio.—So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"And gave the tongue a *helpful* welcome." Malone.

[8] —— *and* thee, *till now.*] The firſt copy erroneouſly reads—and *they*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] *My* youngeſt boy, *and yet my eldeſt care,*] Shakſpeare has here

At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,[2]
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in furtheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia,[3]
And, coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus;
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,

been guilty of a little forgetfulneſs. Ægeon had ſaid, page 214, that the *youngeſt ſon* was that which his wife had taken care of:—

"My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,
"Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt."

He himſelf did the ſame by the other; and then each, fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, faſtened themſelves at either end of the maſt. M. Mason.

[2] —for *his caſe was like*,] The original copy has—*ſo* his. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[3] *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Aſia*,] In the northern parts of England this word is ſtill uſed inſtead of *quite*, *fully*, *perfectly*, *completely*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——— This is *clean* kam."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"*Clean* from the purpoſe of the things themſelves."

The reader will likewiſe find it in the 77th Pſalm. Steevens.

Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy help[4] by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not,[5] then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy cuſtody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs, doth Ægeon wend,[6]
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end. [*Exeunt.*

[4] ——*help*——] Mr. Pope and ſome other modern editors read—To ſeek thy *life*, &c. But the jingle has much of Shakſpeare's manner. Malone.

To ſeek thy life, can hardly be the true reading, for, in ancient language, it ſignifies *a baſe endeavour to take life away*. Thus, Antonio ſays of Shylock,—

"He *ſeeks my life*."

I believe, therefore, the word—*help*, was accidentally repeated by the compoſitor, and that our author wrote,—

To ſeek thy help by beneficial *means*. Steevens.

[5] ——*if* not,] Old copy—*no*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] ——*wend*,] i. e. go. An obſolete word. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"And back to Athens ſhall the lovers *wend*." Steevens.

SCENE II.

A publick Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuſe, and a* Merchant.

MER. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is your money that I had to keep.

ANT. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinnertime:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

DRO. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a mean.
[*Exit* DRO. S.

ANT. S. A truſty villain,[7] ſir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

MER. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,

[7] *A truſty* villain,] i. e. ſervant. DOUCE.

Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards conſort you till bed-time;[8]
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

Dro. E. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:

[8] *And afterwards* conſort you *till bed-time*;] We ſhould read, I believe,

And afterwards conſort *with* you till bed-time.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Mercutio, thou *conſort'ſt with* Romeo." Malone.

There is no need of emendation. The old reading is ſupported by the following paſſage in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act II. ſc. i.

"Sweet health and fair deſires *conſort your grace.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Thou wretched boy, that didſt *conſort him* here—."

Steevens.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, ſir; tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—ſix-pence, that I had o'Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſaddler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſaddler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a ſportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.[9]

[9] —— *I ſhall be* poſt *indeed*;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps before writing was a general accompliſhment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares iſſued out of a ſhop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *poſt*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities uſed to his wife, *Cob* anſwers:——
"——if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they would have kiſs'd the *poſt* in the middle of the warehouſe," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "*Hoſt.* Out of my doors, knave, thou entereſt not my doors; I have no *chalk* in my houſe; my *poſts* ſhall not be guarded with a little ſing-ſong."
MALONE.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,[2]
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, ſir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,[3]
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

Dro. E. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,

[2] *Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your* clock,] The old copy reads "your *cook.*" Mr. Pope made the change. MALONE.

[3] ——*that merry* ſconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is *head.* So, in *Hamlet,* Act V: "—— why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *ſconce?*"

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks,* 1611:

"—— I ſay no more,
"But 'tis within this *ſconce* to go beyond them."

STEEVENS.

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

Dro. E. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;
She that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, ſir? for God's ſake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, ſir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* Dromio. E.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught[4] of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;[5]
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;[6]

[4] ——*o'er-raught*—] That is *over-reached.* Johnson.
So, in *Hamlet:*
" ——— certain players
" We *o'er-raught* on the way."
Again, in *Spenſer's Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. iii:
" Having by chance a cloſe advantage view'd,
" He *over-raught* him," &c. Steevens.

[5] *They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἔφεσια ἀλεξιφάρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus Menander uſes it, and Ἔφεσια γραμμάτια, in the ſame ſenſe. Warburton.

[6] *As,* nimble *jugglers, that deceive the eye,*
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Soul-killing *witches, that deform the body;*] Thoſe, who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would there-

Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,

fore be a juſt characteriſtic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand:* and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are informed, the miſchief they do is by the affiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: but then, by *dark-working* ſorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not deſign this in their characteriſtic. We ſhould read:

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*

and we know by the hiſtory of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by theſe applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneſtneſs to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehenſions by my own, without great ſucceſs. This interpretation of *ſoul-killing* is forced and harſh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ſoul-ſelling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without ſuch improvement as may juſtify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus:

Soul-killing *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body*;

This change ſeems to remove all difficulties.

By *ſoul-killing* I underſtand deſtroying the rational faculties by ſuch means as make men fancy themſelves beaſts. JOHNSON.

Dark-working ſorcerers, may only mean *ſorcerers who carry on their operations in the dark.* Thus ſays Bolingbroke, in the ſecond part of *King Henry VI:*

" ——wizards know their *times:*
" Deep night, *dark night*, the ſilent of the night," &c.

Witches themſelves, as well as thoſe who employed them, were ſuppoſed to forfeit their ſouls by making uſe of a forbidden agency. In that ſenſe they may be ſaid to deſtroy the ſouls of others as well as their own. The ſame compound epithet occurs in Chriſtopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloceſter*, 1600:

" They charge her, that ſhe did maintaine and feede
" *Soul-killing* witches, and convers'd with devils."

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakſpeare might have received from the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: " For this aſſure yourſelfe, this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and laſciviouſneſſe; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, paraſites, drunkards, catchpoles, conycatchers, and ſycophants, as it can hold: then for curtizans," &c.

STEEVENS.

And many ſuch like liberties of ſin: [7]
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear, my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

ADR. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

LUC. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go, or come: If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

ADR. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

LUC. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o' door.

ADR. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill. [8]

LUC. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

[7] ——*liberties of ſin:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perſons, ſeems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of ſin*, I believe Shakſpeare means *licenſed offenders*, ſuch as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ill.*] This word, which the rhime ſeems to countenance, was furniſhed by the editor of the ſecond folio. The firſt has—*thus.* MALONE.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.[9]
There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,[2]
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,

[9] Adr. *There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.*

Luc. *Why headſtrong liberty is* laſh'd *with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leaſh'd*, i. e. coupled like a headſtrong hound?

The high opinion I muſt neceſſarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgement, who furniſhed this obſervation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this paſſage may be, that thoſe who refuſe the *bridle* muſt bear the *laſh*, and that woe is the puniſhment of headſtrong liberty. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſeamen ſtill uſe *laſh* in the ſame ſenſe as *leaſh*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didſt counſel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *laſh*." Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *laſhe* at length this Creſſid leaves." *Lace* was the old Engliſh word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"To thee Caſſandra which doſt hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *laſhes* his guns, the ſportſman *leaſhes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of faſtening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the ſame original is the word *windlaſs*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewiſe ſignified to beſtow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So, in the 2nd. Part of *Decker's Honeſt Whore*, 1630:

"——— the lazy lowne
"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"So, now my back has room to reach: I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a raſcal." Steevens.

[2] Men—*the* maſters &c.] The old copy has *Man*—the *maſter* &c. and in the next line—*Lord*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?[3]

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe;[4]
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe.[5]

[3] ——*ſtart ſome other* where?] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

——*ſtart ſome other* hare?

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is ſaid to be *a good hare-finder*. Johnson.

I ſuſpect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So, in *King Lear*:

" Thou loſeſt *here*, a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's tranſlation of Horace's Satires, 1567:

" —— they ranged in eatche *where*,
" No ſpouſailes knowne," &c.

The ſenſe is, *How, if your huſband fly off in purſuit of ſome other woman?* The expreſſion is uſed again, ſcene iii:

" —— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I:

" This is not Romeo, he's ſome *otherwhere*."

Otherwhere ſignifies—*in other places*. So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act II. ſc. ii:

" The king hath ſent me *otherwhere*." Steevens.

[4] —— *though ſhe pauſe*;] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet. Johnson.

[5] *They can be meek, that have* no other cauſe.] That is, who have *no cauſe to be otherwiſe*. M. Mason.

A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet,[6] when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience[7] would'ſt relieve me:
But, if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.[8]

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

[6] *A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,*
We bid be quiet, &c.] Shakſpeare has the ſame ſentiment in *Much ado about Nothing*, where Leonato ſays—
" ——————— men
" Can counſel, & ſpeak comfort to that grief
" Which they themſelves not feel."
And again,
" —— 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
" To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow."
DOUCE.

[7] *With urging* helpleſs *patience*—] By exhorting me to patience, which *affords no help*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
" As thoſe poor birds that *helpleſs* berries ſaw." MALONE.

[8] ——*fool-begg'd*——] She ſeems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is ſo near to *idiotical ſimplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to repreſent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianſhip of your fortune. JOHNSON.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.[8]

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

Dro. E. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:[9]
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come home? quoth I;[2] *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:
My miſtreſs, ſir, quoth I; *Hang up thy miſtreſs*;
I know not thy miſtreſs; *out on thy miſtreſs!*[3]

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my maſter:

[8] ——*that I could ſcarce* underſtand *them.*] i. e. that I could ſcarce *ſtand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, ſeems to have been a favourite with Shakſpeare. It has been already introduced in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" —— my ſtaff *underſtands* me." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*a* thouſand *marks in gold:*] The old copy reads—a *hundred* marks. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] ——*will you come* home? *quoth I*;] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[3] *I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!*] I ſuppoſe this diſſonant line originally ſtood thus:

I know *no* miſtreſs; out *upon* thy miſtreſs! STEEVENS.

I know, quoth he, *no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

Dro. E. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant; fetch thy maſter home.

Dro. E. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,[4]
That like a football you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.[5]
[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.[6]
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it:
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.

[4] *Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which ſignified *ſpherical* applied to himſelf, and *unreſtrained*, or *free in ſpeech* or *action*, ſpoken of his miſtreſs. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her ſon. Johnson.

[5] ——*caſe me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. Steevens.

[6] *Whilſt I at home* ſtarve for a *merry* look.] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet:

"When that mine eye is *famiſh'd for a look*." Malone.

Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: [7] My decayed fair [8]
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:
But, too unruly deer, [9] he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale. [2]

[7] *Of my* defeatures:] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the ſame word is uſed with a ſomewhat different ſignification. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *My decayed fair* —] Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *gilt*, as a ſubſtantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this inſtance *fair* for *fairneſs*. Τὸ μὴ καλὸν, is a ſimilar expreſſion. In *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

"Demetrius loves your *fair*."

Again, in *Shakſpeare's 68th Sonnet*:

"Before theſe baſtard ſigns of *fair* were born."

Again, in his 83*d Sonnet*:

"And therefore to your *fair* no painting ſet."

Pure is likewiſe uſed as a ſubſtantive in *The Shepherd to the Flowers*, a ſong in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land."

STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently uſed *ſubſtantively* by the writers of Shakſpeare's time. So Marſton in one of his ſatires:

"As the greene meads, whoſe native outward *faire*
"Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour air."

FARMER.

[9] —— *too unruly* deer,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on *The Ladies Girdle*:

"This was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has played upon this word in the ſame manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
"I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*,
"Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller ſeem to have been immediately copied from theſe. MALONE.

[2] —— *poor I am but his ſtale.*] The word *ſtale*, in our author,

Luc. Self-harming jealouſy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,[3]

uſed as a ſubſtantive, means not ſomething offered to *allure* or *attract*, but ſomething *vitiated* with *uſe*, ſomething of which the beſt part has been enjoyed and conſumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor miſtakes the uſe of the word *ſtale* on this occaſion. "*Stale* to catch theſe thieves," in *The Tempeſt*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it ſeems to imply the ſame as *ſtalking-horſe*, *pretence*. I am, ſays Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the maſk under which he covers his amours. So, in *K. John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen ſays to Matilda:

"——I am made your *ſtale*,
"The king, the king your ſtrumpet," &c.

Again,

"——I knew I was made
"A *ſtale* for her obtaining."

Again, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"Was I then choſe and wedded for his *ſtale*,
"To looke and gape for his retireleſs fayles
"Puft back and flittering ſpread to every winde?"

Again, in the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence, perhaps, Shakſpeare borrowed the expreſſion:

"He makes me a *ſtale* and a laughing-ſtock." STEEVENS.

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *ſtale* is the confederate of a thief; "he that faceth the man," or holds him in diſcourſe. Again, in another place, "wiſhing all, of what eſtate ſoever, to beware of filthy luſt, and ſuch damnable *ſtales*," &c. A *ſtale* in this laſt inſtance means the pretended wife of a *croſs-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *ſtale* may here have the ſame meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity*,
COLLINS.

[3] *Would that alone* alone *he would detain*,] The firſt copy reads:
Would that alone a *love*, &c.
The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will loſe his beauty; and though gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.[4]
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,*
Will loſe his beauty; and though *gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, yet *often touching will*
Wear *gold: and* ſo *no man, that hath a name,*
But *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.*] The ſenſe is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; juſt ſo the greateſt character, though as pure as gold itſelf, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falſhood and corruption." WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath reads thus:

——yet *the gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, though *often touching will*
Wear gold: and ſo a *man that hath a name,*
By *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

——*yet the* gold 'bides ſtill
That others touch; *and* often touching will
Where gold; and no man, that hath a name
By falſhood &c.

The word *though* was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is uſed as a diſſyllable. The commentator laſt mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and *ſo* no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the ſubſequent editors.

The obſervation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramatick pieces, *Damon and Pithias*, 1582:

"——*gold* in time does *wear* away,
"And other precious things do fade: friendſhip does ne'er decay." MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

ANT. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the Phœnix? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

DRO. S. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

ANT. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

DRO. S. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

ANT. S. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

DRO. S. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.

ANT. S. Yea, doſt thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.[4]
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,[5]
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too;[6] or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Doſt thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

[4] *And make a common of my ſerious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you pleaſe. The alluſion is to thoſe tracts of ground deſtined to *common* uſe, which are thence called *commons.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*know my aſpect,*] i. e. ſtudy my countenance. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*and* inſconce *it too*;] A *ſconce* was a petty fortification. So, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599:

"Let us to our *ſconce*, and you my lord of Mexico."

Again:

"Ay, ſirs, *enſconce* you how you can."

Again:

"And here *enſconce* myſelf, deſpite of thee." STEEVENS.

Ant. S. Why, firſt,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the ſecond time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reaſon?—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, ſir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next,[7] to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, ſir, what's that?

Dro. S. Baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, ſir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reaſon?

Dro. S. Leſt it make you cholerick,[8] and purchaſe me another dry baſting.

Ant. S. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durſt have denied that, before you were ſo cholerick.

[7] —— *next,*] Our author probably wrote—next *time.* MALONE.

[8] *Leſt it make you cholerick,* &c.] So, in *The Taming the Shrew:*
" I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
" And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
" For it engenders choler, planteth anger," &c.
STEEVENS.

Ant. S. By what rule, ſir?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himſelf.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[9]

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?[2]

Dro. S. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair,[3] he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.[3]

[9] ——*by fine and recovery?*] This attempt at pleaſantry muſt have originated from our author's clerkſhip to an attorney. He has other jokes of the ſame ſchool. STEEVENS.

[2] Ant. S. *Why is* Time, *&c.*] In former editions:

Ant. *Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?*

Dro. S. *Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reaſoning, and a contradiction in ſenſe. Can hair be ſuppoſed a bleſſing, which Time beſtows on beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken, vice verſa, for each other, in the old impreſſions of our author. THEOBALD.

The ſame error is found in the Induction to *K. Henry IV.* P. II. edit. 1623:

"Stuffing the ears of *them* with falſe reports." MALONE.

[3] *Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.*] That is, *Thoſe who have more hair than wit*, are eaſily entrapped by looſe

Ant. S. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reaſon?

Dro. S. For two; and ſound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing.[4]

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to ſave the money that he ſpends in tiring;[5] the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time[6] for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time[7] to recover hair loſt by nature.

women, and ſuffer the conſequences of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in Europe, was the loſs of hair. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

" ——— Your women are ſo hot, I muſt *loſe my hair* in their company, I ſee."

" His *hair ſheds off*, and yet he ſpeaks not ſo much in the noſe as he did before." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*falſing.*] This word is now obſolete. Spenſer and Chaucer often uſe the verb to *falſe*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*that he ſpends in* tiring;] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] —— there *is no time* —] The old copy reads—*here*, &c. The editor of the ſecond folio made the correction. MALONE.

[7] ——*no time*, &c.] The firſt folio has—*in* no time, &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Perhaps the word ſhould rather have been corrected. The author might have written

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.[4]

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didſt return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, ſir? I never ſaw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words

[4] *I live* dis-ſtain'd, *thou undiſhonoured.*] To *diſtain* (from the French word, *deſtaindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a ſenſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the prepoſition *a privative* force, read *dis-ſtain'd*; and then it will mean, *unſtain'd*, *undefiled*. Theobald.

I would read:

I live diſtained, thou diſhonoured.

That is, As long as thou continueſt to diſhonour thyſelf, I alſo live diſtained. Heath.

Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſsly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[5]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;[6]
Whoſe weakneſs, married to thy ſtronger ſtate,[7]
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:

[5] ——*you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt*, ſeparated, parted. The ſenſe is, *If I am doomed to ſuffer the wrong of ſeparation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* Johnson.

Johnſon ſays that *exempt* means *ſeparated, parted*; and the uſe of the word in that ſenſe may be ſupported by a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour*, where Valerius, in the character of Mercury, ſays,

" To ſhew raſh vows cannot bind deſtiny,
" Lady, behold the rocks tranſported be.
" Hard-hearted Dorigen! yield, leſt for contempt
" They fix you there a rock, whence *they're exempt.*"

Yet I think that Adriana does not uſe the word *exempt* in that ſenſe, but means to ſay, that as he was her huſband ſhe had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong.

M. Mason.

[6] *Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine*;]

" Lenta, qui, velut affitas
" Vitis implicat arbores,
" Implicabitur in tuum
" Complexum." *Catull.* 57.

So Milton, Par. Loſt. B. V:

" ——They led the vine
" To wed her elm. She ſpous'd, about him twines
" Her marriageable arms." Malone.

[7] ——ſtronger *ſtate*,] The old copy has—*ſtranger*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;[8]
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. S. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.[9]

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the fairy land;—O, ſpite of ſpites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprites;[2]

[8] —— idle *moſs*;] i. e. moſs that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is uſeleſs. So, in *Othello:*

" —— antres vaſt and deſarts *idle*." Steevens.

[9] —— *the offer'd* fallacy.] The old copy has:

—— *the* free'd *fallacy.*

Which perhaps was only, by miſtake, for

—— *the* offer'd *fallacy.*

This conjecture is from an anonymous correſpondent. Mr. Pope reads—*favour'd* fallacy. Steevens.

[2] *We talk with goblins,* owls, *and* elviſh *ſprites*;] Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonſenſe,* the firſt time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls could ſuck their breath, and pinch them black and blue.* He therefore alters *owls* to *oaphs, and dares ſay, that his readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of his emendation.* But, for all this, we muſt not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcrietch-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *ſtrega* from *ſtrix,* the *ſcrietch-owl.* This ſuperſtition they had derived from their pagan anceſtors, as appears from this paſſage of Ovid:

If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luce. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot![3]

Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineïa menſis
Guttura fraudabant; ſed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput; *ſtantes oculi*; *roſtra apta rapinæ*;
Canities pennis, *unguibus hamus ineſt.*
Nocte volant, pueroſque petunt *nutricis egentes*,
Et vitiant cunis *corpora rapta ſuis.*
Carpere dicuntur luctantia viſcera roſtris,
Et plenum poto ſanguine *guttur habent.*
Eſt illis ſtrigibus *nomen*:——Lib. vi. Faſt. WARBURTON.

Ghaſtly owls accompany *elviſh ghoſts* in *Spenſer's* Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June*. So, in *Sherringham's* Diſcerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gaſtæ dicti) et ſimiles monſtrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the ſame is ſaid in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are alſo mentioned in *Cornucopiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darkſome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghoſts, nor water-ſpright."
STEEVENS.

How, it is objected, ſhould Shakſpeare know that *ſtriges* or ſcrietch-owls were conſidered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following paſſage in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the beſt anſwer to this queſtion: "'Soul, I think, I am ſure croſs'd or *witch'd* with an *owl*." MALONE.

The epithet *elviſh* is not in the *firſt* folio, but the ſecond has—*elves*, which certainly was meant for *elviſh*. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the ſecond folio having been merely arbitrary, any other ſuitable epithet of two ſyllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe firſt introduced—elv*iſh*. MALONE.

I am ſatisfied with the epithet—*elviſh*. It was probably inſerted in the ſecond folio on ſome authority which cannot now be aſcertained. It occurs again, in *King Richard III*:

"Thou *elviſh*-mark'd abortive, rooting hog."

Why ſhould a book which has often judiciouſly filled ſuch vacuities, and rectified ſuch errors, as diſgrace the folio 1623, be ſo perpetually diſtruſted? STEEVENS.

Dro. S. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?[4]

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and ſo am I.

Dro. S. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.

Ant. S. Thou haſt thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.

'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man, and maſter, laugh my woes to ſcorn.—
Come, ſir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you[5] of a thouſand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, ſiſter:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

[3] *Dromio, thou* drone, &c.] The old copy reads—
Dromio, thou Dromio, *ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!* Steevens.

This verſe is half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: beſides *drone* correſponds with the other appellations of reproach. Theobald.

Drone is alſo a term of reproach applied by Shylock to Launcelot in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— he ſleeps by day
" More than the wild cat; *drones* hive not with me."
Steevens.

[4] ——— *am* not I?] Old copy—am *I not.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[5] *And ſhrive you* ——] That is, I will *call you to confeſſion*, and make you tell your tricks. Johnson.

So, in *Hamlet:* " —not *ſhriving* time allow'd." Steevens.

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd!
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſéver ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, leſt I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Antipholus *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;[5]
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet,[6]

[5] *Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us* all;] I ſuppoſe, the word —*all*, which overloads the meaſure, without improvement of the ſenſe, might be ſafely omitted, as an interpolation. Steevens.

[6] ——*carkanet*,] Seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem:

"*The empreſs ſpreads her* carcanets." Johnson.

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiſelles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carkanet* ſeems to have been a necklace ſet with ſtones, or ſtrung with pearls. Thus in *Partheneia Sacra*, &c. 1633: "Seeke not vermillion or ceruſe in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wriſt, rubie *carkanets* on the neck, and a moſt exquiſite fan of feathers in the hand."

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an aſs.

Dro. E. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.[7]

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:
" Nay, I'll be matchleſs for a *carcanet*,
" Whoſe pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks
" Shall circle this fair neck to ſet it forth."
Again, in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1636:
" —— ſhe ſat on a rich Perſian quilt
" Threading a *carkanet* of pure round pearl
" Bigger than pigeons eggs."
Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:
" —— the drops
" Shew like a *carkanet* of pearl upon it."

In the play of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, the word *carcanet* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

[7] *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear*
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.] Thus all the printed copies; but certainly, this is croſs-purpoſes in reaſoning. It appears, Dromio is an aſs by his making no reſiſtance; becauſe an aſs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald, inſtead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

Ant. E. You are ſad, ſignior Balthazar: 'Pray god, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, ſir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

I do not think this emendation neceſſary. He firſt ſays, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *aſs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former ſentiment, ſuch as may be hourly obſerved in converſation, he obſerves that, if he had been an *aſs*, he ſhould, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

Dro. S. [*within.*] Mome,[8] malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![9]
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again, when you may.

[8] *Mome,*] A dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. Hawkins.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
"Hence with that *Mome!*"
"—*Brutus*, forbear the preſence." Steevens.

[9] ——*patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the particoloured coats worn by the licenſed fools or jeſters of the age. So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— what ſoldiers, *patch?*"

See notes on *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. ii. and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. ſc. i. Steevens.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?[2]

Dro. S. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are thoſe at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my maſter in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

Dro. E. O Lord, I muſt laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?[3]

[2] ——*I* owe?] i. e. I *own*, am *owner* of. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

"Who *owes* that ſhield?
"I:—and who *owes* that?" Steevens.

[3] ——*I* hope?] A line either preceding or following this, has, I believe, been loſt. Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—I *trow*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. Malone.

The text, I believe, is right, and means—I *expect* you'll let us in. To *hope*, in ancient language, has ſometimes this ſignification.

Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.

Dro. S. And you ſaid, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

Dro. E. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.[4]

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— I cannot *hope*

" Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together."

Again, in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

" Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." Steevens.

[4] —— *we ſhall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* ſignified *to have part.* See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504:

Dro. E. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold.[5]

Ant. E. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, ſir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; maſter, mean you ſo?

" That no wight with his bliſſe *parten* ſhall."
The French uſe *partir* in the ſame ſenſe. TYRWHITT.

[5] —— *bought and ſold.*] This is a proverbial phraſe. " To be *bought and ſold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

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For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.[6]

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, ſir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[7]—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part[8] ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.[9]

[6] ——*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the ſame quibble on a like occaſion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of diſtinction among the Greeks and Romans had uſually birds of different kinds given them for their amuſement. This cuſtom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and ſays, that for his part he had

——*tantum upupam.*

Upupa ſignifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or ſome inſtrument of the ſame kind, employed to dig ſtones from the quarries. Steevens.

[7] *Once this,*] This expreſſion appears to me ſo ſingular, that I cannot help ſuſpecting the paſſage to be corrupt. Malone.

Once this, may mean, *once for all, at once.* So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "Some perchance loving my eſtate, others my perſon. But *once*, I know all of them," &c.—Again, ibid. B. III: —"She hit him, with his own ſworde, ſuch a blowe upon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him aſunder: *once* ſhe ſundred his ſoule from his body, ſending it to Proſerpina, an angry goddeſs againſt raviſhers." Steevens.

[8] *Your long experience of* her *wiſdom,*——
Plead on her *part*—] The old copy reads *your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[9] ——*the doors are* made *againſt you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout [2]
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion; [3]
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion. [4]

ANT. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth, [5] mean to be merry.

——— *the doors are* barr'd *againſt you.*

To *make* the door, is the expreſſion uſed to this day in ſome counties of England, inſtead of, *to bar the door.* STEEVENS.

[2] — ſuppoſed *by the common rout* —] For *ſuppoſed* I once thought it might be more commodious to ſubſtitute *ſupported*; but there is no need of change: *ſuppoſed* is *founded on ſuppoſition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *upon* ſucceſſion;] *Succeſſion* is often uſed as a quadriſyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So Act IV. ſc. i. line 5. *ſatisfaction* compoſes half a verſe:

" Therefore make preſent *ſatisfaction*—." MALONE.

[4] *For ever hous'd, where it* once *gets poſſeſſion.*] The adverb *once* is wanting in the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio has *once*; which rather improves the ſenſe, and is not inconſiſtent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

[5] *And, in deſpight of* mirth,] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and therefore, has put *wrath* inſtead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of ſpite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the moſt unpleaſing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herſelf from me, and ſeems determined to avoid me, yet in deſpight of her, and whether ſhe will or not, I am reſolved to be merry. HEATH.

I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpite my wife,)
Upon mine hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour hence.

Ant. E. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter LUCIANA[4] *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?[5]

[4] *Enter* Luciana—] Here, in the old blundering firſt folio, we find, "Enter *Juliana.*"—Corrected in the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*that you have quite forgot* &c.] In former copies:

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*

This paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-ſprings rot, even in the ſpring of love? and ſhall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at preſs, as I take it. This ſcene for fifty-two lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate rhymes; and this meaſure is never broken, but in the *ſecond* and *fourth* lines of theſe two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monoſyllable dropt from the tail of the ſecond verſe: and I have ventured to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendations are—the word—*hate*, ſupplied at the end of the ſecond line, and, in the fourth, *building* given inſtead of buildings. STEEVENS.

Love-ſprings are young plants or ſhoots of love. Thus in *The Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Fletcher:

"The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *ſprings*
"That ſits alone in ſorrow."

See a note on the ſecond ſcene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, and Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X. p. 44. n. 9, where the meaning of this expreſſion is more fully dilated.

If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
  Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
  Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhow of blindneſs:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
  Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
  Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

The rhime which Mr. Theobald would reſtore, ſtands thus in the old edition:

——ſhall Antipho*lus*——.

If therefore inſtead of *ruinate* we ſhould read *ruinous*, the paſſage may remain as it was originally written: and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we ſhould read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakſpeare might have found in ſome quotation from Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* is alſo one of the heroes in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Ruinous is juſtified by a paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. ſc. iv:

"Left growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the firſt folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned; and were the rhyme defective here, ſuch tranſgreſſions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS:

Antipho*lis* occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other ſpelling. MALONE.

Shall love *in* building *grow ſo* ruinate?] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

"And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew—."

In ſupport of Mr. Theobald's firſt emendation, a paſſage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced:

"——thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous *hate*,
"That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
"Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,
"Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"To *ruinate* proud *buildings* with thy hours."

Stowe uſes the adjective *ruinate* in his *Annales*, p. 892. "The laſt year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate——."

MALONE.

Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?[6]
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,[7]
Being compact of credit,[8] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhow us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little vain,[9]
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.

Ant. S. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

[6] ——— *his own* attaint?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[7] *Alas, poor women! make us* but *believe*, &c.] The old copy—*not*. STEEVENS.

From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*,) got place in the firſt copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two monoſyllables have by miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſs'd one another in many other paſſages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

[8] *Being compact of credit*,] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

" ——ſhe's *compact*
" Merely of blood——."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Love is a ſpirit all *compact* of fire." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*vain*,] Is *light of tongue, not veracious*. JOHNSON.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, ſweet mermaid,[2] with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood[3] of tears;
Sing, ſiren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee,[4] and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink![5]

[2] ——*ſweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *ſiren*. So in the Index to P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their ſongs enchauntements." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*in thy* ſiſter's *flood*—] The old copy reads—*ſiſter*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] ——*as a* bed *I'll take thee*,] The old copy reads—*as a* bud. Mr. Edwards ſuſpects a miſtake of one letter in the paſſage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lie.

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i. e. I, like an inſect, will take thy boſom for a roſe, or ſome other flower, and

"——phœnix like beneath thine eye
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakſpeare to ſhift haſtily from one image to another.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[6] how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where[7] you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive countenance from the following paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" —— my boſom as a *bed*
" Shall lodge thee."

Mr. Malone alſo thinks that *bed* is fully ſupported by the word—*lie*. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

[5] *Let* love, *being light, be drowned if* ſhe *ſink!*] Mr. Ritſon obſerves that *Love*, in the preſent inſtance, means *Venus*.

Thus in the old ballad of the Spaniſh Lady:

" I will ſpend my days in prayer,
" *Love* and all *her* laws defy." STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Now for the love of *love*, and *her* ſoft hours—."

Again, more appoſitely, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Love is a ſpirit, all compact of fire,
" Not groſs to *ſink*, but *light*, and will aſpire."

Venus is here ſpeaking of herſelf.

Again, *ibidem:*

" *She's love*, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd." MALONE.

[6] *Not mad, but* mated;] i. e. confounded. So, in Macbeth:

" *My mind ſhe has* mated, *and amaz'd my ſight*," STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* ſignifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife:* and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a huſband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uſes the word *mated* in both theſe ſenſes.

M. MASON.

[7] *Gaze* where—] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.

Ant. S. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.

Luc. That's my ſiſter.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.[8]

Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be,

Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I aim thee:[9]
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will.

[*Exit* Luc.

Enter, from the houſe of Antipholus *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

[8] *My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps he means that which he aſks of heaven. Johnson.

[9] ——*for I* aim *thee:*] The old copy has,

——*for I* am *thee.*

Some of the modern editors—

I *mean* thee.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

——*for I* aim *thee.*

He has juſt told her, that ſhe was his *ſweet hope's* aim. So, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:

" ——like Caſſius,

" Sits ſadly dumping, *aiming* Cæſar's death."

Again, in Drayton's Legend of *Robert Duke of Normandy:*

" I make my changes *aim* one certain end." Steevens.

Dro. S. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

Dro. S. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is ſhe?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is ſhe of?

Dro. S. Swart,[2] like my ſhoe, but her face no-

[2] *Swart,*] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. Thus in Milton's *Comus*, v. 436:

thing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, ſir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.[a]

Ant. S. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

"No goblin, or *ſwart* fairy of the mine."
Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
"And whereas I was black and *ſwart* before." STEEVENS.

[a] Dro. S. *Nell, ſir;—but her name* and *three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters,* &c.] The old copy reads—her name *is* three quarters. STEEVENS.

This paſſage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now eaſy and truly humourous. If a *conundrum* be reſtored, in ſetting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Maſſinger in *The Old Law*, 1656:
"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.
"*Clown.* As long as ſhe tarried with her huſband ſhe was *Ellen*, but after ſhe came to Troy ſhe was *Nell* of Troy.
"*Cook.* Why did ſhe grow ſhorter when ſhe came to Troy?
"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the ſtory, when ſhe grew to be an *ell*," &c. MALONE.

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.[3]

[3] *In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her* hair.] All the other countries, mentioned in this deſcription, are in Dromio's replies ſatirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her forehead: but only the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the firſt folio reads—*making war againſt her* heir.———And I am very apt to think, this laſt is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is deſigned in the poet's alluſion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being ſtabb'd, and dying of his wound, was ſucceeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his ſucceſſor: but whoſe claim the ſtates of France reſiſted, on account of his being a proteſtant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* againſt her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth ſent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Eſſex, to the aſſiſtance of this Henry of Navarre, it ſeems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the fineſt addreſs imaginable in the poet to throw ſuch an oblique ſneer at France, for oppoſing the ſucceſſion of that *heir*, whoſe claim his royal miſtreſs, the queen, had ſent over a force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet ſurely they have all loſt the ſenſe by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only ſports with an alluſion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his miſtreſs had the French diſeaſe. The ideas are rather too offenſive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incruſted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in ſome ſort make war againſt their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war againſt its *heir*? The ſenſe which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, ariſe to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without ſending out conjecture in ſearch of refinements. JOHNSON.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armada's of carracks to be ballaſt[4] at her noſe.

Ant. S. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

The preſent reading was introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio.

I think with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation *may* have been intended. It is of little conſequence which of the two words is preſerved in the text, if the author meant that two ſenſes ſhould be couched under the ſame term.—Dr. Johnſon's objection, that "an equivocal term muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied," appears to me not ſo well founded as his obſervations in general are; for, though a correct writer would obſerve that rule, our author is very ſeldom ſcrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uſes in compariſon ſcarcely ever anſwering exactly on both ſides. However, as *hair* affords the cleareſt and moſt obvious ſenſe, I have placed it in the text. In *K. Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

"This your *heire* of France hath blown this vice in me—" inſtead of *air*. In *Macbeth*, folio 1623, *heire* is printed for *hair*:

"Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my *heire*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623.

"——His meaneſt garment is dearer

"In my reſpect, than all the *heires* above thee." MALONE.

[4] ——*to be* ballaſt—] The modern editors read—ballaſted; the old copy *ballaſt*, which is right. Thus in *Hamlet*:

"——to have the engineer

"*Hoiſt* with his own petar." i. e. *hoiſted*. STEEVENS.

Dro. S. O, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; ſwore, I was aſſur'd to her;[5] told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith,[6] and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee preſently, poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſs'd with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch enchanting preſence and diſcourſe,

[5] ——aſſur'd *to her*;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus in *King John*:

"For ſo I did when I was firſt *aſſur'd*." Steevens.

[6] *And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of* faith, &c.] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith*: however, the Oxford editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint* better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in. Warburton.

Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But, leſt myſelf be guilty to ſelf-wrong,[7]
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter ANGELO.

ANG. Maſter Antipholus?

ANT. S. Ay, that's my name.

ANG. I know it well, ſir: Lo, here is the chain; I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:[8] The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

ANT. S. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

ANG. What pleaſe yourſelf, ſir; I have made it for you.

ANT. S. Made it for me, ſir! I beſpoke it not.

ANG. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

[7] ——to *ſelf-wrong*,] I have met with other inſtances of this kind of phraſeology. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*
" *To* what we wildly do,"—.

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*of* ſelf-wrong. MALONE.

[8] ——*at the Porcupine:*] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakſpeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is uſed inſtead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was ſo pronounced at that time.

I have ſince obſerved the ſame ſpelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewiſe in p. 66 of Aſcham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakſpeare, was ſcarcely ſo pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at leaſt not generally; for in Eliot's Dictionary, 1545, and Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, it is—" Porkepyne:" and in Hulet's Abecedarium, 1552.—" Porpyn." See a note on *The Tempeſt*, Act I. ſc. ii. DOUCE.

Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, ſir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, ſir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, ſince pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much impórtun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want gilders[9] for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

[9] ——*want* gilders—] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one ſhilling and ſix-pence, to two ſhillings. Steevens.

Ang. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me[2] by Antipholus:
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus *of* Epheſus, *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Off. That labour may you ſave; ſee where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,[3]
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But ſoft, I ſee the goldſmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would laſt too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful faſhion;

[2] *Is* growing *to me*—] i. e. accruing to me. Steevens.

[3] ——*and* her *confederates*,] The old copy has—*their* confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town:
Good ſignior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.[4]

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

Ant. E. No; bear't with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, ſir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, ſir, I hope you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance, to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the Porcupine:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, deſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—

[4] *Perchance,* I will *be there as ſoon as you.*] *I will,* inſtead of *I ſhall,* is a Scoticiſm. Douce.

And an Iriſhiſm too. Reed.

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I anſwer you! What ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

Ang. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.

Off. I do; and charge you, in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Conſent to pay thee that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him officer;—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.

Off. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.

Ang. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, ſir, bears away: [4] our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peeviſh ſheep,[5]
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?

Dro. S. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.

Dro. S. You ſent me, ſir, for a rope's-end as ſoon: [6]

[4] *And then, ſir, bears away:*] The old copy redundantly reads—
And then, ſir, *ſhe* bears away: Steevens.

[5] —— *thou* peeviſh *ſheep,*] *Peeviſh* is *ſilly*. So, in *Cymbeline*:
" Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him:
" He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*."
See a note on Act I. ſc. vii. Steevens.

[6] *You ſent me,* ſir, *for a* ropes-*end as ſoon:*] Mr. Malone ſays that *Ropes* is here a diſſyllable; the Saxon genitive caſe; but a Saxon genitive caſe accords better with one of Puck's lyrical effuſions, [See Vol. V. p. 29.] than with the vulgar pronunciation of Dromio.—I ſuppoſe, a word has been caſually omitted in the old copy, and that we ſhould read as I have printed. So, above, the ſame ſpeaker ſays—
" And then, *ſir,* bears away: our fraughtage, *ſir*—." Steevens.

You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſten with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ſtraight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave; be gone.
On, officer, to priſon till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, Angelo, Officer, *and* Ant. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel[7] did claim me for her huſband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?[8]

[7] *Where* Dowſabel——] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Paſtorals:

"He had, as antique ſtories tell,
"A daughter cleaped *Dowſabel*," &c. Steevens.

[8] ——*meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to thoſe meteors in the ſky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in

Luc. Firſt, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpite.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have his will.

the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place: [*King Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. i.]

" *Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,*
" *All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,*
" *Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock*
" *And furious cloſe of civil butchery.*" WARBURTON.

The alluſion is more clearly explained by the following compariſon in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt:*

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
" Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
" To battle in the clouds, before each van
" Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
" Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
" From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

STEEVENS.

The original copy reads—*Oh,* his heart's meteors, &c. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,[9]
Ill-fac'd, worſe-bodied, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making,[2] worſe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;[3]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Dro. S. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

Dro. S. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe than hell:

[9] ——*ſere*,] That is, *dry*, withered. Johnson.

So, in Milton's *Lycidas*: "——ivy never *ſere*." Steevens.

[2] *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *ſtigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious diſpoſition. Johnson.

So, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1635:

"If you ſpy any man that hath a look,
"*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's," &c. Steevens.

[3] *Far from her neſt the* lapwing, &c.] This expreſſion ſeems to be proverbial, I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, ſays:—— "But again to our priggers, who, as before I ſaid, *cry with the lapwing farthеſt from the neſt*, and from their place of reſidence where their moſt abode is."

Naſh, ſpeaking of Gabriel Harvey, ſays—"he withdraweth men, *lapwing-like*, from his neſt, as much as might be."

See this paſſage yet more amply explained in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. IV. p. 210, n. 8. Steevens.

A devil in an everlaſting garment [4] hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough; [5]
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands; [6]

[4] —— *an* everlaſting *garment*—] The ſergeants in thoſe days were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arreſted Antipholus. *Buff* is alſo a cant expreſſion for a man's ſkin, a covering which laſts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlaſting* garment: and in purſuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the ſergeant, in the next ſcene, the "Picture of old Adam;" that is of Adam before his fall, whilſt he remained unclad:—

"; What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled?*"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar ſays, "Were it not for my ſmooth citizen, I'd quit this tranſitory trade, get me an *everlaſting* robe, and turn ſergeant." M. MASON.

[5] *A fiend*, a fairy, *pitileſs and rough*;] Dromio here bringing word in haſte that his maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the bailiff by names proper to raiſe horror and deteſtation of ſuch a creature, ſuch as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to theſe terrible ideas? we ſhould read, *a fiend, a fury, &c.* THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitileſs and rough, and deſcribed as malevolent and miſchievous. JOHNSON.

So Milton:

"No goblin, or ſwart *fairy* of the mine,
"Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity." MALONE.

It is true that there is a ſpecies of malevolent and miſchievous Fairies; but *Fairy*, as it here ſtands, is generical. T. WARTON.

[6] *A back-friend, a* ſhoulder-clapper, &c. *of allies, creeks, and narrow* lands;] It ſhould be written, I think, narrow *lanes*, as he has the ſame expreſſion in *K. Richard II.* Act V. ſc. vi:

"*Even ſuch they ſay as ſtand in* narrow lanes." GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the preſent inſtance, mean, what we now call *landing*-places at the water-ſide.

A *ſhoulder-clapper* is a bailiff: So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;[7]
One that, before the judgement, carries poor ſouls to hell.[8]

" ——fear none but theſe ſame *ſhoulder-clappers.*"
STEEVENS.

Narrow lands is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhime points out, but the ſenſe; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring ſhore, ſo a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the ſhore that runs into the water.—Beſides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are ſynonymous.
HENLEY.

[7] *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by miſtaking the courſe of the animal purſued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to purſue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well* are, therefore, inconſiſtent. The jeſt conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chaſe*, and a *priſon* in London. The officer that arreſted him was a ſergeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jeſt with the ſcene of action, let our author anſwer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon has the ſame expreſſion; *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. ſc. iv.

" Well, the truth is, my old maſter intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning," &c.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog purſues the game by the ſcent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is fam'd. GREY.

So, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*:

" A hunting, Sir Oliver, and *dry-foot* too!"

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" I care not for *dry-foot* hunting." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*poor ſouls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for an obſcure dungeon in any of our priſons. It is mentioned in *The Counter-rat*, a poem, 1658:

" In Wood-ſtreet's-hole, or Poultry's *hell.*"

The dark place into which a tailor throws his ſhreds, is ſtill in poſſeſſion of this title. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

" Taylors—'tis known
" They ſcorn thy *hell*, having better of their own."

There was likewiſe a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had " paid the uttermoſt farthing." STEEVENS.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.[9]

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit.

Dro. S. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well;
But he's in[2] a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that can I tell:
Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in the deſk?

An account of the local ſituation of Hell may be found in the *Journals of the Houſe of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83. as the commons paſſed through it to *K. William and Q. Mary's coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treaſury* was ſituated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's reports*, fol. 245. a. where mention is made of "one *Chriſtopher Hole* Secondary del Treaſurie, et un auncient attorney and practiſer in le *office del Clerke del Treaſurie* al Hell."

This I take to be the *Treaſury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Juſtice*, and which is now kept immediately under the court of *Exchequer*. The *Office* of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is ſtill there, and tallies for *many* centuries back are piled up and preſerved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become ſo numerous as to overſtock the place in which they were kept at *Lincolns Inn*.—Theſe therefore belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*.—Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a *pump* ſtill ſtanding of excellent water, called Hell *Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. Vaillant.

9 —— *on the caſe.*] An action upon the caſe, is a general action given for the redreſs of a wrong done any man without force, and not eſpecially provided for by law. Grey.

Dromio, I believe, is ſtill quibbling. His maſter's *caſe* was touched by the ſhoulder-clapper. See p. 281:—"in a *caſe* of leather," &c. Malone.

2 *But* he's *in*—] The old copy reads—But *is* in. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Malone.

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit* Luciana.
That he,[3] unknown to me, ſhould be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?[4]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a ſergeant, a'turns back for very fear.

[3] *That he,*] The original copy has—*Thus* he. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[4] ——*was he arreſted on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond.* A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band.* A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth.* On this circumſtance, I believe, the humour of the paſſage turns.

B. Jonſon, perſonifying the inſtruments of the law, ſays:

" ——Statute, and *band,* and wax ſhall go with me."

Again without perſonification:

" See here your mortgage, ſtatute, *band,* and wax."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix,* 1610:

" ——tye faſt your lands
" In ſtatute ſtaple, or theſe merchant's *bands.*"

Steevens.

Band is uſed in the ſenſe which is couched under the words, " a ſtronger thing," in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band.*"

See Minſheu's Dict. 1617, in v. " Band or Obligation." In the ſame column is found " A Band or thong to tie withal." Alſo " A Band for the neck, becauſe it ſerves to *bind* about the neck." Theſe ſufficiently explain the equivoque. Malone.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt,[5] and theft, and a ſergeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter; I am preſs'd down with conceit;[6]
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter Antipholus *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.

[5] *If* he *be in debt,*] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. Steevens.

For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. Mr. Rowe reads—If *time* &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *be*. Malone.

[6] —— *conceit*;] i. e. fanciful conception. So, in *K. Lear:*
" —— I know not how *conceit* may rob
" The treaſury of life." Steevens.

Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

DRO. S. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?[5]

ANT. S. What gold is this? What Adam doſt thou mean?

DRO. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes

[5] — *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*] A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident in copying, or at preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this. Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize;

What, have you got rid *of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?* For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The alluſion is to Adam in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the ſergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-ſkin, as the author humorouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers. So, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

" The regiſter of all varieties
" Since *leathern Adam*, to this younger hour." STEEVENS.

in the calf's-ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

Ant. S. I underſtand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.[6]

6 ——— *he that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* morris-*pike.*] *Sets up his reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortened their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which Froiſſart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketeers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion: no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakſpeare wrote,

——— *a* Maurice-*pike.*

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greateſt general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars againſt Spain, under whom all the Engliſh gentry and nobility were bred to the ſervice. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unneceſſarily of the *reſt of a muſket*, by which he makes the hero of the ſpeech ſet up the *reſt* of a *muſket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhown. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, ſir, the ſergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſays, *God give you good reſt!*

Ant. S. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in firſt principles. "*Moreſpikes* (ſays Langley in his tranſlation of *Polydore Virgil*) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high.

Morris pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's Legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers. So, in Heywood's *K. Edward IV.* 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down
"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen," &c.

Again, in Holinſhed, p. 816:

"——— they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought," &c. STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnſon's aſſertion that the Morris-Pike was uſed in the Morris-dance. Swords were ſometimes uſed upon that occaſion. It certainly means the *Mooriſh-pike*, which was very common in the 16th century. See Groſe's Hiſt. of the Engliſh Army, Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE.

The phraſe—*he that ſets up his reſt*, in this inſtance, ſignifies only, I believe, "he that *truſts*"—*is confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon:—"Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *ſet up their* REST upon the battle." Again, Clarendon—"they therefore reſolved to *ſet up their* REST upon that ſtake, and to go through with it, or periſh." This figure of ſpeech is certainly derived from *the* REST which Dr. Warburton has deſcribed, as that was the only kind of *reſt* which was ever *ſet up*. HENLEY.

Dro. S. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholus.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous, merry, ſir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.[7]

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon.[8]

[7] *We'll mend our dinner* here.] i. e. by purchaſing ſomething additional in the adjoining market. Malone.

[8] ——*if* you *do expect ſpoon-meat*, or *beſpeak a long ſpoon.*] The

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils aſk but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood,[9] a pin,
A nut, a cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

paſſage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a miſtake for *and*:

Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon meat, *and* beſpeak a long ſpoon. Ritson.

In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. I believe ſome other words were paſſed over by the compoſitor,—perhaps of this import:——"if you do expect ſpoon-meat, *either ſtay away*, or beſpeak a long ſpoon."

The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *The Tempeſt*. See Vol. III. p. 81, n. 5. Malone.

[9] —— *a* drop of blood,] So, in *The Witch* by Middleton, when a ſpirit deſcends, Hecate exclaims—

"There's one come downe to fetch his dues,
"A kiſſe, a coll, *a ſip of blood*," &c. Steevens.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know.

[*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Dro.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Epheſus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Epheſus *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.[8]

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I return'd.

[8] ——*will* pay *them all.*] i. e. ſerve to hit, ſtrike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "He *pays* you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on." STEEVENS.

Ant. E. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you. [*beating him.*

Off. Good ſir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

Dro. E. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

Dro. E. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.[9] I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I ſleep; raiſed with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *and the* Courtezan, *with* Pinch,[2] *and Others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

[9] —— *by my* long ears.] He means, that his maſter had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. Steevens.

[2] —— *Pinch,*] The direction in the old copy is,—— " and a

Dro. E. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*[a]

Ant. E. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*beats him.*

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how firy and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

ſchoolmaſter called Pinch." In many country villages the pedagogue is ſtill a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning *ſchool-maſter* in England, I mean a cunning man as a ſchoolmaſter; that is, a *conjuror*," &c.

STEEVENS.

[a] *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan againſt the lord of Liddington; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our author could ſhow that he could quibble as well in Engliſh, as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *propheſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wife owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

"*Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,*
"*That ſpeak and think contrary clean;*
"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

"But come, *reſpice funem.*" STEEVENS.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I cónjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?[3]
Did this companion[4] with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe?

Adr. O, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home![5] Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

Dro. E. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

Dro. E. Perdy,[6] your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

[3] ——*your* cuſtomers?] A *cuſtomer* is uſed in *Othello* for a common woman. Here it ſeems to ſignify one who viſits ſuch women. Malone.

[4] —— *companion* ——] A word of contempt, anciently uſed as we now uſe—*fellow.* Steevens.

[5] *I din'd at home!*] *I* is not found in the old copy. It was inſerted by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[6] *Perdy,*] A corruption of the common French oath—*Pardieu.* Chaucer's perſonages are frequent in their uſe of it. Steevens.

Ant. E. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

Dro. E. Certes,[5] ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal[6] ſcorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.

[5] *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly*. So, in *The Tempeſt:*
" For *certes*, theſe are people of the iſland." Steevens.

[6] —*kitchen-veſtal*—] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, to keep the fire burning. Johnson.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

Ant. E. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

[Pinch *and his aſſiſtants bind* Ant. *and* Dromio.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

Off. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?[7]
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

Off. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

[7] ——*thou* peeviſh *officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. Steevens.

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Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?

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The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

[7] ——*thou* peeviſh *officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. Steevens.

Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe.—O moſt unhappy day!

Ant. E. O moſt unhappy ſtrumpet![7]

Dro. E. Maſter, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good maſter; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Siſter, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* Pinch *and aſſiſtants with* Ant. *and* Dro.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldſmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the ſum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your huſband had of him.

Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.[8]

Cour. When as your huſband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,

[7] ——unhappy *ſtrumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here uſed in one of the ſenſes of *unlucky*; i. e. *miſchievous*. Steevens.

[8] *He did beſpeak a chain* for me, *but had it not.*] I ſuppoſe, the words—*for me*, which ſpoil the metre, might ſafely be omitted. Steevens.

(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus *of* Syracuſe, *with his rapier drawn, and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt Officer,* Adr. *and* Luc.

Ant. S. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff[9] from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

[9] ——*our* ſtuff—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were iſſued for the royal Progreſſes in the laſt century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. Malone.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

ANG. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

MER. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

ANG. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

MER. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuſe.

ANG. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

ANT. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

MER. Yes, that you did, ſir; and forſwore it too.

ANT. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, *and Others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;—
Some get within him,[8] take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.

Dro. S. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.[9]
This is ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt* Antiph. *and* Dromio *to the Priory.*

Enter the Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

[8] ——*get within him,*] i. e. cloſe with him, grapple with him. Steevens.

[9] ——*take a houſe.*] i. e. go into a houſe. So we ſay, a dog *takes the water.* Steevens.

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was;[9]
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?

Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, ſo I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in aſſemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy[2] of our conference:
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

[9] *And much*, much *different from the man he was*;] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt impairs the metre by omitting to repeat the word—*much*. Steevens.

[2] ——*the* copy—] i. e. the theme. We ſtill talk of ſetting *copies* for boys. Steevens.

It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;[3])
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop[4]

[3] *But moody and dull melancholy,*
(Kinſman *to grim and comfortleſs deſpair*;)] Shakſpeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as ſpurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the ſecond line, is a plain proof that ſome diſſyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at their *heels a huge infectious troop.*— HEATH.

It has been obſerved to me that *Mr. Capell* reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kinſ—
woman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;

yet, though the Roman language may allow of ſuch transfers from the end of one verſe to the beginning of the next, the cuſtom is unknown to Engliſh poetry, unleſs it be of the burleſque kind: It is too like Homer Traveſty:

" ——On this, Agam—
" memnon began to curſe and damn." STEEVENS.

Kinſman means no more than *near relation.* Many words are uſed by Shakſpeare with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only inſtance of ſuch a confuſion of genders. In *The Merchant of Venice,* Portia ſays,

" ——but now I was the *lord*
" Of this fair manſion, *maſter* of my ſervants,
" *Queen* o'er myſelf." RITSON.

[4] *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop*—] I have no doubt

Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.

Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have uſed the approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again: [5]
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;

the emendation propoſed by Mr. Heath [" *their heels*"] is right. In the Engliſh manuſcripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expreſſed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already met *their* for *her*, which has been rightly amended:

" Among my wife and *their* confederates——." Act IV. ſc. i.

MALONE.

[5] ——— *a* formal *man again:*] i. e. to bring him back to his ſenſes, and the forms of ſober behaviour. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,—" *informal* women," for juſt the contrary. STEEVENS.

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs,
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou ſhalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbeſs.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my huſband from the abbeſs.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am ſure, the duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death [6] and ſorry execution,[7]
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cauſe?

Mer. To ſee a reverend Syracuſan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay

[6] *The place of* death —] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. Malone.

[7] —— ſorry *execution*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

" Of *ſorrieſt* fancies your companions making."

Sorry, had anciently a ſtronger meaning than at preſent. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

" This Frere, whan he loked had his fill
" Upon the turments of this *ſory* place."

Again, in *The Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is deſcribed:

" All full of chirking was that *ſory* place." Steevens.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

" This is a *ſorry* ſight." Henley.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *ſorry*, in the text, is put for *ſorrowful*. Steevens.

Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence,

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he paſs the abbey.

Enter Duke *attended*; Ægeon *bare-headed*; *with the Headſman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your grace, Antipholus, my huſband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,[8]—this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurried through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)

[8] *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*
At your important *letters,*] *Important* ſeems to be uſed for *importunate.* Johnson.

So, in *King Lear:*

" ——great France
" My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied."

Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576: " —yet won by *importance* accepted his courteſie."

Shakſpeare, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of his own, ſeems from this paſſage to allude to a *court of wards* in Epheſus.

The *court of wards* was always conſidered as a grievous oppreſſion. Is is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner:*

" ——theſe ryche men ben unkinde:
" Wydowes do curſe lordes and gentyllmen,
" For *they contrayne them to marry with their men*;
" Ye, wheder they wyll or no." Steevens.

Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order[9] for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,[2]
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himſelf,[3]
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chaſed us away; till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſued them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars;

[9] —*to take* order—] i. e. to *take meaſures*. So, in *Othello*, Act V. "Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." Steevens.

[2] —— *by what* ſtrong *eſcape*,] Though *ſtrong* is not unintelligible, I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*ſtrange*. The two words are often confounded in the old copies. Malone.

A *ſtrong eſcape*, I ſuppoſe, means an eſcape effected by *ſtrength* or violence. Steevens.

[3] *And, with his mad attendant* and *himſelf*,] We ſhould read:
—— mad *himſelf*. Warburton.

We might read:
And here *his mad attendant and himſelf*.

Yet, as Mr. Ritſon obſerves, the meeting to which Adriana alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more properly ſuppoſe our author wrote—
And *then* his mad attendant and himſelf. Steevens.

I ſuſpect, Shakſpeare is himſelf anſwerable for this inaccuracy. Malone.

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row,[4] and bound the doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;[5]
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:

[4] *Beaten the maids* a-row,] i. e. ſucceſſively, one after another. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6836, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

" A thouſand time *a-row* he gan hire kiſſe." Steevens.

Again, in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, p. 288:

" I ſhall tell thee *arowe* all that I ſawe."
" Ordine tibi viſa omnia exponam." Douce.

[5] *Whoſe beard they have ſinged off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumſtance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but it is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidſt all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

" *Obvius ambuſtum torrem Corinæus ab ara*
" *Corripit, et venienti Ebuſo, plagamque ferenti,*
" *Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*
" *Nidoremque ambuſta dedit.*" Virg. Æneis, Lib. XII.
Steevens.

Shakſpeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have ſeen this method of ſhaving in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's tranſlation, in which ἀνθρακες may be tranſlated *brands*.
S. W.

North gives it thus—" with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly buſh of heare rounde about." Steevens.

My maſter preaches patience to him, while[6]
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:[7]
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.

Serv. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face,[8] and to diſfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

[6] *My maſter preaches patience to him, while*—] The old copy redundantly reads—*and the* while. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, by omitting the unneceſſary ſyllables. Steevens.

[7] *His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this alluſion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the cuſtom to cut the hair of idiots cloſe to their heads. There is a proverbial ſimile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to theſe unfortunate beings.
Steevens.

There is a penalty of ten ſhillings in one of king Alfred's eccleſiaſtical laws, if one opprobriouſly *ſhave* a common man like a *fool*.
Tollet.

Fools undoubtedly were ſhaved and *nick'd* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Choice of Change, containing the triplicitie of Divinitie, Philoſophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: "Three things uſed by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *ſhaven and notched on the head, like fooles.*"
See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. "*Zuccone.* A ſhaven pate, a *notted* poule; a poule-pate; a gull, a ninnie."
Malone.

The hair of idiots is ſtill cut cloſe to their heads, to prevent the conſequences of uncleanlineſs. Ritson.

[8] *To* ſcorch *your face,*] We ſhould read *ſcotch*, i. e. hack, cut.
Warburton.

Adr. Ah me, it is my huſband! Witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Ant. E. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, oh, grant me juſtice!
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Æge. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there.
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me,
While ſhe with harlots[8] feaſted in my houſe.

To *ſcorch*, I believe, is right. He would have puniſhed her as he had puniſhed the conjurer before. Steevens.

[8] ——*with harlots*—] Antipholus did not ſuſpect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impoſe on him and abuſe him. Therefore, he ſays to her Act IV. ſc. iv:

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didſt thou
ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myſelf, he, and my
ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: So befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your highneſs ſimple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworn.
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am adviſed[9] what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,

" ——are theſe your cuſtomers?
" Did this companion with the ſaffron face
" Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day?"

By this deſcription he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbacchio ſays to Volpone:

" ——Out *harlot!*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ——for the *harlot* king
" Is quite beyond mine arm.——"

Again, in the ancient myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512. *Herod* ſays to *Watkin:*

" Nay, *harlott*, abyde ſtylle with my knyghts I warne the."—

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 5 vols. 8vo. 1775, obſerves, that in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's tranſlation of *Roy des ribaulx*. Chaucer uſes the word more than once:

" A ſturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
" That was hir hoſts man," &c. *Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyers' Play*, among the Cheſter Collection in the Muſeum, Antichriſt ſays to the male characters on the ſtage:

" Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye?" Steevens.

[9] ——*I am adviſed*—] i. e. I am not going to ſpeak precipitately or raſhly, but on reflexion and conſideration. Steevens.

Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By the way we met
My wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man:[2] this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether

[2] *A living dead man:*] This thought appears to have been borrowed from *Sackvil's Induction* to the *Mirror for Magiſtrates:*

" —— but as a *lyuing death,*
" So *ded aliue* of life hee drew the breath." STEEVENS.

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within theſe abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he dined at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated,[1] or ſtark mad.
[*Exit an Attendant.*

Æge. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?

Æge. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never ſaw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;

[1] ——*mated,*] See p. 259, n. 6. Malone.

And careful hours, with Time's deformed [4] hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures [5] in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.

Æge. I am ſure, thou doſt.

Dro. E. Ay, ſir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.[6]

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon

[4] ——*deformed*—] For *deforming*. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſtrange defeatures*—] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. Johnson.

Defeatures are *undoings*, *miſcarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *defaire*, Fr. So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:

" The day before the night of my *defeature*, (i. e. undoing.)
" He greets me with a caſket richly wrought."

The ſenſe is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by miſery. Misfortune has left its impreſſion on my face. Steevens.

Defeature is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*, So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——to croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature,
" To mingle beauty with infirmities,
" And pure perfection with impure *defeature*." Malone.

Defeatures are certainly neither more nor leſs than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor leſs than *merits*. Time, ſays Ægeon, hath placed *new and ſtrange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou doſt not know me. Ritson.

[6] ——*you are now* bound *to believe him*.] Dromio is ſtill quibbling on his favourite topick. See p. 308. Malone.

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?[7]
Though now this grained face[8] of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes (I cannot err,)[9]
Tell me, thou art my ſon Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Æge. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou know'ſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,

[7] ——*my feeble key of untun'd cares?*] i. e. the weak and diſcordant tone of my voice that is changed by grief. Douce.

[8] ——*this* grained *face*——] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood*. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——my *grained* aſh." Steevens.

[9] *All theſe* old *witneſſes* (*I cannot err,*)] I believe ſhould be read:

All theſe hold *witneſſes* I *cannot err.*

i. e. all theſe continue to teſtify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. Warburton.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the moſt poetical. The words *I cannot err,* ſhould be thrown into a parentheſis. By *old witneſſes* I believe he means *experienced, accuſtom'd ones,* which are therefore leſs likely to err. So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" If theſe be *true ſpies* that I wear in my head," &c.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus,* ſc. ult:

" But if my frofty ſigns and chaps of age,
" *Grave witneſſes* of true experience," &c. Steevens.

During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſs, *with* ANTIPHOLUS Syracuſan *and* DROMIO Syracuſan.

ABB. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*

ADR. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE. One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: Which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO. S. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.

DRO. E. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.

ANT. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

DRO. S. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

ABB. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons:
O, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!

ÆGE. If I dream not,[a] thou art Æmilia;

[a] *If I dream not,*] In the old copy this ſpeech of Ægeon, and the ſubſequent one of the Abbeſs, follow the ſpeech of the Duke, beginning with the words—"Why, here" &c. The tranſpoſition was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. It ſcarcely requires any juſtification. Ægeon's anſwer to Æmilia's adjuration would neceſſarily immediately ſucceed to it. Beſides, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, as theſe ſpeeches ſtand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words, before ſhe has uttered them: The ſlight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning ſtory right:[3]
Theſe two Antipholus's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,[4]—
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,[5]—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

Ant. S. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.

That however will ſcarcely remove the difficulty: the *next* ſpeech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one ſhould precede the duke's; or there is poſſibly a line loſt. Ritson.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens juſtly remarks, one of Shakſpeare's overſights, as the Abbeſs had not hinted at her ſhipwreck. But poſſibly we ſhould read—

Beſides *his* urging of her wreck at ſea. M. Mason.

[3] *Why, here begins his* morning *ſtory right:*] "The *morning* ſtory" is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the firſt ſcene of this play. Holt White.

[4] ——*ſemblance,*] *Semblance* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved) is here a triſyllable. Steevens.

[5] ——*of her wreck at ſea,*] I ſuſpect that a line following this has been loſt; the import of which was, that *Theſe circumſtances all concurred to prove*—that Theſe were the parents, &c. The line which I ſuppoſe to have been loſt, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the ſame word, the omiſſion might have been occaſioned by the compoſitor's eye glancing from one to the other. Malone.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I gentle miſtreſs.

Adr. And are not you my huſband?

Ant. E. No, I ſay nay to that.

Ant. S. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.

Ang. I think I did, ſir; I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.

Ant. E. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:—
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.—
Twenty-five years[7] have I but gone in travail
Of you, my ſons; nor, till this preſent hour,[8]
My heavy burdens are delivered:—
The duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,

[7] *Twenty-five years*—] In former editions:
Thirty-three *years*.
'Tis impoſſible the poet ſhould be ſo forgetful, as to deſign this number here; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonſtration. The number, I preſume, was at firſt wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the miſtake might ariſe. Ægeon, in the firſt ſcene of the firſt act, is preciſe as to the time his ſon left him, in queſt of his brother:
My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; &c.
And how long it was from the ſon's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Epheſus, where Ægeon, miſtakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as preciſely learn from another paſſage in the fifth act:
Æge. *But* ſeven *years ſince, in Syracuſa bay,*
Thou know'ſt we parted;
ſo that theſe two numbers, put together, ſettle the date of their birth beyond diſpute. THEOBALD.

[8] —— nor, *till this preſent hour*,] The old copy reads—*and* till —. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. *Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and go with me;[9]
After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity![2]

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbeſs, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, *and Attendants.*

Dro. S. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholus S. *and* E. Adr. *and* Luc,

[9] ——*and go with me;*] We ſhould read:
——*and* gaude *with me*;
i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir.* Warburton.

The ſenſe is clear enough without the alteration. The Reviſal offers to read, more plauſibly, I think:
——joy *with me.*

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:—"I have good cauſe to ſet the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudye* chere."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. xi:
"Let's have one other *gaudy* night."

In the novel of M. Alberto of Bologna, the author adviſeth gentlewomen "to beware how they contrive their holyday talke, by waſte wordes iſſuing forth their delicate mouths in carping, *gauding*, and jeſting at young gentlemen, and ſpeciallye old men," &c. Palace of Pleaſure, 1582. Vol. I. fol. 60. Steevens.

[2] *After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity!*] We ſhould ſurely read:
After ſo long grief, ſuch feſtivity.

Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy. Johnson.

The old reading may be right. She has juſt ſaid, that to her, her ſons were not *born* till now. Steevens.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glaſs, and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

Dro. S. Not I, ſir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the ſenior: till then, lead thou firſt.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*[3]

[3] On a careful reviſion of the foregoing ſcenes, I do not heſitate to pronounce them the compoſition of two very unequal writers. Shakſpeare had undoubtedly a ſhare in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick ſays) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake."

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of character; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how the denoüement will be brought about. Yet the ſubject appears to have been reluctantly diſmiſſed, even in this laſt and unneceſſary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.

The long doggrel verſes that Shakſpeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was uſually attributed by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to ſome of their inferior characters; and this circumſtance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the ſame kind of verſification is likewiſe found,) among our author's earlieſt productions; compoſed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the

common track." As theſe early pieces are now not eaſily met with, I ſhall ſubjoin a few extracts from ſome of them:

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

" *Royſt.* If your name to me you will declare and ſhowe,
" You may in this matter my minde the ſooner knowe.
" *Tof.* Few wordes are beſt among freends, this is true,
" Wherefore I ſhall briefly ſhow my name unto you.
" Tom Toſpot it is, it need not to be painted,
" Wherefore I with Raiſe Roiſter muſt needs be acquainted," &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.*

[About 1570.]

" *Shift.* By gogs bloud, my maiſters, wee were not beſt longer here to ſtaie,
" I thinke was never ſuche a craftie knave before this daie.
[*Exeunt* Ambo.
" *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, ha, wel fare old Shift at a neede:
" By his woundes had I not deviſed this, I had hanged indeede.
" Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinks; Ile meddle with them no more;
" I thinke was never knave ſo uſed by a companie of tinkers before.
" By your leave Ile bee ſo bolde as to looke about me and ſpie,
" Leaſt any knaves for my commyng doune in ambuſh doe lie.
" By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
" My tinkerly ſlaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie ſee." &c.

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

" The wind is yl blows no man's gaine; for cold I neede not care,
" Here is nine and twentie ſutes of apparel for my ſhare;
" And ſome, berlady, very good, for ſo ſtandeth the caſe,
" As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos ſheweth any grace;
" But I marvel much, poore ſlaves, that they are hanged ſo ſoone,
" They were wont to ſtaye a day or two, now ſcarce an afternoone." &c.

* This dramatick piece, in its entire ſtate, has not been met with. The only fragment of it known to be exiſting, is in my poſſeſſion. STEEVENS.

THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

" You think I am going to market to buy roſt meate, do ye not?
" I thought ſo, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
" I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe,
" But I am going to a bloodſucker, and who is it? faith Uſurie, that theefe."

THE COBLER'S PROPHECY.

1594.

" Quoth Niceneſs to Newfangle, thou art ſuch a Jacke,
" That thou deviſeſt fortie faſhions for my ladie's backe.
" And thou, quoth he, art ſo poſſeſst with everie frantick toy,
" That following of my ladie's humour thou doſt make her coy,
" For once a day for faſhion-ſake my lady muſt be ſicke,
" No meat but mutton, or at moſt the pinion of a chicke:
" To-day her owne haire beſt becomes, which yellow is as gold,
" A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold:
" To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk ſhe will be bold,
" To-morrow cuffes and countenance, for feare of catching cold:
" Now is ſhe barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on her mufler goes;
" Now is ſhe hufft up to the crowne, ſtraight nuſled to the noſe."

See alſo *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Damon and Pythias*, &c.

MALONE.

M A C B E T H.*

* MACBETH.] In order to make a true eſtimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always neceſſary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who ſhould now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the aſſiſtance of ſupernatural agents, would be cenſured as tranſgreſſing the bounds of probability, be baniſhed from the theatre to the nurſery, and condemned to write fairy tales inſtead of tragedies; but a ſurvey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that Shakſpeare was in no danger of ſuch cenſures, ſince he only turned the ſyſtem that was then univerſally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburdening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not ſtrictly the ſame, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in moſt, by the learned themſelves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkneſs of ignorance has been more groſs; but it cannot be ſhown, that the brighteſt gleams of knowledge have at any time been ſufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, ſeems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Chriſtians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical oppoſition, as they aſcribed their ſucceſs to the aſſiſtance of their military ſaints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the firſt accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by thoſe who returned from their eaſtern expeditions. But there is always ſome diſtance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedneſs: this opinion had long exiſted, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been ſo frequent, nor the reception ſo general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practiſed this kind of military magic, and having promiſed χάριν ὁπλίτων κατὰ βαρβάρων ἰσχύειν, *to perform great things againſt the Barbarians without ſoldiers*, was, at the inſtance of the empreſs Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empreſs ſhowed ſome kindneſs in her anger, by cutting him off at a time ſo convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. Chryſoſtom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a ſcene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he ſuppoſes a ſpectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of deſtruction, and the arts of ſlaughter. Διεγήτω δὲ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἱππείοις καὶ τετμημένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσην γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to ſhow him in the oppoſite armies horſes flying by enchantment, armed men tranſported through the air, and every power and form of magic.*

Whether St. Chryſoſtom believed that ſuch performances were really to be ſeen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his deſcription, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that ſuch notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occaſion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally diſcovers prodigies, but as the ſcene of action was removed to a great diſtance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increaſing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft ſtill continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whoſe conviction is ſtill commemorated in an annual ſermon at Huntingdon. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumſtances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in perſon a woman accuſed of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illuſions of evil ſpirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies uſed by them, the manner of detecting them, and the juſtice of puniſhing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottiſh dialect, and publiſhed at Edinburgh. This book was, ſoon after his ſucceſſion, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his ſpeculations, the ſyſtem of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who deſired either to gain preferment or not to loſe it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greateſt part of mankind have no other reaſon for their opinions than that they are in faſhion, it cannot be doubted but this perſuaſion made a rapid progreſs, ſince vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection ſoon reached the parliament, who, in the firſt year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any perſon ſhall uſe any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked ſpirit; 2. or ſhall conſult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or curſed ſpirit to or for any intent or purpoſe; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the ſkin, bone, or any part of the dead perſon, to be employed or uſed in any manner of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or ſhall uſe, practiſe, or exerciſe any ſort of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any perſon ſhall be deſtroyed, killed, waſted, conſumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every ſuch perſon being convicted ſhall ſuffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakſpeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once eſtabliſhed by law and by the faſhion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are

always ſeen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day diſcovered, and multiplied ſo faſt in ſome places, that biſhop Hall mentions a village in Lancaſhire,* where their number was greater than that of the houſes. The jeſuits and ſectaries took advantage of this univerſal error, and endeavoured to promote the intereſt of their parties by pretended cures of perſons afflicted by evil ſpirits; but they were detected and expoſed by the clergy of the eſtabliſhed church.

Upon this general infatuation Shakſpeare might be eaſily allowed to found a play, eſpecially ſince he has followed with great exactneſs ſuch hiſtories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the ſcenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himſelf and his audience thought awful and affecting.

JOHNSON.

In the concluding paragraph of Dr. Johnſon's admirable introduction to this play, he ſeems apprehenſive that the fame of Shakſpeare's magic may be endangered by modern ridicule. I ſhall not heſitate, however, to predict its ſecurity, till our national taſte is wholly corrupted, and we no longer deſerve the firſt of all dramatic enjoyments; for ſuch, in my opinion at leaſt, is the tragedy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

Malcolm II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldeſt was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Iſles, and weſtern parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male iſſue, Duncan ſucceeded to the throne. Malcolm's ſecond daughter was married to Sinel, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his couſin german, Macbeth, in the caſtle of Inverneſs, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whoſe hiſtory of Scotland was firſt printed in ſeventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus deſcribes the event which forms the baſis of the tragedy before us: "Makbeth, be perſuaſion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counſall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for ye tyme. And becauſe he fand ſufficient opportunitie, *be ſupport of Banquho* and otheris his friendis, he ſlew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chroniclis of Scotland*, tranſlated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was

* In Naſhe's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, it is ſaid, that no leſs than ſix hundred witches were executed at one time: "—it is evident by the confeſſion of the ſix hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew tide was twelve month, that in Yarmouth road they were all together in a plump on Chriſtmas eve was two years, when the great flood was; and there ſtirred up ſuch tornadoes and furicanoes of tempeſts, as will be ſpoken of there whilſt any winds or ſtorms and tempeſts chaſe and puff in the lower region." REED.

himſelf ſlain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confeſſor poſſeſſed the throne of England. Holinſhed copied the hiſtory of Boethius, and on Holinſhed's relation Shakſpeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of ſome of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerouſly wounded in the affray, the perſons concerned in this outrage were ſummoned to appear at a certain day. But they ſlew the *ſerjeant at arms* who ſummoned them, and choſe one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald ſpeedily collected a conſiderable body of forces from Ireland and the Weſtern Iſles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottiſh nobleman, who was (ſays Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was ſlain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a caſtle in Lochaber, firſt ſlew his wife and children, and then himſelf. Macbeth on entering the caſtle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the caſtle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a ſubſequent period, in the laſt year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpoſe of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately aſſembled an army to oppoſe him, and gave the command of two diviſions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himſelf at the head of a third. Sueno was ſucceſsful in one battle, but in a ſecond was routed; and after a great ſlaughter of his troops he eſcaped with ten perſons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invaſion of Sueno, our author has woven theſe two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the preſent play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's hiſtory as a ſubject for the ſtage. "*Multa hic fabuloſe quidam noſtrorum affingunt; ſed, quia* theatris *aut Mileſiis fabulis ſunt aptiora quam hiſtoriæ, ea omitto.* RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no tranſlation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and *An attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

PERSONS represented.

Duncan, *King of* Scotland:
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *his ſons.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's army.*
Macduff, Lenox, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *Earl of* Northumberland, *General of the* Engliſh *forces:*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An Engliſh *Doctor.* *A* Scotch *Doctor.*
A Soldier. *A Porter.* *An old Man.*

Lady Macbeth.[a]
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Meſſengers.
The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; *through the reſt of the play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *caſtle.*

[a] *Lady Macbeth.*] Her name was *Gruach.* See Lord Hailes's Annals of Scotland, II. 332. RITSON.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.* When ſhall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2. *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,[3]
When the battle's loſt and won;[4]

[3] —*hurlyburly's*—] However mean this word may ſeem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakſpeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who in the year 1577 publiſhed a book profeſſing to treat of the *ornaments* of language. It is called the Garden of Eloquence, and has this paſſage. "Onomatopeia, when we invent, deviſe, fayne, and make a name imitating the ſownd of that it ſignifyeth, as *hurliburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous ſtirre*." Henderson.

So, in a tranſlation of *Herodian*, 12mo. 1635, p. 26:
"——there was a mighty *hurlyburly* in the campe," &c.
Again, p. 324:
"——great *hurliburlies* being in all parts of the empire," &c.
Reed.

[4] *When the battle's loſt and won:*] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. Warburton.

So, in *King Richard III:*
"——while we reaſon here,
"A royal battle might be *won and loſt*."
So alſo Speed, ſpeaking of the battle of Towton: "—by which only ſtratagem, as it was conſtantly averred, the battle and day was *loſt and won*." Chronicle, 1611. Malone.

3. *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.[5]

1. *Witch.* Where the place?

2. *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.[6]

[5] ——— *ere ſet of ſun.*] The old copy unneceſſarily and harſhly reads—

——ere *the* ſet of ſun. Steevens.

[6] *There to meet with Macbeth.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope, and, after him, other editors:

There I go *to meet Macbeth.*

The inſertion, however, ſeems to be injudicious. To *meet with Macbeth* was the final driſt of all the witches in going to the heath, and not the particular buſineſs or motive of any one of them in diſtinction from the reſt; as the interpolated words, *I go*, in the mouth of the third witch, would moſt certainly imply.

Somewhat, however (as the verſe is evidently imperfect) muſt have been left out by the tranſcriber or printer. Mr. Capell has therefore propoſed to remedy this defect, by reading—

There to meet with *brave* Macbeth.

But ſurely, to beings intent only on miſchief, a ſoldier's bravery in an honeſt cauſe, would have been no ſubject of encomium.

Mr. Malone (omitting all previous remarks, &c. on this paſſage) aſſures us that—"*There* is here uſed as a diſſyllable." I wiſh he had ſupported his aſſertion by ſome example. Thoſe however, who can ſpeak the line thus regulated, and ſuppoſe they are reciting a verſe, may profit by the direction they have received.

The pronoun "*their*," having two vowels together, may be ſplit into two ſyllables; but the adverb "*there*" can only be uſed as a monoſyllable, unleſs pronounced as if it were written "the-re," a licence in which even Chaucer has not indulged himſelf.

It was convenient for Shakſpeare's introductory ſcene, that his firſt witch ſhould appear uninſtructed in her miſſion. Had ſhe not required information, the audience muſt have remained ignorant of what it was neceſſary for them to know. Her ſpeeches therefore proceed in the form of interrogatories; but, all on a ſudden, an anſwer is given to a queſtion which had not been aſked. Here ſeems to be a chaſm which I ſhall attempt to ſupply by the introduction of a ſingle pronoun, and by diſtributing the hitherto mutilated line, among the three ſpeakers:

1. *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin![7]
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.[8]—

3. *Witch.* There to meet with—
1. *Witch.* *Whom?*
2. *Witch.* Macbeth.

Diſtinct replies have now been afforded to the three neceſſary enquiries—*When*—*Where*—and *Whom* the witches were to meet. Their conference receives no injury from my inſertion and arrangement. On the contrary, the dialogue becomes more regular and conſiſtent, as each of the hags will now have ſpoken *thrice*, (a magical number) before they join in utterance of the concluding words which relate only to themſelves.—I ſhould add, that, in the two prior inſtances, it is alſo the ſecond witch who furniſhes deciſive and material anſwers; and that I would give the words—"I come, Graymalkin!" to the third. By aſſiſtance from ſuch of our author's plays as had been publiſhed in quarto, we have often detected more important errors in the folio 1623, which, unluckily, ſupplies the moſt ancient copy of *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Graymalkin!*] From a little black-letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584. I find it was permitted to a Witch *to take on her a cattes body nine times*. Mr. Upton obſerves, that, to underſtand this paſſage, we ſhould ſuppoſe one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play): "Moreover ſhe confeſſed, that at the time when his majeſtie was in Denmarke, ſhee beeing accompanied with the parties before ſpecially mentioned, tooke a *cat* and chriſtened it, and afterward bound to each part of that *cat* the cheefeſt parte of a dead man, and ſeveral joyntes of his bodie, and that in the night following the ſaid *cat* was convayed into the middeſt of the ſea by all theſe witches ſayling in their riddles or cives as is aforeſaid, and ſo left the ſaid *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This doone, there did ariſe ſuch a tempeſt in the ſea, as a greater hath not bene ſeene," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Paddock calls:*—&c.] This, with the two following lines, is given in the folio to the three Witches. Some preceding editors have appropriated the firſt of them to the ſecond Witch.

According to the late Dr. Goldſmith, and ſome other naturaliſts, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North; as in the following inſtance in *Cæſar and Pompey*, by Chapman, 1607:

"——*Paddockes*, todes, and waterſnakes."

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:[9]
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[Witches *vaniſh.*

In Shakſpeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The repreſentation of St. James in the witches' houſe (one of the ſet of prints taken from the painter called *Helliſh Breugel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire ſit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat* and a *toad*, with ſeveral *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a ſnake, as an ingredient for the charm. A repreſentation ſomewhat ſimilar likewiſe occurs in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. STEEVENS.

" ——Some ſay, they [witches] can keepe devils and ſpirits, in the likeneſs of todes and cats." Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, [1584.] Book I. c. iv. TOLLET.

[9] *Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*] i. e. we make theſe ſudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, ſpeaking of this day, ſoon after ſays:

So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen. WARBURTON.

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had abſolute power over the weather, and could raiſe ſtorms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleaſed. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addreſſes them in the fourth act:

Though you untie the winds, &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverſe and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion ſeems to have been proverbial. Spenſer has it in the 4th book of the *Faery Queen*:

" Then *fair grew foul*, and *foul grew fair* in ſight."
FARMER.

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

DUN. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The neweſt ſtate.

MAL. This is the ſergeant,[2]
Who, like a good and hardy ſoldier, fought
'Gainſt my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didſt leave it.

SOLD. Doubtfully it ſtood;[3]

[2] *This is the* ſergeant,] Holinſhed is the beſt interpreter of Shakſpeare in his hiſtorical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expreſſions. That hiſtorian, in his account of Macdowald's rebellion, mentions, that on the firſt appearance of a mutinous ſpirit among the people, the king ſent a *ſergeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to anſwer the charge preferred againſt them; but they, inſtead of obeying, *miſuſed the meſſenger with ſundry reproaches, and finally ſlew him.* This *ſergeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding ſergeant* introduced on the preſent occaſion. Shakſpeare juſt caught *the name* from Holinſhed, but the reſt of the ſtory not ſuiting his purpoſe, he does not adhere to it. The ſtage-direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet. STEEVENS.

[3] *Doubtfully it ſtood*;] Mr. Pope, who introduced the epithet *long*, to aſſiſt the metre, and reads—Doubtful *long* it ſtood,—has thereby injured the ſenſe. If the compariſon was meant to coincide in all circumſtances, the ſtruggle could not be *long*. I read—
Doubtfully it ſtood;

As two ſpent ſwimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The mercileſs Macdonwald [4]
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,[5]
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him,) from the weſtern iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowglaſſes is ſupplied; [6]

The old copy has—Doubtfull—ſo that my addition conſiſts of but a ſingle letter. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Macdonwald*——] Thus the old copy. According to Holinſhed we ſhould read—*Macdowald.* STEEVENS.

So alſo the Scottiſh Chronicles. However, it is poſſible that Shakſpeare might have preferred the name that has been ſubſtituted, as better ſounding. It appears from a ſubſequent ſcene that he had attentively read Holinſhed's account of the murder of king Duff, by *Donwald,* Lieutenant of the caſtle of Fores; in conſequence of which he might, either from inadvertence or choice, have here written—*Macdonwald.* MALONE.

[5] ——to *that,* &c.] i. e. *in addition* to that. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida,* Act I. ſc. i:

"The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful *to* their ſtrength,
"Fierce *to* their ſkill, and *to* their fierceneſs valiant."

The ſoldier who deſcribes Macdonwald, ſeems to mean, that, *in addition to his aſſumed character of rebel, he abounds with the numerous enormities to which man, in his natural ſtate, is liable.*
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*from the weſtern iſles*
Of *Kernes and Gallowglaſſes is ſupplied*;] Whether *ſupplied of,* for *ſupplied from* or *with,* was a kind of Greciſm of Shakſpeare's expreſſion; or whether *of* be a corruption of the editors, who took *Kernes and Gallowglaſſes,* which were only light and heavy armed foot, to be the names of two of the weſtern iſlands, I don't know. *Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis ſimilia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ quos* Kernos *vocant, nec non ſecures & loricæ ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos* Galloglaſſios *appellant.* Waræi Antiq. Hiber. cap. vi. WARBURTON.

Of and *with* are indiſcriminately uſed by our ancient writers.
So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"Perform'd *of* pleaſure by your ſon the prince."

And fortune, on his damned quarrel ſmiling,[7]

Again, in *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, hiſt. vi: "Sypontus in the mean time is prepared *of* two wicked gondaliers," &c. Again, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Sun*, b. l. no date: "—he was well garniſhed *of* ſpear, ſword, and armoure," &c. Theſe are a few out of a thouſand inſtances which might be brought to the ſame purpoſe.

Kernes and *Gallowglaſſes* are characterized in the Legend of *Roger Mortimer*. See *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*:

"——the *Gallowglas*, the *Kerne*,
"Yield or not yield, whom ſo they take, they ſlay."

STEEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow-groſſes*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] *And fortune, on his damned* quarrel *ſmiling*,] The old copy has—*quarry*; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly uſed for *cauſe*, or for *the occaſion of a quarrel*, and is to be found in that ſenſe in Holinſhed's account of the ſtory of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland, thought, ſays the hiſtorian, that he had *a juſt quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The ſenſe therefore is, *Fortune ſmiling on his execrable cauſe*, &c. JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinſhed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a ſufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakſpeare: "Out of the weſtern iſles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to aſſiſt him in that rebellious *quarrel*." Beſides, Macdowald's *quarry* (i. e. game) muſt have conſiſted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the ſpeaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them? and what have the ſmiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her buſineſs is then at an end. Her ſmiles or frowns are no longer of any conſequence. We only talk of theſe, while we are purſuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain.

STEEVENS.

The reading propoſed by Dr. Johnſon, and his explanation of it, are ſtrongly ſupported by a paſſage in our author's *King John*:

"——And put his *cauſe* and *quarrel*
"To the diſpoſing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

"——and the chance, of goodneſs,
"Be like our warranted *quarrel*."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact oppoſite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated.

Show'd like a rebel's whore: [8] But all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deſerves that name,)
Diſdaining fortune, with his brandiſh'd ſteel,
Which ſmok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his paſſage, till he fac'd the ſlave; [9]
And ne'er ſhook hands, [2] nor bade farewell to him,

Lord Bacon, in his *Eſſays*, uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe: "Wives are young men's miſtreſſes, companions for middle age, and old men's nurſes; ſo as a man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will." MALONE.

[8] *Show'd like a rebel's whore:*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that fortune, while ſhe ſmiled on him, deceived him. Shakſpeare probably alludes to Macdowald's firſt ſucceſsful action, elated by which he attempted to purſue his fortune, but loſt his life. MALONE.

[9] *Like valour's minion,*
Carv'd out his paſſage, till he fac'd the ſlave;] The old copy reads—

Like valour's minion, carv'd out his paſſage
Till he fac'd the ſlave.

As an hemiſtich muſt be admitted, it ſeems more favourable to the metre that it ſhould be found where it is now left.—*Till he fac'd the ſlave*, could never be deſigned as the beginning of a verſe, if harmony were at all attended to in its conſtruction. STEEVENS.

Like valour's minion,] So, in *King John:*

"——fortune ſhall cull forth,
"Out of one ſide, her happy *minion*." MALONE.

[2] And ne'er *ſhook hands*, &c.] The old copy reads—*Which nev'r.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope, inſtead of *which*, here and in many other places, reads—*who*. But there is no need of change. There is ſcarcely one of our author's plays in which he has not uſed *which* for *who*. So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "—the old ſhepherd, *which* ſtands by," &c. MALONE.

The old reading—*Which never*, appears to indicate that ſome antecedent words, now irretrievable, were omitted in the play-houſe manuſcript; unleſs the compoſitor's eye had caught *which* from a foregoing line, and printed it inſtead of *And*. *Which*, in the preſent inſtance, cannot well have been ſubſtituted for *who*, becauſe it will refer to the *ſlave* Macdonel, inſtead of his conqueror Macbeth. STEEVENS.

Till he unſeam'd him from the nave to the chops,[s]
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant couſin! worthy gentleman!

[s] —— *he unſeam'd him from the* nave *to the chops,*] We ſeldom hear of ſuch terrible croſs blows given and received but by giants and miſcreants in *Amadis de Gaule.* Beſides, it muſt be a ſtrange aukward ſtroke that could unrip him upwards from the *navel* to the *chops.* But Shakſpeare certainly wrote:

—— *he unſeam'd him from the* nape *to the chops.*

i. e. cut his ſkull in two; which might be done by a Highlander's ſword. This was a reaſonable blow, and very naturally expreſſed, on ſuppoſing it given when the head of the wearied combatant was reclining downwards at the latter end of a long duel. For the *nape* is the hinder part of the neck, where the *vertebræ* join to the bone of the ſkull. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"O! that you could turn your eyes towards the *napes* of your necks."

The word *unſeamed* likewiſe becomes very proper; and alludes to the ſuture which goes croſs the crown of the head in that direction called the *ſutura ſagittalis*; and which, conſequently, muſt be opened by ſuch a ſtroke. It is remarkable, that Milton, who in his youth read and imitated our poet much, particularly in his *Comus*, was misled by this corrupt reading. For in the manuſcript of that poem, in Trinity-College library, the following lines are read thus:

"Or drag him by the curls, *and cleave his ſcalpe*
"*Down to the hippes.*"

An evident imitation of this corrupted paſſage. But he alter'd it with better judgement to:

"—— to a foul death
"Curs'd as his life." WARBURTON.

The old reading is certainly the true one, being juſtified by a paſſage in *Dido Queene of Carthage*, by Tho. Naſh, 1594:

"Then from the *navel* to the throat at once
"He *ript* old Priam."

So likewiſe in an ancient MS. entitled *The boke of huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game:* Cap. V. "Som men haue ſey hym ſlitte a man *fro the kne up to the breſt*, and ſlee hym all ſtarke dede at o ſtrok." STEEVENS.

Again, by the following paſſage in an unpubliſhed play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the ſame wound is deſcribed, though the ſtroke is reverſed:

"Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from *neck* to NAVEL,
"Though there's ſmall glory in't." MALONE.

Sold. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflexion[3]
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;[4]
So from that ſpring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells.[5] Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No ſooner juſtice had, with valour arm'd,

[3] *As whence the ſun* 'gins *his reflection*—] The thought is expreſſed with ſome obſcurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the ſame quarter, whence the bleſſing of day-light ariſes, ſometimes ſends us, by a dreadful reverſe, the calamities of ſtorms and tempeſts; ſo the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promiſed us the comforts of peace, was immediately ſucceeded by the alarming news of the Norweyan invaſion.* The natural hiſtory of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this paſſage. Shakſpeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to ſay that ſtorms *generally* come from the eaſt. If it be allowed that they ſometimes iſſue from that quarter, it is ſufficient for the purpoſe of his compariſon.
Steevens.

The natural hiſtory of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occaſion by Dr. Warburton. Sir William Davenant's reading of this paſſage, in an alteration of this play, publiſhed in quarto, in 1674, affords a reaſonably good comment upon it:

"But then this day-break of our victory
"Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
"That ſpring from whence our hopes did ſeem to riſe."
Malone.

[4] ——*thunders* break;] The word *break* is wanting in the oldeſt copy. The other folios and Rowe read—*breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. Steevens.

Break, which was ſuggeſted by the reading of the ſecond folio, is very unlikely to have been the word omitted in the original copy. It agrees with thunders;—but who ever talked of the *breaking* of a *ſtorm*? Malone.

The phraſe, I believe, is ſufficiently common. Thus Dryden in *All for Love*, &c. Act I:

"——the Roman camp
"Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a *ſtorm*
"Juſt *breaking* o'er our heads." Steevens.

[5] Diſcomfort *ſwells.*] *Diſcomfort* the natural oppoſite to *comfort*.
Johnson.

Compell'd theſe ſkipping Kernes to truſt their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſh'd arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.

Dun. Diſmay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;[6]
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;[7]

[6] *Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo;*
Sold. *Yes;*] The reader cannot fail to obſerve, that ſome word, neceſſary to complete the verſe, has been omitted in the old copy. Sir T. Hanmer reads—
Our captains, brave *Macbeth,* &c. Steevens.

[7] *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;* &c.] That is, with double charges; a metonymy of the effect for the cauſe. Heath.

Mr. Theobald has endeavoured to improve the ſenſe of this paſſage, by altering the punctuation thus:

——— *they were*
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks
So they redoubled ſtrokes———

He declares, with ſome degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a *cannon charged with double cracks;* but ſurely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him ſay of a hero, that he *redoubles ſtrokes with double cracks,* an expreſſion not more loudly to be applauded, or more eaſily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour.

That a *cannon is charged with thunder,* or *with double thunders,* may be written, not only without nonſenſe, but with elegance, and nothing elſe is here meant by *cracks,* which in the time of this writer was a word of ſuch emphaſis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general diſſolution of nature the *crack of doom.*
Johnson.

Crack is uſed on a ſimilar occaſion by Barnaby Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered,* 1563:

" The canon's *cracke* begins to roore
" And darts full thycke they flye,
" And cover'd thycke the armyes both,
" And framde a counter-ſkye." Steevens.

So they
Doubly redoubled ſtrokes [8] upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,[9]
I cannot tell:——
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;
They ſmack of honour both:—Go, get him ſurgeons. [*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Again, in the old play of *King John*, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

"——as harmleſs and without effect,
"As is the echo of a cannon's *crack.*" Malone.

[8] *Doubly redoubled ſtrokes* &c.] So, in *King Richard II:*

"And let thy blows, *doubly redoubled,*
"Fall," &c.

The irregularity of the metre, however, induces me to believe our author wrote—

"——— they were
"As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
"Doubly redoubl*ing* ſtrokes upon the foe." Steevens.

[9] *Or* memorize *another Golgotha,*] That is, or make another Golgotha, which ſhould be celebrated and delivered down to poſterity, with as frequent mention as the firſt. Heath.

The word *memorize*, which ſome ſuppoſe to have been coined by Shakſpeare, is uſed by Spenſer in a ſonnet to lord Buckhurſt prefixed to his *Paſtorals*, 1579:

"In vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,
"By this rude rime to *memorize* thy name." T. Warton.

The word is likewiſe uſed by Drayton; and by Chapman, in his tranſlation of the ſecond book of *Homer*, 1598:

"——which let thy thoughts be ſure to *memorize.*"

And again, in a copy of verſes prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges's tranſlation of *Lucan*, 1614:

"Of them whoſe acts they mean to *memorize.*"

Steevens.

Enter ROSSE.[9]

Who comes here?[2]

MAL. The worthy thane of Roſſe.

LEN. What a haſte looks through his eyes! So ſhould he look,
That ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.[3]

[9] *Enter* Roſſe.] The old copy—Enter Roſſe and *Angus:* but as only the thane of Roſſe is ſpoken to, or ſpeaks any thing in the remaining part of this ſcene; and as Duncan expreſſes himſelf in the ſingular number,—

Whence cam'ſt *thou*, worthy thane?

Angus may be conſidered as a ſuperfluous character. Had his preſent appearance been deſigned, the King would naturally have taken ſome notice of him. STEEVENS.

It is clear from a ſubſequent paſſage, that the entry of Angus was here deſigned; for in ſcene iii. he again enters with Roſſe, and ſays,

" —— *We* are ſent
" To give thee from our royal maſter thanks." MALONE.

Becauſe *Roſſe* and *Angus* accompany each other in a ſubſequent ſcene, does it follow that they make their entrance together on the preſent occaſion? STEEVENS.

[2] *Who comes* here?] The latter word is here employed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has already directed us to read—*There*—as a diſſyllable, but without ſupporting his direction by one example of ſuch a practice.

I ſuſpect that the poet wrote—

Who *is't* comes here? or—*But* who comes here? STEEVENS.

[3] —— *So ſhould he look,*
That ſeems *to ſpeak things ſtrange.*] The meaning of this paſſage, as it now ſtands, is, *ſo ſhould he look, that looks as if he told things ſtrange.* But Roſſe neither yet told ſtrange things, nor could look as if he told them. Lenox only conjectured from his air that he had ſtrange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly ſaid:

What a haſte looks through his eyes!
So ſhould he look, that ſeems *to ſpeak things ſtrange.*

Rosse. God ſave the king!

Dun. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the ſky,[4]

He looks like one that is *big with* ſomething of importance; a metaphor ſo natural that it is every day uſed in common diſcourſe. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that the meaning of Lenox is, "So ſhould he look, who ſeems as if he had ſtrange things to ſpeak."

The following paſſage in *The Tempeſt* ſeems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

"——pr'ythee, ſay on:
"The ſetting of thine eye and cheek, proclaim
"A matter from thee—."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"Men judge by the complexion of the ſky, &c.
"So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
"My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay." STEEVENS.

That ſeems *to ſpeak things ſtrange.*] i. e. that ſeems *about* to ſpeak ſtrange things. Our author himſelf furniſhes us with the beſt comment on this paſſage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly the ſame idea:

"The buſineſs of this man *looks out of him.*" MALONE.

[4] ——flout *the ſky,*] The banners may be poetically deſcribed as waving in *mockery* or *defiance* of the ſky. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

"And new repleniſh'd pendants cuff the air,
"And beat the wind, that for their gaudineſs
"Struggles to kiſs them."

The ſenſe of the paſſage, however, collectively taken, is this.—*Where the triumphant flutter of the Norweyan ſtandards ventilates or cools the ſoldiers who had been heated through their efforts to ſecure ſuch numerous trophies of victory.* STEEVENS.

Again, in *King John*:

"*Mocking* the air with *colours* idly ſpread."

This paſſage has perhaps been miſunderſtood. The meaning ſeems to be, not that the Norweyan banners proudly inſulted the ſky; but that, the ſtandards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, ſerving only to cool the conquerors, inſtead of being proudly diſplayed by their former poſſeſſors. The line in *K. John*, therefore, is the moſt perfect comment on this. MALONE.

And fan our people cold.[5]
Norway himſelf, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a diſmal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,[6]
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,[7]
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;——

Dun. Great happineſs!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king,[8] craves compoſition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

[5] *And fan our people cold.*] In all probability ſome words that rendered this a complete verſe, have been omitted; a loſs more frequently to be deplored in the preſent tragedy, than perhaps in any other of Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[6] *Till that Bellona's* bridegroom, *lapt* in proof,] This paſſage may be added to the many others, which ſhow how little Shakſpeare knew of ancient mythology. Henley.

Our author might have been miſled by Holinſhed, who, p. 567, ſpeaking of *King Henry V.* ſays—" He declared that the goddeſſe of battell, called *Bellona*," &c. &c. Shakſpeare, therefore, haſtily concluded that the Goddeſs of War was wife to the God of it.

Lapt in proof, is, defended by armour of proof. Steevens.

[7] *Confronted* him *with ſelf-compariſons*,] By *him*, in this verſe, is meant Norway; as the plain conſtruction of the Engliſh requires. And the aſſiſtance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway, was underhand; (which Roſſe and Angus, indeed, had diſcovered, but was unknown to Macbeth;) Cawdor being in the court all this while, as appears from Angus's ſpeech to Macbeth, when he meets him to ſalute him with the title, and inſinuates his crime to be *lining the rebel with* hidden *help and 'vantage*.

——*with* ſelf-compariſons,] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, ſhew'd he was his equal. Warburton.

[8] *That now*
Sweno, *the Norways' king*,] The preſent irregularity of metre induces me to believe that—*Sweno* was only a marginal reference,

Till he diſburſed, at Saint Colmes' inch,[8]
Ten thouſand dollars to our general uſe.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt:—Go, pronounce his death,[9]
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll ſee it done.

Dun. What he hath loſt, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*

injudiciouſly thruſt into the text; and that the line originally ſtood thus:

That now the Norways' king craves compoſition.

Could it have been neceſſary for Roſſe to tell Duncan the name of his old enemy, the king of Norway? STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Saint* Colmes' inch,] *Colmes* is to be conſidered as a diſſyllable.

Colmes-inch, now called *Inchcomb*, is a ſmall iſland lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or *The Iſle of Columba*. Some of the modern editors, without authority, read—

Saint Colmes'-kill Iſle:

but very erroneouſly; for *Colmes' Inch*, and *Colm-kill*, are two different iſlands; the former lying on the eaſtern coaſt, near the place where the Danes were defeated; the latter in the weſtern ſeas, being the famous Iona, one of the Hebrides.

Holinſhed thus relates the whole circumſtance: "*The Danes that eſcaped, and got once to their ſhips, obteined* of Makbeth for a great ſumme of gold, that *ſuch of their* friends as were ſlaine, might be *buried in* Saint *Colmes' Inch*. In memorie whereof *many old* ſepultures are yet in the ſaid *Inch*, there to be ſeene *graven* with the armes of the Danes." *Inch*, or *Inſhe*, in the Iriſh and Erſe languages, ſignifies an iſland. See *Lhuyd's Archæologia*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*pronounce his death*,] The old copy, injuriouſly to metre, reads—

——*pronounce his* preſent *death*. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where haſt thou been, ſiſter?
2. *Witch.* Killing ſwine.[2]
3. *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?[3]
1. *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
Give me, quoth I:
Aroint thee, witch![4] the rump-fed ronyon[5] cries.[6]

[2] *Killing ſwine.*] So, in a *Detection of damnable Driftes practized by three Witches*, &c. *arraigned at Chelmisforde in Eſſex*, &c. 1579. bl. l. 12mo. —— "Item, alſo ſhe came on a tyme to the houſe of one Robart Lathburie &c. who diſlyking her dealyng, *ſent her home emptie*; but preſently after her departure, his *hogges fell ſicke and died*, to the number of twentie." Steevens.

[3] 1. Witch. *Where haſt* thou *been, ſiſter?*
2. Witch. *Killing ſwine.*
3. Witch. Sister, *where thou?*] Thus the old copy; yet I cannot help ſuppoſing that theſe three ſpeeches, collectively taken, were meant to form one verſe, as follows:

1. *Witch.* Where haſt been, ſiſter?
2. *Witch.* Killing ſwine.
3. *Witch.* Where thou?

If my ſuppoſition be well founded, there is as little reaſon for preſerving the uſeleſs *thou* in the firſt line, as the repetition of *ſiſter*, in the third. Steevens.

[4] Aroint *thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or avaunt, be gone. Pope.

In one of the folio editions the reading is—*Anoint thee*, in a ſenſe very conſiſtent with the common account of witches, who are related to perform many ſupernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the

Her huſband's to Aleppo gone, maſter o'the Tiger:

places where they meet at their helliſh feſtivals. In this ſenſe, *anoint thee, witch,* will mean, *Away, witch, to your infernal aſſembly.* This reading I was inclined to favour, becauſe I had met with the word *aroint* in no other author; till looking into Hearne's Collections I found it in a very old drawing, that he has publiſhed, in which St. Patrick is repreſented viſiting hell, and putting the devils into great confuſion by his preſence, of whom one, that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label iſſuing out of his mouth with theſe words, OUT OUT ARONGT, of which the laſt is evidently the ſame with *aroint*, and uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in this paſſage. JOHNSON.

Rynt you witch, quoth Beſſe Locket to her mother, is a north country proverb. The word is uſed again in *K. Lear:*

" And *aroint* thee, witch, *aroint* thee."

Anoint is the reading of the folio 1664, a book of no authority. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the* rump-fed *ronyon* —] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houſes, hoſpitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they ſold to the poor. The weird ſiſter in this ſcene, as an inſult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject ſtate, as not being able to procure better proviſion than offals, which are conſidered as the refuſe of the tables of others. COLEPEPER.

So, in *The Ordinance for the government of Prince Edward*, 1474, the following fees are allowed:—" mutton's heades, the *rumpes* of every beefe," &c. Again, in *The Ordinances of the Houſehold of George Duke of Clarence:* " —the hinder ſhankes of the mutton, with the *rumpe*, to be ſeable."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*, old Penny-boy ſays to the Cook:

" And then remember meat for my two dogs;
" Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, *rumps*," &c.

Again, in *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" A niggard to your commons, that you're fain
" To ſize your belly out with ſhoulder fees,
" With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of ſingle beer."

In *The Book of Haukynge*, &c. (commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*) bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms uſed in kepyng of haukes*, it is ſaid: " The hauke tyreth upon *rumps*." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *ronyon cries.*] i. e. ſcabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux, royne*, ſcurf. Thus Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Roſe*, p. 551:

But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,[7]
And, like a rat without a tail,[8]
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.[9]

" ——— her necke
" Withouten bleine, or ſcabbe, or *roine.*"
Shakſpeare uſes the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windſor.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,*] Reginald Scott, in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, ſays it was believed that witches " could ſail in an egg ſhell, a cockle or muſcle ſhell, through and under the tempeſtuous ſeas." Again, ſays Sir W. Davenant, in his *Albovine*, 1629:

" He ſits like a witch *ſailing in a ſieve.*"

Again, in *Newes from Scotland: Declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian a notable ſorcerer, who was burned at Edinbrough in Januarie laſt*, 1591; *which Doctor was regiſter to the Devill, that ſundrie times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to a number of notorious Witches. With the true examination of the ſaid Doctor and Witches, as they uttered them in the preſence of the Scottiſh king. Diſcovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his Majeſtie in the ſea comming from Denmarke, with other ſuch wonderful matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie time. Publiſhed according to the Scottiſh copie. Printed for William Wright.*——" and that all they together went to ſea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the ſame very ſubſtantially with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the ſame *riddles* or *cives*," &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this ſcarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of *Maunſells catalogue*, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbiſhop Harſenet and Thomas Baker the Antiquarian. It is almoſt needleſs to mention that I have ſince met with the pamphlet itſelf. STEEVENS.

[8] *And, like a rat without a tail,*] It ſhould be remembered (as it was the belief of the times), that though a witch could aſſume the form of any animal ſhe pleaſed, the tail would ſtill be wanting.

The reaſon given by ſome of the old writers, for ſuch a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an eaſy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beaſt, there was ſtill no part about a woman which correſponded with the length of tail common to almoſt all our four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.*——
I' the ſhipman's card.——
Look what I have.——
Show me, ſhow me.——
Thus do go about, about;——] As I cannot help ſuppoſing this

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.[2]

1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myſelf have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,[3]
All the quarters that they know

ſcene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its preſent ſtate I ſuſpect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omiſſions.

Want of correſponding rhymes to the foregoing lines, induce me to hint at vacuities which cannot be ſupplied, and intruſions which (on the bare authority of conjecture) muſt not be expelled.

Were even the condition of modern tranſcripts for the ſtage underſtood by the public, the frequent accidents by which a poet's meaning is depraved, and his meaſure vitiated, would need no illuſtration. Steevens.

[2] *I'll give thee a wind.*] This free gift of a wind is to be conſidered as an act of ſifterly friendſhip, for witches were ſuppoſed to ſell them. So, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

" —— in Ireland and in Denmark both,
" *Witches* for gold will *ſell a man a wind*,
" Which in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
" Shall blow him ſafe unto what coaſt he will."

Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, ſays the ſame.—It may be hoped, however, that the conduct of our witches did not reſemble that of one of their relations, as deſcribed in an Appendix to the old tranſlation of Marco Paolo, 1579—" they demanded that he ſhould *give them a winde*; and he ſhewed, ſetting his handes *behinde*, from *whence the wind ſhould come*," &c. Steevens.

[3] *And the* very ports *they blow*,] As the word *very* is here of no other uſe than to fill up the verſe, it is likely that Shakſpeare wrote *various*, which might be eaſily miſtaken for *very*, being either negligently read, haſtily pronounced, or imperfectly heard.

Johnson.

The *very* ports are the exact ports. *Very* is uſed here (as in a thouſand inſtances which might be brought) to expreſs the declaration more emphatically.

Inſtead of *ports*, however, I had formerly read *points*; but erroneouſly. In ancient language, to *blow* ſometimes means to *blow upon*. So, in Dumain's Ode in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may *blow*;—"

I' the ſhipman's card.[4]
I will drain him dry as hay:[5]
Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouſe lid;[6]
He ſhall live a man forbid:[7]

i. e. *blow* upon them. We ſtill ſay, it blows Eaſt, or Weſt, without a prepoſition. STEEVENS.

The ſubſtituted word was firſt given by Sir William Davenant, who, in his alteration of this play, has retained the old, while at the ſame time he furniſhed Mr. Pope with the new, reading:

" I myſelf have all the other.
" And then from every *port* they blow,
" From all the *points* that ſeamen know." MALONE.

[4] ——*the ſhipman's card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle; or perhaps the *ſea-chart*, ſo called in our author's age. Thus, in *The Loyal Subject*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" The *card* of goodneſs in your minds, that ſhews you
" When you ſail falſe."

Again, in Churchyard's *Prayſe and Reporte of Maiſter Martyne Forboiſher's Voyage to Meta Incognita*, &c. 12mo. bl. l. 1578: There the generall gaue a ſpeciall *Card* and order to his captaines for the paſſing of the ſtraites," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*dry as hay:*] So, Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix:

" But he is old and *withered as hay*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Sleep ſhall, neither night nor day,*
Hang upon his penthouſe lid;] So, in *The Miracles of Moſes*, by Michael Drayton:

" His brows, like two ſteep *pent-houſes*, hung down
" Over his eye-lids."

There was an edition of this poem in 1604, but I know not whether theſe lines are found in it. Drayton made additions and alterations in his pieces at every re-impreſſion. MALONE.

[7] *He ſhall live a man* forbid:] i. e. as one under a *curſe*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play:

" By his own *interdiction* ſtands *accurs'd*."

So among the Romans, an outlaw's ſentence was, *Aquæ & Ignis* interdictio; i. e. he was forbid the uſe of water and fire, which imply'd the *neceſſity of baniſhment*. THEOBALD.

Weary ſev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle,[8] peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.[9]
Look what I have.

Mr. Theobald has very juſtly explained *forbid* by *accurſed*, but without giving any reaſon of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He ıſ þıſ þ bıð ꝛ bote, &c.
He is wiſe that prays *and makes amends*,

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in oppoſition to the word *bid* in its preſent ſenſe, it ſignifies by the ſame kind of oppoſition to *curſe*, when it is derived from the ſame word in its primitive meaning. JOHNSON.

A *forbedin* fellow, Scot. ſignifies an *unhappy* one. STEEVENS.

It may be added that "*bitten* and *Verbieten*, in the German, ſignify to pray and to interdict." S. W.

[8] *Shall he* dwindle, *&c.*] This miſchief was ſuppoſed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which repreſented the perſon who was to be conſumed by ſlow degrees.

So, in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"——it *waſtes* me more
"Than wer't my picture faſhion'd out of wax,
"Stuck with a magick needle, and then buried
"In ſome foul dunghill."

So Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the witchcraft practiſed to deſtroy king *Duff*:

"——found one of the witches roaſting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, reſembling in each feature the king's perſon, &c.

"——for as the image did waſte afore the fire, ſo did the bodie of the king break forth in ſweat. And as for the words of the inchantment, they ſerved to keep him ſtill waking *from ſleepe*," &c.

This may ſerve to explain the foregoing paſſage:

"Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
"Hang upon his penthouſe lid."

See Vol. III. p. 215, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[9] *Though his bark cannot be loſt,*
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.] So, in *Newes from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted. "Againe it is confeſſed, that the ſaid chriſtened cat was the cauſe of the *Kinges Majeſties ſhippe, at his*

2. *Witch.* Show me, ſhow me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird ſiſters, hand in hand,[2]
Poſters of the ſea and land,

coming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the reſt of his ſhippes then beeing in his companie, which thing was moſt ſtraunge and true, as the Kinges Majeſtie acknowledgeth, for when the reſt of the ſhippes had a faire and good winde, then was the winde contrarie and altogether againſt his Majeſtie. And further the ſayde witch declared, that his Majeſtie had never come ſafely from the ſea, if his faith had not prevayled above their ententions." To this circumſtance perhaps our author's alluſion is ſufficiently plain.

Steevens.

[2] *The* weird *ſiſters, hand in hand,*] Theſe weird *ſiſters,* were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti deſtinant, & victoriam gubernant. Gunna, & Rota, & Parcarum minima Skullda: per aëra & maria equitant ſemper ad morituros eligendos; & cædes in poteſtate habent.* Bartholinus de Cauſis contemptæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reaſon that Shakſpeare makes them *three*; and calls them,

Poſters of the ſea and land;

and intent only upon death and miſchief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this northern, the Greek and Roman ſuperſtitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it ſtill more familiar to the common audience (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a ſufficient quantity of our own country ſuperſtitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomſticks. So that his *witch-ſcenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing *ſhocking* in the *natural* world, as here, from every thing *abſurd* in the *moral*. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience from that time to this.

Warburton.

Weird comes from the Anglo-Saxon ƿyrð, *fatum*, and is uſed as a ſubſtantive ſignifying a *prophecy*, by the tranſlator of *Hector Boethius*

Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

MAC. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

BAN. How far is't call'd to Fores? [1]—What are theſe,

in the year 1541, as well as for the *Deſtinies* by Chaucer and Holinſhed. *Of the weirdis gevyn to Makbeth and Banqhuo*, is the argument of one of the chapters. Gawin Douglas, in his tranſlation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parcæ* the *weird ſiſters*; and in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* PHILOTUS, *quhairin we may perſave the greit inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betweene Age and Zouth*, Edinburgh, 1603, the word appears again:

"How dois the quheill of fortune go,
"Quhat wickit *wierd* has wrocht our wo."

Again:

"Quhat neidis Philotus to think ill,
"Or zit his *wierd* to warie?"

The other method of ſpelling, [*weyward*] was merely a blunder of the tranſcriber or printer.

The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely *three in number*. The learned critick might have found, in *Bartholinus*, not only *Gunna*, *Rota*, *et Skullda*, but alſo, *Scogula*, *Hilda*, *Gondula*, and *Geiroſcogula*. Bartholinus adds that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who ſpeak of them. They were the *cupbearers* of *Odin*, and *conductors of the dead*. They were diſtinguiſhed by the *elegance of their forms*; and it would be as juſt to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakſpeare*. STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*weyward*, probably in conſequence of the tranſcriber's being deceived by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The following paſſage in Bellenden's Tranſlation of Hector Boethius, fully ſupports the emendation: "Be aventure Makbeth and Banquho were paſſand to Fores, quhair kyng Duncane hapnit to be for ye tyme, and met be ye gait thre wemen clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. They wer jugit be the pepill to be *weird* ſiſters." So alſo Holinſhed. MALONE.

[1] *How far is't call'd to Fores?*] The king at this time reſided at

So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may queſtion?[4] You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips:—You ſhould be women,[5]
And yet your beards[6] forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth![7] hail to thee, thane of Glamis![8]

Fores, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverneſs*. "It fortuned, (ſays Holinſhed) as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went ſporting by the way, without other company, ſave only themſelves, when ſuddenly in the midſt of a laund there met them three women in ſtrange and wild apparell, reſembling creatures of the elder world," &c. Steevens.

The old copy reads—*Soris*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] *That man may queſtion?*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converſe, or of whom it is lawful to *aſk queſtions?* Johnson.

[5] —*You ſhould be women,*] In *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, there is an enumeration of ſpirits and their offices; and of certain watry ſpirits it is ſaid—"by the help of Alynach a ſpirit of the Weſt, they will raiſe ſtormes, cauſe earthquakes, rayne, haile or ſnow, in the cleareſt day that is; and if ever they appeare to anie man, they come in *women's* apparell." Henderson.

[6] ——*your* beards——] *Witches* were ſuppoſed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"——Some women have *beards*, marry they are half *witches*." Steevens.

[7] *All hail, Macbeth!*] It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Eſſay upon Engliſh Tragedy*, that the *portrait* of Macbeth's *wife* is copied from Buchanan, "whoſe ſpirit, as well as words, is tranſlated into the play of Shakſpeare: and it had ſignifyed nothing to have pored only on Holinſhed for *facts*."——"Animus etiam, per ſe ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

conſiliorum ei erat conſcia) ſtimulabatur."——This is the whole, that Buchanan ſays of the *Lady*, and truly I ſee no more *ſpirit* in the Scotch, than in the Engliſh chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird ſiſters alſo greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan,] but ſpecially his wife lay ſore upon him to attempt the thing, as ſhe that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable deſire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinſhed is an abridgment of Johne Bellenden's tranſlation of the *noble clerk, Hector Boece, imprinted at Edinburgh*, in fol. 1541. I will give the paſſage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary (*as all wemen ar*) ſpecially quhare they are deſirus of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to purſew the third weird, that ſche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl cowart and nocht deſyrus of honouris, ſen he durſt not aſſailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit ſindry otheris hes aſſailzeit ſic thinges afore with maiſt terribyl jeopardyis, quhen they had not ſic fickernes to ſucceid in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can *demonſtrate*, that Shakſpeare had not the ſtory from Buchanan. According to *him*, the weird ſiſters ſalute Macbeth: "Una Anguſiæ Thanum, altera Moraviæ, tertia Regem."——Thane of Angus, and of Murray, &c. but according to Holinſhed, immediately from Bellenden, as it ſtands in Shakſpeare: "The firſt of them ſpake and ſayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glammis,—the ſecond of them ſayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder; but the third ſayde, All hayle Makbeth, that hereafter ſhall be *king of Scotland.*" p. 243.

1. Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!*
2. Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!*
3. Witch. *All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter!*

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero ſo fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wyſards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe:——and ſurely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certaine witch, whom he had in great truſt, had tolde, that he ſhould neuer be ſlain with *man borne of any woman*, nor vanquiſhed till the wood of Bernane came to the caſtell of Dunſinane." p. 244. And the ſcene between Malcolm and Macduff in the fourth act is almoſt literally taken from the *Chronicle*. FARMER.

All hail, *Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *al-hael*, Sax. i. e. *ave, ſalve*. MALONE.

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good ſir, why do you ſtart; and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical,[2] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhow? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having,[3] and of royal hope,

[1] ——*thane of Glamis!*] The thaneſhip of *Glamis* was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The caſtle where they lived is ſtill ſtanding, and was lately the magnificent reſidence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular deſcription of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glames Caſtle.* Steevens.

[2] ——*thane of* Cawdor!] Dr. Johnſon obſerves in his *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland,* that part of *Calder Caſtle,* from which Macbeth drew his ſecond title, is ſtill remaining. Steevens.

[2] *Are ye* fantaſtical,] By *fantaſtical* is not meant, according to the common ſignification, creatures of his own brain; for he could not be ſo extravagant to aſk ſuch a queſtion: but it is uſed for *ſupernatural, ſpiritual.* Warburton.

By *fantaſtical,* he means creatures of *fantaſy* or imagination: the queſtion is, Are theſe real beings before us, or are we deceived by illuſions of fancy? Johnson.

So, in Reginald Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft,* 1584: "He affirmeth theſe tranſubſtantiations to be but *fantaſtical,* not according to the veritie, but according to the appearance." The ſame expreſſion occurs in *All's Loſt by Luſt,* 1633, by Rowley:

"——or is that thing,
"Which would ſupply the place of ſoul in thee,
"Merely *phantaſtical?*"

Shakſpeare, however, took the word from Holinſhed, who in his account of the witches, ſays; "This was reputed at firſt but ſome vain *fantaſtical* illuſion by Macbeth and Banquo." Steevens.

[3] *Of noble* having,] *Having* is eſtate, poſſeſſion, fortune. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"——my *having* is not much;
"I'll make diviſion of my preſent ſtore:
"Hold; there is half my coffer."

That he ſeems rapt withal;[5] to me you ſpeak not:
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,
And ſay, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor you hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Leſſer than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death,[6] I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A proſperous gentleman; and, to be king,

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

" And when he heareth this tydinge,
" He will go theder with great *having*."

See alſo note on *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act III. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[5] *That he ſeems* rapt *withal*;] *Rapt* is rapturouſly affected, *extra ſe raptus*. So, in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, IV. ix. 6:

" That, with the ſweetneſs of her rare delight,
" The prince half *rapt*, began on her to dote."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" What, dear ſir, thus *raps* you?" STEEVENS.

[6] *By Sinel's death*,] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

His true name, which however appears, but perhaps only typographically, corrupted to *Synele* in Hector Boethius, from whom, by means of his old Scottiſh tranſlator, it came to the knowledge of Holinſhed, was *Finleg*. Both *Finlay* and *Macbeath* are common ſurnames in Scotland at this moment. RITSON.

Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you. [*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And theſe are of them:—Whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what ſeem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root,[7]
That takes the reaſon priſoner?

[7] ——*eaten of the inſane* root,] The *inſane* root is the root which makes inſane. THEOBALD.

Shakſpeare alludes to the qualities anciently aſcribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "You gaz'd againſt the ſun, and ſo blemiſhed your ſight; or elſe you have *eaten of the roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes *conceit unſeen objects.*" Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus:*

"——they *lay that hold upon thy ſenſes*,
"As thou hadſt ſnuft up *hemlock.*" STEEVENS.

The commentators have given themſelves much trouble to aſcertain the *name* of this root, but its name was, I believe, unknown to Shakſpeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, having probably furniſhed him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without ſpecifying its name. In the Life of Antony, (which our author muſt have diligently read,) the Roman ſoldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are ſaid to have ſuffered great diſtreſs for want of proviſions. "In the ende (ſays Plutarch) they were compelled to live of herbs and *rootes*, but they found few of them that men do commonly eate of, and were enforced to taſte of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was *one* that killed them, and *made them out of their wits*; for he that had once eaten of it, his *memorye was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing*, but only buſied himſelf in

Macb. Your children ſhall be kings.

Ban. You ſhall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not ſo?

Ban. To the ſelf-ſame tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse, *and* Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy ſucceſs: and when he reads
Thy perſonal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,[8]
In viewing o'er the reſt o' the ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,[9]

digging and hurling of ſtones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great waight, and to be done with all poſſible ſpeede." Malone.

[8] *His wonders and his praiſes do contend,*
Which ſhould be thine, or his: &c.] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a deſire to do them publick juſtice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a conteſt in his mind whether he ſhould indulge his deſire of publiſhing to the world the commendations due to your heroiſm, or whether he ſhould remain in ſilent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its deſert.

Mr. M. Maſon would read *wonder*, not *wonders*; for, ſays he, "I believe the word *wonder*, in the ſenſe of *admiration*, has no plural." In modern language it certainly has none; yet I cannot help thinking that, in the preſent inſtance, plural was oppoſed to plural by Shakſpeare. Steevens.

Silenc'd *with that*,] i. e. wrapp'd in ſilent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. Malone.

[9] —— *As thick as* tale,] Meaning, that the news came as *thick*

Came poſt with poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are ſent,

as a *tale* can *travel* with the *poſt*. Or we may read, perhaps, yet better:

——*As thick as tale,*
Came *poſt with poſt*;——

That is, poſts arrived as faſt as they could be counted.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. ſc. i:

" Tidings, *as ſwiftly as the poſt could run,*
" Were brought," &c.

Mr. Rowe reads—as thick as *hail.* STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Can* poſt. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnſon's explanation would be leſs exceptionable, if the old copy had—As *quick* as tale. *Thick* applies but ill to *tale*, and ſeems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation.

" As thick as hail," as an anonymous correſpondent obſerves to me, is an expreſſion in the old play of *King John*, 1591:

" —— breathe out damned oriſons,
" *As thick as hail*-ſtones 'fore the ſpring's approach."

The emendation of the word *can* is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" And there are twenty weak and wearied *poſts*
" *Come* from the north." MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is perfectly juſtifiable. As *thick*, in ancient language, ſignified as *faſt*. To *ſpeak thick*, in our author, does not therefore mean, to have a *cloudy indiſtinct utterance*, but to *deliver words with rapidity*. So, in *Cymbeline:* Act III. ſc. ii:

" —— ſay, and *ſpeak thick*,
" (Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
" To the ſmothering of the ſenſe) how far it is
" To this ſame bleſſed Milford."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iii:

" And *ſpeaking thick*, which nature made his blemiſh,
" Became the accents of the valiant;
" For thoſe that could ſpeak *low and tardily*,
" Would turn &c.—To ſeem like him."

Thick therefore is not leſs applicable to *tale*, the old reading, than to *hail*, the alteration of Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
To herald thee[2] into his ſight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dreſs me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway;[3] or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:

[2] *To herald thee* &c.] The old copy redundantly reads—*Only* to herald thee &c. Steevens.

[3] ——*with Norway*;] The old copy reads:
——*with* thoſe of *Norway*.
The players not underſtanding that by "*Norway*" our author meant *the king of Norway*, as in *Hamlet*—
"Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy," &c.
foiſted in the words at preſent omitted. Steevens.

There is, I think, no need of change. The word *combin'd* belongs to the preceding line:
"Which he deſerves to loſe. Whe'r he was combin'd
"With thoſe of Norway, or did line the rebel," &c.
Whether was in our author's time ſometimes pronounced and written as one ſyllable,——*whe'r*.
So, in *King John*:
"Now ſhame upon you, *whe'r* ſhe does or no."
Malone.

The greateſt is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children ſhall be kings,
When thoſe that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That, truſted home,[4]
Might yet enkindle you[5] unto the crown,
Beſides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:

[4] —— *truſted home,*] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on. So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" ——lack'd the ſenſe to know
" Her eſtimation *home.*" Steevens.

The added word *home* ſhows clearly, in my apprehenſion, that our author wrote—That *thruſted* home. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" That every minute of his being *thruſts*
" Againſt my neareſt of life."

Thruſted is the regular participle from the verb to *thruſt*, and though now not often uſed, was, I believe, common in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in *King Henry V:*

" With *caſted* ſlough and freſh legerity."

Home means *to the uttermoſt*. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ——all my ſorrows
" You have paid *home.*"

It may be obſerved, that " *thruſted* home" is an expreſſion uſed at this day; but " *truſted* home," I believe, was never uſed at any period whatſoever. I have had frequent occaſion to remark that many of the errors in the old copies of our author's plays aroſe from the tranſcriber's ear having deceived him. In Ireland where much of the pronunciation of the age of Queen Elizabeth is yet retained, the vulgar conſtantly pronounce the word *thruſt* as if it were written *truſt*; and hence probably the error in the text.

The change is ſo very ſlight, and I am ſo thoroughly perſuaded that the reading propoſed is the true one, that had it been ſuggeſted by any former editor, I ſhould without heſitation have given it a place in the text. Malone.

[5] *Might yet* enkindle *you* ——] *Enkindle*, for to ſtimulate you to ſeek. Warburton.

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *As you like it*, Act I. ſc. i:
" ——nothing remains but that I *kindle* the boy thither."
Steevens.

Might *fire* you with the hope of obtaining the crown. Henley.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.—
Couſins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,[7]

[7] Two truths *are told*, &c.] How the former of theſe truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's deceaſe, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only announced what Macbeth already underſtood to have happened, her words could ſcarcely claim rank as a prediction. STEEVENS.

From the Scottiſh tranſlation of Boethius it ſhould ſeem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird ſiſters. "Makbeth (ſays the hiſtorian) revolvyng all thingis, as they wer ſaid be the weird ſiſteris, began to covat ye croun. And zit he concludit to abide, quhil he ſaw ye tyme ganand thereto; fermelie belevyng yt ye thrid weird ſuld cum *as the firſt two did afore.*" This indeed is inconſiſtent with our author's words, "By Sinel's death, I know, *I am* thane of Glamis;"—but Holinſhed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the hiſtory of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird ſiſters: we may therefore be ſure that Shakſpeare meant it to be underſtood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title. Bellenden only ſays, "The firſt of thaim ſaid to Macbeth, Hale thane of Glammis. The ſecound ſaid," &c. But in Holinſhed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The firſt of them ſpake and ſaid, All haile Mackbeth, thane of Glammis (*for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*). The ſecond of them ſaid," &c.

Still however the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for ſince he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this ſalutation be conſidered as *prophetick?* Or why ſhould he afterwards ſay, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and thane of Cawdor;" &c? Perhaps we may ſuppoſe that the father of Macbeth died ſo recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which caſe, though Macbeth himſelf knew it, he might conſider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of ſupernatural intelligence.

I ſuſpect our author was led to uſe the expreſſions which have occaſioned the preſent note, by the following words of Holinſhed:

As happy prologues to the ſwelling act[8]
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This ſupernatural ſoliciting[9]
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earneſt of ſucceſs,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that ſuggeſtion[2]
Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,[3]
And make my ſeated[4] heart knock at my ribs,
Againſt the uſe of nature? Preſent fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:[5]

" The ſame night after, at ſupper, Banquo jeſted with him, and ſaid, Now Mackbeth, thou haſt obteined *thoſe things which the* TWO *former ſiſters* PROPHESIED: there remaineth onelie for thee to purchaſe that which the third ſaid ſhould come to paſſe."
MALONE.

[8] ——ſwelling *act*—] *Swelling* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the prologue to *King Henry V*:
" ——princes to act,
" And monarchs to behold the *ſwelling* ſcene."
STEEVENS.

[9] *This ſupernatural* ſoliciting—] *Soliciting* for information.
WARBURTON.
Soliciting is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*.
JOHNSON.

[2] ——*ſuggeſtion*—] i. e. temptation. So, in *All's well that ends well*: " A filthy officer he is in thoſe *ſuggeſtions* for the young earl." STEEVENS.

[3] *Whoſe horrid image doth unfix my hair,*] So Macbeth ſays, in the latter part of this play:
" —— And my fell of hair
" Would, at a diſmal treatiſe, rouſe and ſtir,
" As life were in it." M. MASON.

[4] ——*ſeated*——] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. So, in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. VI. 643:
" From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
" They pluck'd the *ſeated* hills." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *Preſent* fears
Are leſs than horrible imaginings:] *Preſent fears* are *fears of*

My thought, whoſe murder yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man,[5] that function

things preſent, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be leſs than the *imagination* preſents them while the objects are yet diſtant. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604, by lord Sterline:

" For as the ſhadow ſeems more monſtrous ſtill,
" Than doth the ſubſtance whence it hath the being,
" So *th' apprehenſion of approaching ill*
" *Seems greater than itſelf, whilſt fears are lying.*"

STEEVENS.

By *preſent fears* is meant, the *actual preſence of any objects of terror*. So, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* the King ſays:

" —— All theſe bold *fears*
" Thou ſee'ſt with peril I have anſwered."

To *fear* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of *fright*. In this very play, Lady Macbeth ſays,

" To alter favour ever is to *fear*."

So, in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, Curio ſays to Alphonſo,

" Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you *feared* thus?"

Meaning, thus *affrighted*. M. MASON.

[5] ——*ſingle ſtate of man*,] The *ſingle ſtate of man* ſeems to be uſed by Shakſpeare for an *individual*, in oppoſition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. JOHNSON.

By *ſingle* ſtate of man, Shakſpeare might poſſibly mean ſomewhat more than *individuality*. He who, in the peculiar ſituation of Macbeth, is meditating a murder, dares not communicate his thoughts, and conſequently derives neither ſpirit, nor advantage, from the countenance, or ſagacity, of others. This ſtate of man may properly be ſtyled *ſingle*, ſolitary, or defenceleſs, as it excludes the benefits of participation, and has no reſources but in itſelf.

It ſhould be obſerved, however, that *double* and *ſingle* anciently ſignified *ſtrong* and *weak*, when applied to liquors, and perhaps to other objects. In this ſenſe the former word may be employed by Brabantio—

" —— a voice potential,
" As *double* as the duke's;"

and the latter, by the Chief Juſtice, ſpeaking to Falſtaff:

" Is not your wit *ſingle*?"

The *ſingle* ſtate of Macbeth may therefore ſignify his *weak* and *debile* ſtate of mind. STEEVENS.

Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.[6]

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our ſtrange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the rougheſt day.[7]

[6] ——— *function*
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.] All powers of action are oppreſſed and cruſhed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is preſent to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no exiſtence. JOHNSON.

Surmiſe, is ſpeculation, conjecture concerning the future. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has ſomewhat like this ſentiment in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Where, every ſomething being blent together,
" Turns to a wild of nothing"——.

Again, in *K. Richard II:*

" ——— is nought but ſhadows
" Of what it is not." STEEVENS.

[7] Time and the hour *runs through the rougheſt day.*] " By this, I confeſs, I do not with his two laſt commentators imagine is meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an alluſion to time painted with an hour-glaſs, or an exhortation to time to haſten forward, but rather to ſay *tempus & hora*, time and occaſion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to ſome determined point and end, let its nature be what it will."

This note is taken from an *Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Shakſpeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour:[8]—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.[9] Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſter'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.[2]—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it,[3] let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Such tautology is common to Shakſpeare.

" The very *head* and *front* of my offending,"

is little leſs reprehenſible. *Time and the hour*, is Time with his hours. STEEVENS.

The ſame expreſſion is uſed by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakſpeare: " Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whoſe *hower and time* if they were as certayne," &c. Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 1579. Again, in Daviſon's *Poems*, 1621:

" *Time*'s young *howres* attend her ſtill,"

Again, in our author's 126th Sonnet:

" O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
" Doſt hold *Time's* fickle glaſs, his fickle, *hour*—."

MALONE.

[8] ——*favour:*] i. e. indulgence, pardon. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*my dull brain was* wrought
With things forgotten.] My head was *worked, agitated*, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello:*

" Of one not eaſily jealous, but being *wrought*,
" Perplex'd in the extreme." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*where every day I turn*
The leaf to read them.] He means, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, that they are regiſtered in the table-book of his heart. So Hamlet ſpeaks of the *table* of his *memory*. MALONE.

[3] *The* interim *having weigh'd it,*] This *intervening portion of time* is almoſt perſonified: it is repreſented as a cool impartial judge; as *the pauſer Reaſon*. Or perhaps we ſhould read—*I' th' interim.* STEEVENS.

I believe, *the interim* is uſed adverbially: " you having weighed it *in* the interim." MALONE.

Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not[4]
Thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die:[5] who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your highneſs' pardon; and ſet forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that hath been ſtudied in his death,[6]

[4] —— Are *not*—] The old copy reads—*Or* not. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[5] *With one that ſaw him die:*] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* correſponds in almoſt every circumſtance with that of the unfortunate earl of Eſſex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His aſking the queen's forgiveneſs, his confeſſion, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the ſcaffold, are minutely deſcribed by that hiſtorian. Such an alluſion could not fail of having the deſired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye-witneſſes to the ſeverity of that juſtice which deprived the age of one of its greateſt ornaments, and Southampton, Shakſpeare's patron, of his deareſt friend. Steevens.

[6] ——*ſtudied in his death,*] Inſtructed in the art of dying. It was uſual to ſay *ſtudied,* for *learned* in ſcience. Johnson.

To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:[7]
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.—O worthieſt couſin!

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, *and* Angus.

The ſin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompenſe is ſlow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadſt leſs deſerv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to ſay,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.[8]

His own profeſſion furniſhed our author with this phraſe. To be *ſtudied* in a part, or to have *ſtudied* it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. Malone.

[7] *To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:*] The *conſtruction of the mind* is, I believe, a phraſe peculiar to Shakſpeare: it implies the *frame* or *diſpoſition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have underſtood the word *conſtruction* in this place, in the ſenſe of *frame* or *ſtructure*; but the ſchool-term was, I believe, intended by Shakſpeare. The meaning, is,—*We cannot* conſtrue *or diſcover the diſpoſition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" *Conſtrue* the times to their neceſſities."

In *Hamlet* we meet with a kindred phraſe:

" —— Theſe profound heaves
" You muſt *tranſlate*; 'tis fit we underſtand them."

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" I'll *decline* the whole queſtion."

In his 93d Sonnet, however, we find a contrary ſentiment aſſerted:

" In many's *looks* the *falſe heart's hiſtory*
" Is writ." Malone.

[8] *More is thy due than* more than all *can pay.*] More is due to thee, than, I will not ſay *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greateſt recompence, can pay. Thus in Plautus: *Nihilo minus.*

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and ſtate, children, and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing [9]
Safe toward your love and honour.[a]

There is an obſcurity in this paſſage, ariſing from the word *all* which is not uſed here perſonally (more than all perſons can pay) but for the whole wealth of the ſpeaker. So, more clearly, in *King Henry VIII:*

"*More* than *my all* is nothing."

This line appeared obſcure to Sir William Davenant, for he altered it thus:

"I have only left to ſay,
"That thou deſerveſt *more than I have to pay.*"

MALONE.

[9] ——*ſervants*;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing—] From Scripture: "So when ye ſhall have done all thoſe things which are commanded you, ſay, We are unprofitable ſervants: we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

[a] *Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing*
Safe toward your love and honour.] Mr. Upton gives the word *ſafe* as an inſtance of an adjective uſed adverbially. STEEVENS.

Read—"*Safe* (i. e. ſaved) toward *you* love and honour;" and then the ſenſe will be—"Our duties are your children, and ſervants or vaſſals to your throne and ſtate; who do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing with a ſaving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an alluſion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was abſolute and without any exception; but *ſimple homage*, when done to a ſubject for lands holden of him, was always with a *ſaving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the ſovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a noſtre ſeignor le roy*," as it is in Littleton. And though the expreſſion be ſomewhat ſtiff and forced, it is not more ſo than many others in this play, and ſuits well with the ſituation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elſewhere ſays, [in *Julius Cæſar:*]

"When love begins to ſicken and decay,
"It uſeth an enforced ceremony." BLACKSTONE.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.[3]—Noble Banquo,
That haſt no leſs deſerv'd, nor muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs alſo in the *Letters of the Paſton Family*, Vol. II. p. 245. "—ye ſhalle fynde me to yow as kynde as I maye be, *my conſcienſe and worſhyp ſavy'd.*" Steevens.

A paſſage in *Cupid's Revenge*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, adds ſome ſupport to Sir William Blackſtone's emendation:

"I'll ſpeak it freely, always my *obedience*
"*And love preſerved unto the prince.*"

So alſo the following words ſpoken by Henry Duke of Lancaſter to King Richard II. at their interview in the Caſtle of Flint (a paſſage that Shakſpeare had certainly read and perhaps remembered): "My ſovereign lorde and kyng, the cauſe of my coming, at this preſent, is, [*your honour ſaved*], to have againe reſtitution of my perſon, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence." Holinſhed's Chron. Vol. II.

Our author himſelf alſo furniſhes us with a paſſage that likewiſe may ſerve to confirm this emendation, See *The Winter's Tale*, p. 156:

"Save him from danger; do HIM *love and honour.*"

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"What ſhall you aſk of me that I'll deny,
"That *honour ſav'd* may upon aſking give?"

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing
"(Always *reſerv'd my holy duty*) what
"His rage can do on me."

Our poet has uſed the verb to *ſafe* in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—beſt you *ſaf'd* the bringer
"Out of the hoſt." Malone.

[3] ——full *of growing.*——] Is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. So, in *Othello:*

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe?"

Malone.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.[4]—Sons, kinſmen, thanes,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour muſt
Not, unaccompanied, inveſt him only,
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—From hence to Inverneſs,[5]
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

[4] *My plenteous joys,*
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.]
——lachrymas non ſponte cadentes
Effudit, gemituſque expreſſit pectore læto;
Non aliter manifeſta potens abſcondere mentis
Gaudia, quam lachrymis. *Lucan.* lib. ix.

There was no Engliſh tranſlation of Lucan before 1614.—We meet with the ſame ſentiment again in *The Winter's Tale:* "It ſeem'd ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears." It is likewiſe employed in the firſt ſcene of *Much ado about Nothing.* Malone.

[5] ——*hence to* Inverneſs,] Dr. Johnſon obſerves, in his *Journey to the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland,* that the walls of the caſtle of Macbeth at *Inverneſs* are yet ſtanding. Steevens.

The circumſtance of Duncan's viſiting Macbeth is ſupported by hiſtory; for, from the Scottiſh Chronicles it appears, that it was cuſtomary for the king to make a progreſs through his dominions every year. "Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis conſuetudo regni pertranſire regiones ſemel in anno." *Fordun. Scotichron.* Lib. IV. c. xliv.

Macb. The prince of Cumberland![6]—That is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap,
[*Aſide.*

" Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perluſtrabat provincias." Buchan. Lib. VII. MALONE.

[6] *The prince of* Cumberland!—] So, Holinſhed, *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 171: " Duncan having two ſonnes, &c. he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him ſucceſſor in his kingdome immediatlie after his deceaſe. Mackbeth ſorely troubled herewith, for that he ſaw by this means his hope ſore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that ſhould ſucceed were not of able age to take the charge upon himſelf, he that was next of bloud unto him ſhould be admitted,) he began to take counſel how he might uſurpe the kingdome by force, having a juſt quarrel ſo to doe (as he tooke the matter), for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a ſucceſſor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the caſe), the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately beſtowed on him as the mark of his deſignation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief.

STEEVENS.

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is ſupported by Bellenden's Tranſlation of *Hector Boethius*: " In the mene tyme Kyng Duncane maid his ſon Malcolme *Prince of Cumbir, to ſignify yt he ſuld regne eftir hym*, quhilk wes gret diſpleſeir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird promittit afore to hym be this weird ſiſteris. Nochtheles he thoct gif Duncane were ſlane, he had maiſt rycht to the croun, becauſe he wes nereſt of blud yairto, be tenour of ye auld lavis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, quhen young children wer unabel to govern the croun, the nerreſt of yair blude ſal regne." So alſo Buchanan, Rerum Scoticarum Hiſt. lib. vii.

" Duncanus e filia Sibardi reguli Northumbrorum, duos filios genuerat. Ex iis Milcolumbum, vixdum puberem, Cumbriæ præfecit. Id factum ejus Macbethus moleſtius, quam credi poterat, tulit, eam videlicet moram ſibi ratus injectam, ut, priores jam magiſtratus (juxta viſum nocturnum) adeptus, aut omnino a regno excluderetur, aut eo tardius potiretur, *cum præfectura Cumbriæ velut aditus ad ſupremum magiſtratum* SEMPER *eſſet habitus.*" It has been

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee.
[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full ſo valiant;[7]

aſſerted by an anonymous writer [Mr. Ritſon] that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it ſhould ſeem from the play that Malcolm was the *firſt* who had the title of *Prince* of Cumberland." An extract or two from Hector Boethius will be ſufficient relative to theſe points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his Hiſtory we are informed, that ſome of the friends of Kenneth III. the eightieth king of Scotland, came among the nobles, deſiring them to chooſe Malcolm, the ſon of Kenneth, to be Lord of Cumbir, "*yt he mycht be yt way the better cum to ye crown after his faderis deid.*" Two of the nobles ſaid, it was in the power of Kenneth to make whom he pleaſed Lord of Cumberland; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. "Sic thingis done, king Kenneth, be adviſe of his nobles, *abrogat ye auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as followes: 1. The king beand deceſſit, his eldeſt ſon or his eldeſt nepot, (notwithſtanding quhat ſumevir age he be of, and youcht he was born efter his faderis death, ſal ſuccede ye croun," &c. Notwithſtanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldeſt ſon of Kenneth, did *not* ſucceed to the throne after the death of his father; for after Kenneth reigned Conſtantine, the ſon of king Culyne. To him ſucceeded Gryme, who was *not* the ſon of Conſtantine, but the grandſon of king Duffe. Gryme, ſays Boethius, came to Scone, "quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the ſon of king Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince* of Cumberland, became king of Scotland; and to him ſucceeded Duncan, the ſon of his eldeſt daughter.

Theſe breaches, however, in the ſucceſſion appear to have been occaſioned by violence in turbulent times; and though the eldeſt ſon could not ſucceed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottiſh monarchy may be ſaid to have been hereditary, ſubject however to peculiar regulations. Malone.

[7] *True, worthy Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant;] i. e. *he is to the*

And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverneſs. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

LADY M.—*They met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learned by the perfecteſt report,*[8] *they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves—air, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the king,*[9] *who all-hail'd me,* Thane of Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with,* Hail, king that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, my deareſt partner of greatneſs; that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promiſed thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

full as valiant as you have deſcribed him. We muſt imagine, that while Macbeth was uttering the ſix preceding lines, Duncan and Banquo had been conferring apart. Macbeth's conduct appears to have been their ſubject; and to ſome encomium ſuppoſed to have been beſtowed on him by Banquo, the reply of Duncan refers. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*by the perfecteſt report,*] By the beſt intelligence. JOHNSON.

[9] ——miſſives *from the king,*] i. e. meſſengers. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Did gibe my *miſſive* out of audience." STEEVENS.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way: Thou would'ſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily; would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly win: thou'd'ſt have, great Glamis,[2]
That which cries, *Thus thou muſt do, if thou have it*;
And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,[3]
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear;[4]
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,

[2] ——*thou'd'ſt have, great Glamis,*
That which cries, Thus thou muſt do, if thou have *it*;
And that, *&c.*] As the object of Macbeth's deſire is here introduced ſpeaking of itſelf, it is neceſſary to read,
——*thou'd'ſt have, great Glamis,*
That which cries, thus thou muſt do, if thou have *me.*
JOHNSON.

[3] *And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,*] The conſtruction, perhaps, is, thou would'ſt have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou muſt do thus, if thou wouldſt have it, and* thou muſt do *that which rather,* &c. Sir T. Hanmer without neceſſity reads—And that's what rather—. The difficulty of this line and the ſucceeding hemiſtich ſeems to have ariſen from their not being conſidered as part of the ſpeech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As ſuch they appear to me, and I have therefore diſtinguiſhed them by Italicks. MALONE.

This regulation is certainly proper, and I have followed it.
STEEVENS.

[4] *That I may* pour my ſpirits *in thine ear*;] I meet with the ſame expreſſion in lord Sterline's *Julius Cæſar*, 1607:
" Thou in my boſom us'd *to pour thy ſpright.*" MALONE.

Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.[5]——What is your tidings?

[5] ——*the* golden round,
Which fate and metaphyſical aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.] For *ſeem*, the ſenſe evidently directs us to read *ſeek*. The crown to which fate deſtines thee, and which preternatural agents *endeavour* to beſtow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*. JOHNSON.

So, in Act IV:

" And wears upon his baby brow the *round*
" And top of ſovereignty." STEEVENS.

Metaphyſical for ſupernatural. But *doth ſeem to have thee crown'd withal*, is not ſenſe. To make it ſo, it ſhould be ſupplied thus: *doth ſeem deſirous to have*. But no poetic licence would excuſe this. An eaſy alteration will reſtore the poet's true reading:

——*doth ſeem*
To have crown'd thee withal.

i. e. they ſeem already to have crown'd thee, and yet thy diſpoſition at preſent hinders it from taking effect. WARBURTON.

The words, as they now ſtand, have exactly the ſame meaning. Such arrangement is ſufficiently common among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

I do not concur with Dr. Warburton, in thinking that Shakſpeare meant to ſay, that fate and metaphyſical aid ſeem *to have* crowned Macbeth.—Lady Macbeth means to animate her huſband to the attainment of " the golden round," with which fate and ſupernatural agency ſeem to intend *to have him crowned*, on a *future* day. So, in *All's well that ends Well:*

" ——Our deareſt friend
" Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would *ſeem*
" *To have* us make denial."

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between—" To have thee crown'd,"—and " To have crown'd thee;" of which the learned commentator does not appear to have been aware."

Metaphyſical, which Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved, means *ſupernatural*, ſeems in our author's time to have had no other meaning. In the *Engliſh Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphyſicks* are thus explained: " Supernatural arts." MALONE.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. M. Thou'rt mad to ſay it:
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So pleaſe you, it is true; our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.

Lady. M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,[6]
[*Exit Attendant.*

[6] ——*The raven himſelf is hoarſe,*] Dr. Warburton reads:
——*The raven himſelf's* not *hoarſe,*
Yet I think the preſent words may ſtand. The meſſenger, ſays the ſervant, had hardly breath *to make up his meſſage*; to which the lady anſwers mentally, that he may well want breath, ſuch a meſſage would add hoarſeneſs to the raven. That even the bird, whoſe harſh voice is accuſtomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of* Duncan but in a note of unwonted harſhneſs. JOHNSON.

The following is, in my opinion, the ſenſe of this paſſage.
Give him tending; the news he brings are worth the ſpeed that made him loſe his breath. [*Exit Attendant.*] 'Tis certain now—*the raven himſelf is* ſpent, is *hoarſe* by croaking this very meſſage, *the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.*

Lady Macbeth (for ſhe was not yet *unſexed*) was likelier to be deterred from her deſign than encouraged in it by the ſuppoſed thought that the meſſage and the prophecy, (though equally ſecrets to the meſſenger and the raven,) had deprived the one of ſpeech, and added harſhneſs to the other's note. Unleſs we abſurdly ſuppoſe the meſſenger acquainted with the hidden import of his meſſage, *ſpeed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady conſidered both as organs of that deſtiny which hurried Duncan into her meſhes. FUSELI.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you ſpirits[7]
That tend on mortal thoughts,[8] unſex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direſt cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the acceſs and paſſage to remorſe;[9]
That no compunctious viſitings of nature

Mr. Fuſeli's idea, that the raven has croaked till he is *hoarſe* with croaking, may receive ſupport from the following paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —— make her airy tongue more *hoarſe* than mine
" With *repetition* of my Romeo's name."

Again, from one of the parts of *King Henry VI:*

" Warwick is *hoarſe* with daring thee to arms." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Come*, come, *you ſpirits* —] For the ſake of the metre I have ventured to repeat the word—*come*, which occurs only once in the old copy.

All had been added by Sir William Davenant, to ſupply the ſame deficiency. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *mortal thoughts*,] This expreſſion ſignifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous*, *deadly*, or *deſtructive deſigns*. So, in Act V:

" Hold faſt the *mortal* ſword."

And in another place:

" With twenty *mortal* murders." JOHNSON.

In *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Naſhe, 1592, (a very popular pamphlet of that time,) our author might have found a particular deſcription of theſe ſpirits, and of their office.

" The ſecond kind of devils, which he moſt employeth, are thoſe northern Martii, called the *ſpirits of revenge*, and the authors of maſſacres, and ſeedſmen of miſchief; for they have commiſſion to incenſe men to rapines, ſacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties: and they command certain of the ſouthern ſpirits to wait upon them, as alſo great Arioch, that is termed *the ſpirit of revenge*." MALONE.

[9] —— *remorſe*;] *Remorſe*, in ancient language, ſignifies pity. So, in *King Lear:*

" Thrill'd with *remorſe*, oppos'd againſt the act."

Again, in *Othello:*

" And to obey ſhall be in me *remorſe* —."

See notes on that paſſage, Act III. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it![9] Come to my woman's breaſts,

9 ——*nor keep* peace *between*
The effect, and it!] The intent of Lady Macbeth evidently is to wiſh that no womaniſh tenderneſs, or conſcientious remorſe, may hinder her purpoſe from proceeding to effect; but neither this, nor indeed any other ſenſe, is expreſſed by the preſent reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that Shakſpeare wrote differently, perhaps thus:

That no compunctious viſitings of nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keep pace *between*
The effect and it.——

To *keep* pace *between*, may ſignify *to paſs between*, to *intervene*. *Pace* is on many occaſions a favourite of Shakſpeare's. This phraſe is indeed not uſual in this ſenſe; but was it not its novelty that gave occaſion to the preſent corruption? JOHNSON.

——*and it!*] The folio reads, *and hit*. *It*, in many of our ancient books, is thus ſpelt. In the firſt ſtanza of Churchyard's *Diſcourſe of Rebellion*, &c. 1570, we have, *Hit* is a plague—*Hit* venom caſtes—*Hit* poyſoneth all—*Hit* is of kinde—*Hit* ſtaynes the ayre. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by the editor of the third folio.

Lady Macbeth's purpoſe was to be effected by action. To *keep peace between the effect and purpoſe*, means, to delay the execution of her purpoſe; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there ſhould be a peace between the effect and purpoſe, or in other words, till hoſtilities were commenced, till ſome bloody action ſhould be performed, her purpoſe [i. e. the murder of Duncan] could not be carried into execution. So, in the following paſſage in *King John*, in which a correſponding imagery may be traced:

"Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
"This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
"*Hoſtility* and civil tumult *reigns*
"*Between my conſcience* and my couſin's *death*."

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the *Tragicall Hyſtorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"In abſence of her knight, the lady no way could
"*Keep truce between her griefs and her*, though ne'er ſo fayne
ſhe would."

Sir W. D'Avenant's ſtrange alteration of this play ſometimes affords a reaſonably good comment upon it. Thus, in the preſent inſtance:

And take my milk for gall,[3] you murd'ring miniſ-
ters,
Wherever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
You wait on nature's miſchief![4] Come, thick night,[5]
And pall thee[6] in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell!
That my keen knife[7] ſee not the wound it makes;

" ——make thick
" My blood, ſtop all paſſage to remorſe;
" That no relapſes into mercy may
" *Shake my deſign, nor make it fall before*
" *'Tis ripen'd to effect.*" MALONE.

[3] ——*take my milk for gall,*] *Take* away *my milk,* and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

[4] *You wait on* nature's miſchief!] *Nature's miſchief* is miſchief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedneſs. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*Come, thick night,* &c.] A ſimilar invocation is found in *A Warning for faire Women,* 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth:*

" Oh ſable night, ſit on the eye of heaven,
" That it diſcern not this black deed of darkneſs!
" My guilty ſoul, burnt with luſt's hateful fire,
" Muſt wade through blood to obtain my vile deſire:
" Be then my *coverture,* thick ugly *night!*
" The light hates me, and I do hate the light."
MALONE.

[6] *And* pall *thee* ——] i. e. wrap thyſelf in a *pall.*
WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of ſtate. So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys,* no date;

" The knyghtes were clothed in *pall.*"

Again, in Milton's *Penſeroſo:*

" Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
" In ſcepter'd *pall* come ſweeping by."

Dr. Warburton ſeems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead.

To *pall,* however, in the preſent inſtance, (as Mr. Douce obſerves to me,) may ſimply mean—to *wrap,* to *inveſt.* STEEVENS.

[7] *That my keen* knife ——] The word *knife,* which at preſent has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently uſed to expreſs a *ſword or dagger.* So, in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys,* no date:

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[8]
To cry, *Hold, hold!*[9]——Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor![a]

" Through Goddes myght, and his *knyfe*,
" There the gyaunte loſt his lyfe."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. vi:

" —— the red-croſs knight was ſlain with paynim *knife*."
STEEVENS.

To avoid a multitude of examples, which in the preſent inſtance do not ſeem wanted, I ſhall only obſerve that Mr. Steevens's remark might be confirmed by quotations without end. REED.

[8] —— *the* blanket *of the dark*,] Drayton, in the 26th ſong of his *Polyolbion*, has an expreſſion reſembling this:

" Thick vapours, that, like *ruggs*, ſtill hang the troubled air." STEEVENS.

Polyolbion was not publiſhed till 1612, after this play had certainly been exhibited; but in an earlier piece Drayton has the ſame expreſſion:

" The ſullen *night* in miſtie *rugge* is wrapp'd."
Mortimeriados, 4to. 1596.

Blanket was perhaps ſuggeſted to our poet by the coarſe *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the houſe was yet but half-lighted, he had himſelf often *peeped*.—In *King Henry VI.* P. III. we have—" night's *coverture*."

A kindred thought is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,)
" The ſilver-ſhining queen he would diſtain;
" Her twinkling hand-maids too, [the ſtars] by him defil'd,
" Through *night's black boſom* ſhould not *peep* again."
MALONE.

[9] *To cry*, Hold, hold!] On this paſſage there is a long criticiſm in the *Kambler*, Number 168. JOHNSON.

In this criticiſm the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has repreſented Satan as flying

" —— in the *dun* air ſublime."

Gawin Douglas employs *dun* as a ſynonyme to *fulvus*.
STEEVENS.

To cry, Hold, hold!] The thought is taken from the old military laws which inflicted capital puniſhment upon " whoſoever

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent,[3] and I feel now
The future in the inſtant.

ſhall ſtrike ſtroke at his adverſary, either in the heat or otherwiſe, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat in a place incloſed: and then no man ſhall be ſo hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." P. 264 of Mr. Bellay's *Inſtructions for the Wars*, tranſlated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewiſe illuſtrate the laſt line in Macbeth's concluding ſpeech:

" And damn'd be him who firſt cries, *hold, enough!*"

STEEVENS.

[2] *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakſpeare has ſupported the character of lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings, to this monſter of his own creation. The ſofter paſſions are more obliterated in her than in her huſband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with ſuch a ſalutation as would have become one of his friends or vaſſals; a ſalutation apparently fitted rather to raiſe his thoughts to a level with her own purpoſes, than to teſtify her joy at his return, or manifeſt an attachment to his perſon: nor does any ſentiment expreſſive of love or ſoftneſs fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himſelf, amidſt the horrors of his guilt, ſtill retains a character leſs fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderneſs, and pours his complaints and fears into her boſom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

[3] *This* ignorant preſent,] *Ignorant* has here the ſignification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by anticipation thoſe future honours, of which, according to the proceſs of nature, the preſent time would be *ignorant*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— his ſhipping,
" Poor *ignorant* baubles," &c.

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— *ignorant* fumes that mantle
" Their clearer reaſon." STEEVENS.

Macb. My deareſt love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady. M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purpoſes.
Lady. M. O, never
Shall ſun that morrow ſee!
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read ſtrange matters: [4]—To beguile the time,
Look like the time; [5] bear welcome in your eye,

This ignorant preſent,] Thus the old copy. Some of our modern editors read: "—preſent *time:*" but the phraſeology in the text is frequent in our author, as well as other ancient writers. So in the firſt ſcene of *The Tempeſt:* "If you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of *the preſent*, we will not hand a rope more." The ſenſe does not require the word *time*, and it is too much for the meaſure. Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"And that you not delay *the preſent*; but" &c.

Again, in *Corinthians* I. ch. xv. v. 6: "—of whom the greater part remain unto *this preſent.*"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Be pleas'd to tell us
"(For this is from *the preſent*) how you take
"The offer I have ſent you." Steevens.

[4] *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*
May read, &c.] That is, thy looks are ſuch as will awaken men's curioſity, excite their attention, and make room for ſuſpicion. Heath.

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

"*Her face the book* of praiſes, *where is read*
"Nothing but curious pleaſures." Steevens.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Poor women's *faces* are their own faults' *books.*"
Malone.

[5] ——*To beguile the time,*
Look like the time;] The ſame expreſſion occurs in the 8th book of Daniel's *Civil Wars:*

"He draws a traverſe twixt his grievances;
"*Looks like the time:* his eye made not report
"Of what he felt within; nor was he leſs
"Than uſually he was in every part;
"Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart." Steevens.

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under it. He that's coming
Muſt be provided for: and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my deſpatch;
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.

Ladr. M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:[6]
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. Before the Caſtle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth *attending.*

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.*

Dun. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat;[7] the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf

The ſeventh and eighth books of Daniel's *Civil Wars* were not publiſhed till the year 1609; [ſee the Epiſtle Dedicatorie to that edition:] ſo that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel muſt have been indebted to Shakſpeare; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had been exhibited before that year. MALONE.

[6] *To* alter favour *ever is to* fear:] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
" For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
" And *fears* by *pale white* ſhown."
Favour is—look, countenance. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
" I know your *favour*, lord Ulyſſes, well." STEEVENS.

[7] *This caſtle hath a pleaſant* ſeat;] *Seat* here means *ſituation.* Lord Bacon ſays, " He that builds a faire houſe upon an *ill ſeat*, committeth himſelf to priſon. Neither doe I reckon it an *ill ſeat*, only

Unto our gentle ſenſes.[8]

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet,[9] does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,[2] buttreſs,

where the aire is unwholſome, but likewiſe where the aire is unequal; as you ſhall ſee many fine *ſeats* ſet upon a knap of ground invironed with higher hills round about it, whereby the heat of the ſunne is pent in, and the wind gathereth as in troughs; ſo as you ſhall have, and that ſuddenly, as great diverſitie of heat and cold, as if you dwelt in ſeveral places." *Eſſays*, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 257. Reed.

This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat.] This ſhort dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilſt they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's caſtle, has always appeared to me a ſtriking inſtance of what in painting is termed *repoſe*. Their converſation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its ſituation, and the pleaſantneſs of the air; and Banquo, obſerving the martlet's neſts in every receſs of the cornice, remarks, that where thoſe birds moſt breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The ſubject of this quiet and eaſy converſation gives that repoſe ſo neceſſary to the mind after the tumultuous buſtle of the preceding ſcenes, and perfectly contraſts the ſcene of horror that immediately ſucceeds. It ſeems as if Shakſpeare aſked himſelf, What is a prince likely to ſay to his attendants on ſuch an occaſion. Whereas the modern writers ſeem, on the contrary, to be always ſearching for new thoughts, ſuch as would never occur to men in the ſituation which is repreſented.—This alſo is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midſt of battles and horrors, relieves and refreſhes the mind of the reader, by introducing ſome quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domeſtick life.

Sir J. Reynolds.

[8] *Unto our* gentle ſenſes.] *Senſes* are nothing more *than each man's ſenſe. Gentle ſenſe* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, compoſed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day. Johnson.

[9] —— *martlet*,] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. Johnson.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

It is ſupported by the following paſſage in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" —— like the *martlet*
" Builds in the weather on the outward wall."

Steevens.

[2] —— *no* jutty, *frieze*,] A comma ſhould be placed after *jutty*.

Nor coigne of vantage,[3] but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where
they[4]
Moſt breed[5] and haunt, I have obſerv'd, the air
Is delicate.

A jutty, or *jetty*, (for ſo it ought rather to be written) is not here, as has been ſuppoſed, an epithet to *frieze*, but a ſubſtantive; ſignifying that part of a building which ſhoots forward beyond the reſt. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Barbacane.* An outnooke or corner ſtanding out of a houſe; a *jettie.*"—"*Sporto.* A porch, a portal, a bay window, or out-butting, or *jettie*, of a houſe, that jetties out farther than anie other part of the houſe."—See alſo *Surpendue* in Cotgrave's French Dict. 1611: "A *jettie*; an out-jetting room." MALONE.

Shakſpeare uſes the verb to *jutty*, in *K. Henry V:*

"—as fearfully as doth a galled rock
"O'erhang and *jutty* his confounded baſe." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*coigne of vantage,*] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

So, in *Pericles:*

"By the four oppoſing *coignes*,
"Which the world together joins." STEEVENS.

[4] *His pendent bed, and procreant* cradle: *Where they*—] Leſt the reader ſhould think this verſe defective in harmony, he ought to be told, that as *needle* was once written and pronounced *neele* and *neeld*, ſo *cradle* was contracted into *crale*, and conſequently uttered as a monoſyllable.

Thus, in the fragment of an ancient Chriſtmas carol now before me:

"——on that day
"Did aungels round him miniſter
"As in his *crale* he lay."

In ſome parts of Warwickſhire (as I am informed) the word is drawlingly pronounced as if it had been written—*craale.*
STEEVENS.

[5] *Moſt breed*——] The folio,—*muſt breed.* STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

DUN. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.[6]

[6] *The love that follows us, ſometime is our trouble,*
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God yield *us* for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.] *The attention that is paid us* (ſays Duncan on ſeeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) *ſometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet ſtill we cannot but be pleaſed with ſuch attentions, becauſe they are a proof of affection.* So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confeſs, I have no very diſtinct conception, and ſuſpect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—*By being the occaſion of ſo much trouble I furniſh you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you,* inaſmuch as the having ſuch an opportunity of ſhowing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; *and herein alſo I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you,* becauſe by ſhowing me ſo much attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cauſe of it,) you have an opportunity of diſplaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourſelf with your ſovereign: which finally may bring you both profit and honour. MALONE.

This paſſage is undoubtedly obſcure, and the following is the beſt explication of it I am able to offer.

Marks of reſpect importunately ſhown, are ſometimes troubleſome, though we are ſtill bound to be grateful for them as indications of ſincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your houſe, and thank us for the moleſtations we bring with us, it muſt be on ſuch a principle. Herein I teach you, that the inconvenience you ſuffer, is the reſult of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers and thanks can be deſerved for kindneſſes that fatigue, and honours that oppreſs. You are, in ſhort, to make your acknowledgments for intended reſpect and love, however irkſome our preſent mode of expreſſing them may have proved.—To *bid* is here uſed in the Saxon ſenſe—to *pray.* STEEVENS.

How you ſhall bid God-yield us—] To bid any one *God-yeld him,* i. e. *God-yield him,* was the ſame as God reward him.
WARBURTON.

Lady. M. All our ſervice
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs, to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majeſty loads our houſe: For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits.[7]

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *ſhield*. The wiſh implores not *reward*, but *protection*. JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. reward. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with it at length:

" And the *gods yield* you for't."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau*, 1568:

" *God yelde you*, Eſau, with all my ſtomach."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

" Syr, quoth Guy, *God yield it you*,
" Of this great gift you give me now."

Again, in Chaucer's *Sompnoure's Tale*, v. 7759; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit.

" God *yelde you* adoun in your village."

Again, one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 335, begins thus:

" To begin, *God yeld you* for my hats."

God ſhield means *God forbid*, and could never be uſed as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's *Milleres Tale*:

" *God ſhilde* that he died ſodenly." v. 3427; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. STEEVENS.

[7] *We reſt your* hermits.] *Hermits*, for beadſmen. WARBURTON.

That is, we as *hermits* ſhall always pray for you. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" I am your *beadſman*, bound to pray for you."

Again, in *Heywood's Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

" ——— worſhipful ſir,
" I ſhall be ſtill your *beadſman*."

This phraſe occurs frequently in *The Paſton Letters*. STEEVENS.

And his great love, ſharp as his ſpur,[8] hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.

Lady. M. Your ſervants ever[9]
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*his great love, ſharp as his ſpur,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iii:

" ——my deſire,
" *More ſharp than filed ſteel,* did ſpur me forth."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Your ſervants ever,* &c.] The metaphor in this ſpeech is taken from the Steward's compting houſe or audit-room. *In compt,* means, *ſubject to account.* The ſenſe of the whole is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your uſe, and for which we muſt be accountable whenever you pleaſe to call us to our audit; when, like faithful ſtewards, we ſhall be ready to anſwer your ſummons, by returning you what is your own.* STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

The ſame. A Room in the Caſtle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and paſs over the ſtage, a ſewer,[3] *and divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice. Then enter* MACBETH.

MACB. If it were done,[4] when'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination[5]

[3] *Enter —— a* ſewer,] I have reſtored this ſtage-direction from the old copy. The office of a *ſewer* was to place the diſhes in order at a feaſt. His chief mark of diſtinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*; "——clap me a clean *towel* about you, like a *ſewer*." Again: "See, ſir Amorous has his *towel* on already. [He enters like a *ſewer*."] STEEVENS.

[4] *If it were* done, *&c.*] A ſentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings againſt Garnet* in the Powder Plot. "It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before." FARMER.

[5] —— *If the aſſaſſination* &c.] Of this ſoliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakſpeare agreeing about it. I underſtand it thus:

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be beſt *to do it quickly:* if the murder could terminate in itſelf, and reſtrain the regular courſe of conſequences, if *its ſucceſs* could ſecure *its ſurceaſe*, if, being once done *ſucceſsfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and enquiry, ſo that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to ſuffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal exiſtence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future ſtate. But this is one of *thoſe caſes* in which judgement is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our preſent life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are puniſhed by our own example." JOHNSON.

Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch,
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs;[6] that but this blow

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonſon in reading ſome bombaſt ſpeeches in *Macbeth*, which *are not to be underſtood*, uſed to ſay that it was *horrour*."—Perhaps the preſent paſſage was one of thoſe thus depretiated. Any perſon but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleaſure on the tranſcendent beauties of this ſublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greateſt work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into ſtrong ſhudders" and blood-freezing "agues," by its intereſting and high-wrought ſcenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardneſs of its language; for ſuch, it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horrour*. That there are difficult paſſages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "ſome *bombaſt* ſpeeches in it, *which are not to be underſtood*," as Dryden aſſerts, will not very readily be granted to him. From this aſſertion however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in ſome of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles II. were not very deeply ſkilled in the language of their predeceſſors, and that Shakſpeare was not ſo well underſtood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

[6] *Could* trammel *up the conſequence, and catch,*
With his ſurceaſe, ſucceſs;] I think the reaſoning requires that we ſhould read:
With its ſucceſs ſurceaſe.—— JOHNSON.

A *trammel* is a net in which either birds or fiſhes are caught. So, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1633:
"Each tree and ſhrub wears *trammels* of thy hair."
Surceaſe is ceſſation, ſtop. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:
"*Surceaſe* brave brother: Fortune hath crown'd our brows."
His is uſed inſtead of *its*, in many places. STEEVENS.

The perſonal pronouns are ſo frequently uſed by Shakſpeare, inſtead of the impersonal, that no amendment would be neceſſary in this paſſage, even if it were certain that the pronoun *his* refers to *aſſaſſination*, which ſeems to be the opinion of Johnſon and Steevens; but I think it more probable that it refers to *Duncan*; and that by *his ſurceaſe* Macbeth means *Duncan's death*, which was the object of his contemplation. M. MASON.

His certainly may refer to *aſſaſſination*, (as Dr. Johnſon by his propoſed alteration ſeems to have thought it did,) for Shakſpeare very frequently uſes *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be, If the aſſaſſination, at the

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and ſhoal of time,[7]—
We'd jump the life to come.[8]—But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: [9] This even-handed juſtice [a]

ſame time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happineſs, promotion to the crown unmoleſted by the compunctious viſitings of conſcience, &c. To *ceaſe* often ſignifies in theſe plays, to *die*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

" Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *ceaſe*."

I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is uſed for *its*, and that it relates to *aſſaſſination*. MALONE.

[7] ——*ſhoal of time*,] This is Theobald's emendation, undoubtedly right. The old edition has *ſchool*, and Dr. Warburton *ſhelve*. JOHNSON.

By the *ſhoal of time* our author means the ſhallow ford of life, between us and the abyſs of eternity. STEEVENS.

[8] *We'd jump the life to come.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. iv:

" ——or *jump the after-enquiry* on your own peril."

STEEVENS.

" We'd *jump* the life to come," certainly means, We'd *hazard* or run the riſk of what might happen in a future ſtate of being. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— Our fortune lies
" Upon this *jump*."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— and wiſh
" To *jump* a body with a dangerous phyſick,
" That's ſure of death without it."

See note on this paſſage, Act III. ſc. i. MALONE.

[9] ——*we but teach*
Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor:] So, in Bellenden's tranſlation of Hector Boethius: " He [Macbeth] was led be wod furyis, as ye nature of all tyrannis is, quhilks conqueſſis landis or kingdomes be wrangus titil, ay full of hevy thocht and dredour, and *traiſting ilk man to do ſiclik cruelties to hym, as he did afore to othir*." MALONE.

[a] —This *even-handed juſtice*—] Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that we might more advantageouſly read—

Thus even-handed juſtice, &c. STEEVENS.

The old reading I believe to be the true one, becauſe Shakſpeare has very frequently uſed this mode of expreſſion. So, a little

Commends the ingredients[3] of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips.[4] He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek,[5] hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, againſt
The deep damnation[6] of his taking-off:

lower:—"Beſides, *this* Duncan," &c. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"That *this* ſame child of honour and renown,
"*This* gallant Hotſpur, *this* all-praiſed knight—."

MALONE.

[3] Commends *the ingredients* —] Thus in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play:

"I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot,
"And ſo I do *commend* you to their backs."

This verb has many ſhades of meaning. It ſeems here to ſignify—*offers*, or *recommends*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *our poiſon'd* chalice
To our own lips.] Our poet, *apis Matinæ more modoque*, would ſtoop to borrow a ſweet from any flower, however humble in its ſituation.

"The pricke of conſcience (ſays Holinſhed) cauſed him ever to feare, leſt he ſhould be ſerved of the ſame *cup* as he had miniſter'd to his predeceſſor." STEEVENS.

[5] *Hath borne his* faculties *ſo meek*,] *Faculties*, for office, exerciſe of power, &c. WARBURTON.

"Duncan (ſays Holinſhed) was ſoft and gentle of nature."—And again: "Macbeth ſpoke much againſt the king's ſoftneſs, and overmuch ſlackneſs in puniſhing offenders." STEEVENS.

[6] *The* deep damnation —] So, in *A dolfull Diſcourſe of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 1593:

"—— in ſtate
"Of *deepe damnation* ſtood."

I ſhould not have thought this little coincidence worth noting, had I not found it in a poem which it ſhould ſeem, from other paſſages, that Shakſpeare had read and remembered. STEEVENS.

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs couriers of the air,[6]
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears ſhall drown the wind.[7]—I have no ſpur

[6] ——*or heaven's cherubin, hors'd*
Upon the ſightleſs couriers *of the air,*] *Courier* is only *runner. Couriers of air* are *winds*, air in motion. *Sightleſs* is *inviſible.* JOHNSON.

Again, in this play:
" Wherever in your *ſightleſs* ſubſtances," &c.
Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
" The flames of hell and Pluto's *ſightleſs* fires."
Again:
" Hath any *ſightleſs* and infernal fire
" Laid hold upon my fleſh?"
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. c. xi:
" The ſcouring winds that *ſightleſs* in the ſounding air do fly." STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry V:*
" *Borne* with the *inviſible* and creeping wind."
Again, in our author's 51ſt Sonnet:
" Then ſhould I ſpur, though *mounted on the wind.*"
Again, in the Prologue to *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,
" Making the *wind* my poſt-*horſe*—."
The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been ſomewhere obſerved) ſeems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Pſalm: " He rode upon the *cherubins* and did fly; he came *flying upon the wings of the wind.*" Again, in *the Book of Job*, ch. xxx. v. 22: " Thou cauſeſt me to *ride upon the wind.*" MALONE.

[7] *That tears ſhall drown the wind.*] Alluding to the remiſſion of the wind in a ſhower. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
" For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers;
" And, when the rage allays, the *rain* begins."
Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
" Even as the *wind* is huſh'd before it *raineth.*"
STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" This *windy* tempeſt, till it blow up rain
" Held back his *ſorrow's tide*, to make it more;
" At laſt it *rains*, and buſy winds give o'er."

To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition,[8] which o'er-leaps itſelf,
And falls on the other.[9]—How now! what news?

Enter Lady[2] MACBETH.

LADY. M. He has almoſt ſupp'd; Why have you left the chamber?

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" Where are my *tears?*—rain, *rain* to lay this *wind.*"

MALONE.

[8] ——— *I have no* ſpur
To prick *the ſides of my intent, but only*
Vaulting ambition,] The *ſpur of the occaſion* is a phraſe uſed by lord Bacon. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Tragedy of Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

" Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's ſpur,*
" That *pricketh* Cæſar to theſe high attempts?"

MALONE.

[9] *And falls on the other.*] Sir T. Hanmer has on this occaſion added a word, and would read—

And falls on the other ſide.

Yet they who plead for the admiſſion of this ſupplement, ſhould conſider, that the plural of it, but two lines before, had occurred.

I, alſo, who once attempted to juſtify the omiſſion of this word, ought to have underſtood that Shakſpeare could never mean to deſcribe the agitation of Macbeth's mind, by the aſſiſtance of a halting verſe.

The general image, though confuſedly expreſſed, relates to a horſe, who, overleaping himſelf, falls, and his rider under him. To complete the line we may therefore read—

" And falls *upon* the other."

Thus, in *The Taming of a Shrew:* " How he left her with the horſe *upon* her."

Macbeth, as I apprehend, is meant for the rider, his *intent* for his horſe, and his *ambition* for his *ſpur*; but, unluckily, as the words are arranged, the *ſpur* is ſaid to *over-leap* itſelf. Such hazardous things are long-drawn metaphors in the hands of careleſs writers. STEEVENS.

[2] *Enter Lady*—] The arguments by which lady Macbeth perſuades her huſband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakſpeare's

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?
Lady. M. Know you not, he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,[3]
Wherein you dreſs'd yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,

knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated ſometimes the houſe-breaker, and ſometimes the conqueror; but this ſophiſm Macbeth has for ever deſtroyed, by diſtinguiſhing true from falſe fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almoſt be ſaid, that they ought to beſtow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been loſt:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

This topick, which has been always employed with too much ſucceſs, is uſed in this ſcene with peculiar propriety to a ſoldier by a woman. Courage is the diſtinguiſhing virtue of a ſoldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himſelf to murder Duncan, another art of ſophiſtry by which men have ſometimes deluded their conſciences, and perſuaded themſelves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakſpeare, whoſe plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might eaſily have ſhown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations, laid on us by a higher power, could not be over-ruled by obligations which we lay upon ourſelves. Johnson.

Part of Lady Macbeth's argument is derived from the tranſlation of Hector Boethius. See Dr. Farmer's note, p. 350. Malone.

[3] *Was the hope drunk,* &c.] The ſame expreſſion is found in *K. John:*

"O, where hath our intelligence been *drunk,*
"Where hath it *ſlept?*" Malone.

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem;[4]
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[5]

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.[6]

Lady M. What beaſt was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;

[4] ——*Would'ſt thou* have *that*
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And *live a coward in thine own eſteem*;] In this there ſeems to be no reaſoning. I ſhould read:
Or *live a coward in thine own eſteem*;
Unleſs we chooſe rather:
——*Would'ſt thou* leave *that.* Johnson.

Do you wiſh to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain ſuch a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to ſuffer your paltry fears, which whiſper, "I dare not," *to control your noble ambition, which cries out,* "I would?" Steevens.

[5] *Like the poor cat i' the adage?*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fiſh, but dares not wet her feet:*
"Catus amat piſces, ſed non vult tingere plantas." Johnson.

[6] *Pr'ythee, peace:* &c.] A paſſage ſimilar to this occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. ii:
"——be that you are,
"That is, a woman: if you're more, you're none."
The old copy, inſtead of *do more*, reads *no more*; but the preſent reading is undoubtedly right.
The correction (as Mr. Malone obſerves) was made by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

The ſame ſentiment occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rollo:*
"My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,
"Is tender of his yet untainted valour;
"So noble, that he dares do nothing baſely." Henley.

And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere,[7] and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,[8]
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſh'd the brains out, had I ſo ſworn,[9] as you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail,——

Lady M. We fail![a]

[7] *Did then* adhere,] Thus the old copy. Dr. Warburton would read—*cohere*, not improperly, but without neceſſity. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Ford ſays of Falſtaff, that his words and actions "no more *adhere* and keep pace together, than" &c. Steevens.

So, in a *Warning for fair Women*, 1599:

"——— Neither time
"Nor place conſorted to my mind." Malone.

[8] *I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,*] Polyxo, in the fifth book of Statius's Thebais, has a ſimilar ſentiment of ferocity:

"In gremio (licet amplexu lachrymiſque moretur)
"Tranſadigam ferro——." Steevens.

[9] ——*had I ſo* ſworn,] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio, from his ignorance of our author's phraſeology and metre, ſuppoſed the line defective, and reads—had I *but* ſo ſworn; which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

My regulation of the metre renders it unneceſſary to read *ſworn* as a diſſyllable, a pronunciation, of which I believe there is no example. Steevens.

[a] *We fail!*] I am by no means ſure that this punctuation is the true one.—"If we fail, we fail,"—is a colloquial phraſe ſtill in frequent uſe. Macbeth having caſually employed the former part of this ſentence, his wife deſignedly completes it. *We fail*, and

But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking-place,[3]
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is aſleep,

thereby know the extent of our misfortune. Yet *our ſucceſs is certain, if you are reſolute.*

Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her huſband time to ſtate any reaſons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious conſequences of miſcarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act in, might have proved unfavourable to her purpoſes. She therefore cuts him ſhort with the remaining part of a common ſaying, to which his own words had offered an apt though accidental introduction.

This reply, at once cool and determined, is ſufficiently characteriſtick of the ſpeaker:—according to the old punctuation, ſhe is repreſented as rejecting with contempt (of which ſhe had already manifeſted enough) the very idea of failure. According to the mode of pointing now ſuggeſted, ſhe admits a poſſibility of miſcarriage, but at the ſame inſtant ſhows herſelf not afraid of its reſult. Her anſwer therefore communicates no diſcouragement to her huſband.—*We fail!* is the haſty interruption of ſcornful impatience. *We fail.*—is the calm deduction of a mind which, having weighed all circumſtances, is prepared, without loſs of confidence in itſelf, for the worſt that can happen. So Hotſpur:

" If we fall in, good night:—or ſink, or ſwim."

STEEVENS.

[3] *But ſcrew your courage to the* ſticking-place,] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *ſticking-place* is the *ſtop* which ſuſpends its powers, till they are diſcharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So, in Sir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

" —— There is an engine made,
" Which ſpends its ſtrength by force of nimble wheels;
" For they, once *ſcrewed up*, in their return
" Will rive an oak."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. viii:

" *Wrench up* thy power to the higheſt."

Perhaps indeed Shakſpeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *ſcrewing up* the chords of ſtring-inſtruments to their proper degree of tenſion, when the peg remains faſt in its *ſticking-place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's laſt interpretation is, in my apprehenſion, the true one. Sir W. D'Avenant miſunderſtood this paſſage. By *the ſticking-*

(Whereto the rather ſhall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince,[4]

place, he ſeems to have thought the poet meant *the* ſtabbing *place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

" Bring but your courage to the *fatal* place,
" And we'll not fail." MALONE.

[4] ——*his two* chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel *ſo convince*, &c,] The circumſtance relative to Macbeth's ſlaughter of Duncan's *Chamberlains*, (as I obſerved ſo long ago, as in our edition 1773,) is copied from Holinſhed's account of King Duffe's murder by Donwald.

Mr. Malone has ſince tranſcribed the whole narrative of this event from the Chronicle; but being too long to ſtand here as a note, it is given, with other bulky extracts, at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

To *convince* is, in Shakſpeare, to *overpower* or *ſubdue*, as in this play:

" ——Their malady *convinces*
" The great aſſay of art." JOHNSON.

So, in the old tragedy of *Cambyſes*:

" If that your heart addicted be the Egyptians to *convince*."

Again:

" By this his grace, by conqueſt great the Egyptians did *convince*."

Again, in Holinſhed:——" thus mortally fought, intending to vanquiſh and *convince* the other." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*and waſſel*——] What was anciently called *was-haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual cuſtom obſerved in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as ſome ſay, from the words which Ronix daughter of Hengiſt uſed, when ſhe drank to Vortigern, *loverd king was-heil*; he anſwering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*; and then, as Geoffry of Monmouth ſays,

" Kuſte hire and ſitte hire adoune and glad dronke hire *heil*;
" And that was tho in this land the verſt *was-hail*,
" As in langage of Saxoyne that me might evere iwite,
" And ſo wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute."

That memory, the warder of the brain,[5]
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon[6]
A limbeck only:[7] When in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures[8] lie, as in a death,

Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the uſual phraſes of quaffing among the Engliſh, as we may ſee from *Thomas de la Moore* in the *Life of Edward II.* and in the lines of Hanvil the monk, who preceded him:

" Ecce vagante cifo diſtento gutture *waſs-heil*,
" Ingeminant *waſs-heil*——"

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a uſual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengiſt, as a note of *health-wiſhing*, ſuppoſing the expreſſion to be corrupted from *wiſh-heil*.

Waſſel or *Waſſail* is a word ſtill in uſe in the midland counties, and ſignifies at preſent what is called Lamb-Wool, i. e. roaſted apples in ſtrong beer, with ſugar and ſpice. See *Beggars-Buſh*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

" What think you of a *waſſel?*
" —— thou, and Ferret,
" And Ginks, to ſing the ſong; I for the ſtructure,
" Which is the bowl."

Ben Jonſon perſonifies *waſſel* thus:——*Enter* Waſſel *like a neat ſempſter and ſongſter, her page bearing a brown bowl dreſt with ribbands and roſemary, before her.*

Waſſel is, however, ſometimes uſed for general riot, intemperance, or feſtivity. On the preſent occaſion I believe it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— Antony,
" Leave thy laſcivious *waſſels.*"

See alſo Vol. V. p. 333, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] —— *the* warder *of the brain,*] A *warder* is a guard, a ſentinel. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

" Where be theſe *warders*, that they wait not here?"

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *the* receipt *of reaſon*——] i. e. the *receptacle*. MALONE.

[7] *A limbeck only:*] That is, ſhall be only a veſſel to emit *fumes* or *vapours*. JOHNSON.

The *limbeck* is the veſſel, through which diſtilled liquors paſs into the recipient. So ſhall it be with memory; through which every thing ſhall paſs, and nothing remain. A. C.

[8] *Their* drenched natures——] i. e. as we ſhould ſay at preſent,—*ſoaked*, ſaturated with liquor. STEEVENS.

What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers; who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[8]

MACB. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

LADY M. Who dares receive it other,[9]
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

MACB. I am ſettled, and bend up[1]

[8] ——*who ſhall bear the guilt*
Of our great quell?] *Quell* is *murder*, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now uſed. JOHNSON.

So, in Chaucer's *Tale of the Nonnes Prieſt*, v. 15396, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"The dokes cryeden as men wold hem *quelle*."

The word is uſed in this ſenſe by Holinſhed, p. 567:—"—the poor people ran about the ſtreets, calling the capteins and governors *murtherers* and *manquellers*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Who dares receive it other,*] So, in Holinſhed: "—he burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had ſlaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwiſe* (ſaid he) but that they were of counſel in the committing of that moſt deteſtable murther." MALONE.

[1] ——*and* bend up—] A metaphor from the bow. So, in *K. Henry V*:

"—*bend* up every ſpirit
"To his full height."

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Melvil's Memoirs*: "—but that rather ſhe ſhould *bend up her ſpirit* by a princely &c. behaviour." Edit. 1735, p. 148.

Till this inſtant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a ſtate of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither reſo-

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know. [*Exeunt,*

lately good, nor obſtinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had ariſen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance.—At the concluſion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to haſten the decree of fate, and quits the ſtage with an apparent reſolution to murder his ſovereign. But no ſooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative ſituation, he determines not to offend againſt the laws of hoſpitality, or the ties of ſubjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then aſſails his conſtancy afreſh. He yields to her ſuggeſtions, and, with his integrity, his happineſs is deſtroyed.

I have enumerated theſe particulars, becauſe the waverings of Macbeth have, by ſome criticks, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumſtances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus*, or that (as Angelo obſerves)

" ——when once our grace we have forgot,
" Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—:"

a paſſage which contains no unapt juſtification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.[3]

The ſame. Court within the Caſtle.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE; *and a Servant, with a torch before them.*

BAN. How goes the night, boy?

FLE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BAN. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

FLE. I take't, 'tis later, ſir.

BAN. Hold, take my ſword:—There's huſbandry in heaven,[4]
Their candles are all out.[5]—Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful powers!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe![6]—Give me my ſword;—

[3] *Scene I.*] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it eaſy to ſay where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all ſuppoſed it, for Banquo ſees the ſky; it is not far from the bedchamber, as the converſation ſhows: it muſt be in the inner court of the caſtle, which Banquo might properly croſs in his way to bed. JOHNSON.

[4] —*There's* huſbandry *in heaven,*] *Huſbandry* here means *thrift, frugality.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" And borrowing dulls the edge of *huſbandry.*" MALONE.

[5] *Their* candles *are all out.*] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Night's *candles* are *burnt out.*"

Again, in our author's 21ſt ſonnet:

" As thoſe gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air."

See Vol. V. p. 539, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] —— *Merciful powers!*
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe!] It is apparent from what Banquo ſays

Enter MACBETH, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Who's there?

MACB. A friend.

BAN. What, ſir, not yet at reſt? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unuſual pleaſure, and
Sent forth great largeſs to your offices: [8]
This diamond he greets your wife withal,

afterwards, that he had been ſolicited in a dream to attempt ſomething in conſequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking ſenſes were ſhock'd at; and Shakſpeare has here moſt exquiſitely contraſted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying againſt being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his ſleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every ſcheme, however flagitious, that may aſſiſt him to complete his purpoſe. The one is unwilling to ſleep, leſt the ſame phantoms ſhould aſſail his reſolution again, while the other is depriving himſelf of reſt through impatience to commit the murder.

The ſame kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline*:

" From fairies, and the *tempters of the night*,
" Guard me!" STEEVENS.

[8] *Sent forth great largeſs to your* offices:] Thus the old copy, and rightly. *Offices* are the rooms appropriated to ſervants and culinary purpoſes. Thus in *Timon*:

" When all our *offices* have been oppreſs'd
" By riotous feeders."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" Unpeopled *offices*, untrodden ſtones."

Duncan was pleaſed with his entertainment, and diſpenſed his bounty to thoſe who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largeſs to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEEVENS.

By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs; and ſhut up[8]
In meaſureleſs content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.[9]

Ban. All's well.[2]
I dreamt laſt night of the three weird ſiſters:
To you they have ſhow'd ſome truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'ſt leiſure.

[8] ——*ſhut up*—] To *ſhut up*, is to conclude. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

" And heavens have *ſhut up* day to pleaſure us."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ix:

" And for to *ſhut up* all in friendly love."

Again, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621, fourth edit. p. 137: " ——though the parents have already *ſhut up* the contract." Again, in Stowe's account of the earl of Eſſex's ſpeech on the ſcaffold: " he *ſhut up* all with the Lord's prayer."

STEEVENS.

Again, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 833: " —the kings majeſtie [K. James] *ſhut up* all with a pithy exhortation on both ſides."

MALONE.

[9] *Being unprepar'd,*
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.] This is obſcurely expreſſed. The meaning ſeems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was neceſſarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to ſhow the king our *willingneſs* to *ſerve* him. Had we received ſufficient notice of his coming, our zeal ſhould have been more clearly manifeſted by our *acts*.

Which refers, not to the laſt antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.

MALONE.

[2] *All's well.*] I ſuppoſe the poet originally wrote (that the preceding verſe might be completed)—" *Sir*, all is well." STEEVENS.

MACB. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,—when 'tis,[3]

[3] *If you ſhall cleave to my* conſent,—*when 'tis,*] *Conſent* for will. So that the ſenſe of the line is, If you ſhall go into my meaſures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your aſſiſtance. WARBURTON.

Macbeth expreſſes his thought with affected obſcurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you ſhall cleave to my conſent,* if you ſhall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis,* when that happens which the prediction promiſes, *it ſhall make honour for you.* JOHNSON.

Such another expreſſion occurs in lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond book of *Virgil's Æneid:*

" And if thy will *ſtick* unto mine, I ſhall
" In wedlocke ſure knit, and make her his own."

Conſent has ſometimes the power of the Latin *concentus.* Both the verb and ſubſtantive, decidedly bearing this ſignification, occur in other plays of our author. Thus in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. ſc. i:

" —— ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars
" That have *conſented* to king Henry's death;"—

i. e. *acted in concert* ſo as to occaſion it.—Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. ſc. i: " —they (Juſtice Shallow's ſervants) *flock together in conſent,* (i. e. in a *party,*) like ſo many wild geeſe."—In both theſe inſtances the words are ſpelt erroneouſly, and ſhould be written—concent and concented. See Spenſer, &c. as quoted in a note on the paſſage already adduced from *K. Henry VI.*

The meaning of Macbeth is then as follows:—*If you ſhall cleave to my conſent*—i. e. if you ſhall ſtick, or adhere, to my *party*—*when 'tis,* i. e. at the time when ſuch a *party* is formed, your conduct ſhall produce honour for you.

That *conſent* means *participation,* may be proved from a paſſage in the 50th Pſalm. I cite the tranſlation 1568. " When thou ſawedſt a thiefe, thou dydſt *conſent unto* hym, and haſt been partaker with the adulterers." In both inſtances the *particeps criminis* is ſpoken of.

Again, in our author's *As you like it,* the uſurping Duke ſays, after the flight of Roſalind and Celia,—

" —— ſome villains of my court
" Are of *conſent* and ſufferance in this."

Again, in *K. Henry V:*

" We carry not a heart with us from hence,
" That grows not in a fair *conſent* with ours."

It ſhall make honour for you.

BAN. So I loſe none,

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in conſequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that paſſes in the mind of the ſpeaker; but Banquo is ſtill in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every poſſible temptation to do ill; and therefore expreſſes a reſolve that in ſpite of future combinations of intereſt, or ſtruggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obſcure his preſent honours, alarm his conſcience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the ſucceſs of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the moſt dark or diſtant hint of his criminal deſigns on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiouſly, Banquo would naturally have become his accuſer, as ſoon as the murder had been diſcovered. STEEVENS.

That Banquo was apprehenſive of a deſign upon the crown, is evident from his reply, which affords Macbeth ſo little encouragement, that he drops the ſubject. RITSON.

The word *conſent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the firſt of theſe lines, and was, I am perſuaded, a mere errour of the preſs. A paſſage in *The Tempeſt* leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*. Antonio is counſelling Sebaſtian to murder Gonzalo:

" O, that you bore
" The mind that I do; what, a ſleep were there
" For your advancement! Do you underſtand me?
" *Seb.* I think I do.
" *Ant.* And how does your *content*
" Tender your own good fortune?"

In the ſame play we have—" Thy *thoughts I cleave to*," which differs but little from " I cleave to thy *content*."

In *The Comedy of Errors* our author has again uſed this word in the ſame ſenſe:

" Sir, I commend you to your own *content*,"

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" Madam, the care I have taken to even your *content*,"—

i. e. ſays Dr. Johnſon, to act up to your deſires. Again, in *King Richard III:*

" God hold it to your honour's good *content!*"

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* " You ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, *to your own content*."

In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſel'd.

Macb. Good repoſe, the while!

Ban. Thanks, ſir; The like to you!

[*Exit* Banquo.

The meaning then of the preſent difficult paſſage, thus corrected, will be,—If you will cloſely adhere to my cauſe, if you will promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my ſatisfaction and *content*,—*when 'tis*, when the prophecy of the weird ſiſters is fulfilled, when I am ſeated on the throne, the event ſhall make honour for you.

The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is ſupported by ſeveral other paſſages in our author's plays; the word *conſent*, in my apprehenſion, affords here no meaning whatſoever.

Conſent or *concent* may certainly ſignify *harmony*, and in a metaphorical ſenſe that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpoſe; but it can no more ſignify, as I conceive, the *party*, or body of men ſo combined together, or the *cauſe* for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of muſical inſtruments can ſignify the inſtruments themſelves or the muſicians that play upon them. When Fairfax, in his tranſlation of Taſſo, ſays—

"Birds, winds and waters ſing with ſweet *concent*,"

we muſt ſurely underſtand by the word *concent*, not a *party*, or a *cauſe*, but harmony, or *union*; and in the latter ſenſe, I apprehend, Juſtice Shallow's ſervants are ſaid to flock together in *concent*, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.*

If this correction be juſt, "In ſeeking to augment *it*," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*. "On condition that I loſe no honour, in ſeeking to increaſe *your ſatisfaction*, or *content*,—to gratify your wiſhes," &c. The words however may be equally commodiouſly interpreted,—"Provided that in *ſeeking an increaſe of honour*, I loſe none," &c.

Sir William D'Avenant's paraphraſe on this obſcure paſſage is as follows:

"If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will
"Adhere to me, it ſhall make honour for you."

Malone.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,[4]
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger, which I ſee before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch[5] thee:——
I have thee not; and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a falſe creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,[6]

[4] ——*when my drink is ready,*] See note on "their *poſſets*," in the next ſcene, p. 414. Steevens.

[5] ——*clutch*—] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonſon, who ſneers at Decker for uſing it, was uſed by other writers beſide Decker and our author. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, by Marſton, 1602:

"——all the world is *clutch'd*
"In the dull leaden hand of ſnoring ſleep." Malone.

[6] *And on thy blade, and* dudgeon, gouts *of blood,*] Though *dudgeon* ſometimes ſignifies a *dagger*, it more properly means *the haft* or *handle* of a dagger, and is uſed for that particular ſort of handle which has ſome ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *haft*, by the Latin expreſſion, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the ſeeds of parſly were ſtrown over it.*

So, in Lyly's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "——then have at the bag with the *dudgeon hafte*, that is, at the *dudgeon* dagger that hangs by his tantony pouch," In *Soliman and Perſeda* is the following paſſage:

Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature ſeems dead,[7] and wicked dreams abuſe

" —— Typhon me no Typhons,
" But ſwear upon my *dudgeon* dagger."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:* " I am too well rank'd, Aſinius, to be ſtabb'd with his *dudgeon* wit."

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. 1598:

" A *dudgin* dagger that's new ſcowr'd and glaſt."

STEEVENS.

Gaſcoigne confirms this: " The moſt knottie piece of box may be wrought to a fayre *doogen haſte.*" *Gouts* for *drops* is frequent in old Engliſh. FARMER.

——*gouts of blood,*] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *ſpots* on ſome part of the plumage of a hawk: or perhaps Shakſpeare uſed the word in alluſion to a phraſe in heraldry. When a field is charg'd or ſprinkled with red drops, it is ſaid to be *gutty of gules*, or *gutty de ſang.*

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Now o'er the one half world*
Nature ſeems dead,] That is, *over our hemiſphere all action and motion ſeem to have ceaſed.* This image, which is perhaps the moſt ſtriking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conqueſt of Mexico:*

" All things are huſh'd as Nature's ſelf lay dead,
" The mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head;
" The little birds in dreams their ſongs repeat,
" And ſleeping flow'rs beneath the night dews ſweat.
" Even luſt and envy ſleep!"

Theſe lines, though ſo well known, I have tranſcribed, that the contraſt between them and this paſſage of Shakſpeare may be more accurately obſerved.

Night is deſcribed by two great poets, but one deſcribes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the diſturbers of the world are laid aſleep; in that of Shakſpeare, nothing but ſorcery, luſt, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himſelf lull'd with ſerenity, and diſpoſed to ſolitude

The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates[a]
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, towards his deſign

and contemplation. He that peruſes Shakſpeare, looks round alarmed, and ſtarts to find himſelf alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON.

Now o'er the one half world, &c.] So, in the ſecond part of Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" 'Tis yet dead night; yet all the earth is clutch'd
" In the dull leaden hand of ſnoring ſleep:
" No breath diſturbs the quiet of the air,
" No ſpirit moves upon the breaſt of earth,
" Save howling dogs, night-crows, and ſcreeching-owls,
" Save meagre ghoſts, Piero, and black thoughts,
" —— I am great in blood,
" Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid ſcouts
" That *ſentinel* ſwart night, give loud applauſe
" From your large palms." MALONE.

[a] *The curtain'd ſleep*; now *witchcraft celebrates*—] The word *now* has been added for the ſake of metre. Probably Shakſpeare wrote: *The curtain'd* ſleeper. The folio ſpells the word *ſleepe*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the propoſed emendation.

Milton has tranſplanted this image into his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*, v. 554:

" —— ſteeds
" That draw the litter of cloſe-*curtain'd ſleep*."
STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's emendation of " the curtain'd *ſleeper*," is well intitled to a place in the text. It is clearly Shakſpeare's own word. RITSON.

So afterwards:

" —a hideous trumpet calls to parley
" The *ſleepers* of the houſe."

Now was added by Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play, publiſhed in 1674. MALONE.

Moves like a ghoſt.[3]——Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,[4]

[3] ——*thus with his ſtealthy pace,*
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, *towards his deſign*
Moves like a ghoſt.] The old copy—*ſides.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope changed *ſides* to *ſtrides.* MALONE.

A *raviſhing ſtride* is an action of violence, impetuoſity, and tumult, like that of a ſavage ruſhing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of ſecrecy and caution, of anxious circumſpection and guilty timidity, the *ſtealthy pace* of a *raviſher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an aſſaſſin approaching the bed of him whom he propoſes to murder, without awaking him; theſe he deſcribes as *moving like ghoſts*, whoſe progreſſion is ſo different from *ſtrides*, that it has been in all ages repreſented to be as Milton expreſſes it:

"Smooth ſliding without ſtep."

This hemiſtich will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

——*and wither'd murder,*
——*thus with his ſtealthy pace,*
With Tarquin raviſhing, ſlides *tow'rds his deſign,*
Moves like a ghoſt.

Tarquin is in this place the general name of a raviſher, and the ſenſe is: Now is the time in which every one is a-ſleep, but thoſe who are employed in wickedneſs; the witch who is ſacrificing to Hecate, and the raviſher, and the murderer, who, like me, are ſtealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjuſted, he wiſhes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the *earth* may not *hear his ſteps.*

JOHNSON.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnſon that a *ſtride* is always *an action of violence, impetuoſity, or tumult.* Spenſer uſes the word in his *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. viii. and with no idea of violence annexed to it:

"With eaſy ſteps ſo ſoft as foot could *ſtride.*"

And as an additional proof that a *ſtride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following inſtance, from Harrington's *Tranſlation of Arioſto*, [1591,] may be brought:

"He takes a long and leiſurable *ſtride*,
"And longeſt on the hinder foot he ſtaid;
"So ſoft he treads, altho' his ſteps were wide,
"As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.
"And as he goes, he gropes on either ſide
"To find the bed," &c.

Orlando Furioſo, 28th book, ſtanza 63.

Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk,[5] for fear

Whoever has been reduced to the neceſſity of finding his way about a houſe in the dark, muſt know that it is natural to take large *ſtrides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a ſafe footing or not. The raviſher and murderer would naturally take ſuch *ſtrides*, not only on the ſame account, but that their ſteps might be fewer in number, and the ſound of their feet be repeated as ſeldom as poſſible. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's obſervation is confirmed by many inſtances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a paſſage by J. Sylveſter, cited in *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600:

" Anon he ſtalketh with an *eaſy ſtride*,
" By ſome clear river's lillie-paved ſide."

Again, in our author's *King Richard II:*

" Nay rather every *tedious ſtride* I make—."

Thus alſo the Roman poets:

" ——— *veſtigia* furtim
" *Suſpenſo* digitis fert *taciturna gradu*." *Ovid. Faſti.*
" Eunt *taciti* per mæſta ſilentia *magnis*
" *Paſſibus*." *Statius*, lib. x.

It is obſervable, that Shakſpeare, when he has occaſion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to deſcribe the action here alluded to, uſes a ſimilar expreſſion; and perhaps would have uſed the word *ſtride*, if he had not been fettered by the rhime:

" Into the chamber wickedly he *ſtalks*."

Plauſible, however, as this emendation may appear, the old reading, *ſides*, is, I believe, the true one; I have therefore adhered to it on the ſame principle on which I have uniformly proceeded throughout my edition, that of leaving the original text undiſturbed, whenever it could be juſtified either by comparing our author with himſelf or with contemporary writers. The following paſſage in Marlowe's tranſlation of Ovid's ELEGIES, 8vo. no date, but printed about 1598, adds ſupport to the reading of the old copy:

" I ſaw when forth a tired *lover* went,
" His *ſide* paſt ſervice, and his courage ſpent."
Vidi, cum foribus laſſus prodiret amator,
Invalidum referens emeritumque *latus*.

Again, in Martial:

Tu tenebris gaudes; me ludere, teſte lucerna,
Et juvat admiſſa rumpere luce *latus*.

Out poet may himſelf alſo furniſh us with a confirmation of the old reading; for in *Troilus and Creſſida*, we find—

" You, like a lecher, out of *whoriſh loins*
" Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors."

Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,[6]

It may likewiſe be obſerved that Falſtaff in the fifth act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor* ſays to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, "Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my *ſides* to myſelf," &c. Falſtaff certainly did not think them, like thoſe of Ovid's lover, paſt ſervice; having met one of the ladies by aſſignation. I believe, however, a line has been loſt after the words "ſtealthy pace." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's reaſons &c. for this ſuppoſition (on account of their length) are given at the concluſion of the play, with a reference to the foregoing obſervations.

How far a Latiniſm, adopted in the Engliſh verſion of a Roman poet; or the mention of *loins* (which no dictionary acknowledges as a ſynonyme to *ſides*); can juſtify Mr. Malone's reſtoration, let the judicious reader determine.

Falſtaff, dividing himſelf as a buck, very naturally ſays he will give away his beſt joints, and keep the worſt for himſelf. A *ſide* of veniſon is at once an eſtabliſhed term, and the leaſt elegant part of the carcaſe ſo divided—But of what uſe could *ſides*, in their *Ovidian* ſenſe, have been to Falſtaff, when he had already parted with his *haunches?*

It is difficult to be ſerious on this occaſion. I may therefore be pardoned if I obſerve that Tarquin, juſt as he pleaſed, might have walked *with* moderate ſteps, or lengthened them into *ſtrides*; but, when we are told that he carried his "*ſides*" with him, it is natural to aſk how he could have gone any where without them.

Nay, further,—However *ſides* (according to Mr. Malone's interpretation of the word) might have proved efficient in Lucretia's bedchamber, in that of Duncan they could anſwer no ſuch purpoſe, as the lover and the murderer ſucceed by the exertion of very different organs.

I am, in ſhort, of the Fool's opinion in King Lear—

"That *going* ſhould be us'd with *feet*,"

and, conſequently, that *ſides* are out of the queſtion. Such reſtorations of ſuperannuated miſtakes put our author into the condition of Cibber's Lady Dainty, who, having been cured of her diſorders, one of her phyſicians ſays—"Then I'll make her go over them again." STEEVENS.

With Tarquin's raviſhing &c.] The juſtneſs of this ſimilitude is not very obvious. But a ſtanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it:

"Now *ſtole upon the time the dead of night*,
"When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
"No comfortable *ſtar did lend his light*,

And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.[7]—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.[8]
[*A bell rings.*

" No noiſe but owls' and *wolves' dead-boding cries*;
" Now ſerves the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
" The ſilly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
" *While* luſt *and* murder *wake, to ſtain and kill.*"
WARBURTON.

4 ——*Thou* ſure *and firm-ſet earth,*] The old copy—Thou *ſowre* &c. which, though an evident corruption, directs us to the reading I have ventured to ſubſtitute in its room.
So, in Act IV. ſc. iii:
" Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis *ſure.*" STEEVENS.

5 ——*which* way *they walk,*] The folio reads:
——*which they* may *walk,*—— STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

6 *Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,*] The following paſſage in a play which has been frequently mentioned, and which Langbaine ſays was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, perhaps ſuggeſted this thought:
" Mountains will not ſuffice to cover it,
" Cimmerian darkneſſe cannot ſhadow it,
" Nor any policy wit hath in ſtore,
" Cloake it ſo cunningly, but at the laſt,
" If nothing elſe, yet will *the very ſtones*
" That lie within the ſtreet, *cry out for vengeance*,
" And point at us to be the murderers." MALONE.

7 *And take the preſent horror from the time,*
Which now ſuits with it.] i. e. left the noiſe from the ſtones take away from this midnight ſeaſon that preſent horror which ſuits ſo well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious deſign. This ſhows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON.
'Whether to *take horror from the time* means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horrour*, deſerves to be conſidered. JOHNSON.
The latter is ſurely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the univerſal ſilence that added ſuch a horror to the night, as ſuited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Eſſay on the Sublime and Beautiful*,

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell.[9] [*Exit.*

obſerves, that "all general privations are great, becauſe they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *ſilence* as an inſtance, illuſtrating the whole by that remarkable paſſage in *Virgil*, where amidſt all the images of terror that could be united, the circumſtance of *ſilence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque *ſilentes*,
"Et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *ſilentia* late."

When Statius in the Vth book of the Thebaid deſcribes the Lemnian maſſacre, his frequent notice of the ſilence and ſolitude both before and after the deed, is ſtriking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus," &c. STEEVENS.

In confirmation of Steevens's ingenious note on this paſſage, it may be obſerved, that one of the circumſtances of horror enumerated by Macbeth is,—*Nature ſeems dead.* M. MASON.

So alſo, in the ſecond Æneid:

"——— veſtigia retro
"Obſervata ſequor per noctem, et lumine luſtro.
"*Horror* ubique animos, ſimul ipſa *ſilentia* terrent."

Dryden's well-known lines, which expoſed him to ſo much ridicule,

"An horrid ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
"And in that *ſilence* we the tempeſt hear,"

ſhow, that he had the ſame idea of the awfulneſs of ſilence as our poet. MALONE.

[8] ——*Whiles I threat, he lives;*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.] Here is evidently a falſe concord; but it muſt not be corrected, for it is neceſſary to the rhyme.—Nor is this the only place in which Shakſpeare has ſacrificed grammar to rhyme. In *Cymbeline*, the ſong in Cloten's ſerenade runs thus:

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate ſings,
"And Phœbus 'gins to riſe,
"His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
"On chalic'd flowers that *lies.*"

And Romeo ſays to Friar Lawrence:

"——both our remedies
"Within thy help and holy phyſic *lies.*" M. MASON.

[9] ——*it is a knell*
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell.] Thus Raleigh, ſpeaking of love, in *England's Helicon*, 4to. 1600:

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

LADY M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night.[2] He is about it:
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores:[3] I have drugg'd their poſſets,[4]

" It is perhaps that ſauncing bell,
" *That toules all into heauen or hell.*"
Sauncing is probably a miſtake for *ſacring*. STEEVENS.

[2] *It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal* bellman,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night.] Shakſpeare has here improved on an image he probably found in Spenſer's *Faerie Queene*, v. vi. 27:
" ——The native *belman* of the night,
" The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
" Firſt rings his ſilver bell t'each ſleepy wight."
STEEVENS.

It was the owl *that ſhriek'd*; *the* fatal *bellman*,] So, in *King Richard III*:
" Out on ye, *owls!* nothing but ſongs of *death!*"
MALONE.

[3] ——*the ſurfeited grooms*
Do mock *their charge with ſnores:*] i. e. By going to ſleep, they trifle and make light of the truſt repoſed in them, that of watching by their king. So, in *Othello*: " O miſtreſs, villainy hath made *mocks* with love." MALONE.

[4] ——*their* poſſets,] It appears from this paſſage, as well as

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.[5]

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs them.[6]—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done't.[7]—My huſband?

from many others in our old dramatick performances, that it was the general cuſtom to eat *poſſets* juſt before bed-time. So, in the firſt part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood; "——thou ſhalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding; and my daughter Nell ſhall pop a *poſſet* upon thee when thou goeſt to bed." Macbeth has already ſaid:

"Go bid thy miſtreſs when my *drink* is ready,
"She ſtrike upon the bell."

Lady Macbeth has alſo juſt obſerved

"That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:"

and in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly promiſes Jack Rugby a *poſſet* at night." Steevens.

[5] ——*death and nature do* contend *about them,*
Whether they live, or die.] Of this image our ancient writers were peculiarly fond. Thus again, in Twine's tranſlation of the ſtory of *Prince Appollyn*, "Death *ſtrived* with life within her, and the conflict was daungerous and doubtfull who ſhould preuaile."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well:*

"——thy blood and virtue
"*Contend* for empire in thee." Steevens.

Again, *ibid:*

"——Nature and ſickneſs
"Debate it at their leiſure." Malone.

[6] —*Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,*
He could not miſs them.] Compare Euripides,—*Oreſtes*, v. 1291—where Electra ſtands centinel at the door of the palace whilſt Oreſtes is within for the purpoſe of murdering Helen. The dread of a ſurprize, and eagerneſs for the buſineſs, make Electra conclude that the deed muſt be done ere time enough had elapſed for attempting it. She liſtens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expreſſes ſtrong fears leſt the daggers ſhould have failed. Read the whole paſſage. S. W.

[7] ——*Had he not reſembled*
My father as he ſlept, I had done't.] This is very artful. For,

Enter MACBETH.

MACB. I have done the deed:—Didſt thou not hear a noiſe?

LADY M. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?

MACB. When?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I deſcended?

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark!—
Who lies i'the ſecond chamber?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. This is a ſorry ſight.[8]

[*Looking on his hands.*

as the poet had drawn the lady and her huſband, it would be thought the act ſhould have been done by her. It is likewiſe highly juſt; for though ambition had ſubdued in her all the ſentiments of nature towards *preſent* objects, yet the likeneſs of one *paſt*, which ſhe had been accuſtomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural paſſions, for a moment, give way to the ſentiments of inſtinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

The ſame circumſtance on a ſimilar occaſion is introduced by Statius in the Vth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236:

Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure truncos
Ferre patris vultus, et egentem ſanguinis enſem
Conſpexi, riguere comæ, atque in viſcera ſævus
Horror iit. Meus ille Thoas, mea dira videri
Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis
Inferor.

Thoas was the father of Hypſipyle, the ſpeaker. STEEVENS.

[8] *This is a ſorry ſight.*] This expreſſion might have been borrowed from Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. i. ſt. 14:

" To whom as they approched, they eſpide
" A *ſorie ſight* as ever ſeene with eye;
" A headleſſe ladie lying him beſide,
" In her own *bloud* all wallow'd woefully." WHALLEY.

Lady M. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his ſleep, and one cried, *murder!*
That they did wake each other; I ſtood and heard them:
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd them
Again to ſleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bleſs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had ſeen me,[9] with theſe hangman's hands,
Liſtening their fear.[2] I could not ſay, amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.[3]

[9] As *they had ſeen me,*] i. e. *as if.* So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" *As* we are mock'd with art." Steevens.

[2] Liſtening *their fear.*] i. e. *Liſtening* to *their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. Thus, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. i:
" —— and now, Octavius,
" *Liſten* great things."
Contemporary writers took the ſame liberty. So, in *The World toſs'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620:
" *Liſten* the plaints of thy poor votaries."
Again, in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:
" There, in rich ſeats, all wrought of ivory,
" The Graces ſit, *liſtening* the melody
" Of warbling birds." Steevens.

[3] *When they* did ſay, *God bleſs us.*] The words—*did ſay*, which render this hemiſtich too long to unite with the next in forming a verſe, perſuade me that the paſſage originally ran thus:
——— I *could* not *ſay*, amen,
When they, God bleſs us.
i. e. when they *could ſay* God bleſs us. *Could ſay*, in the ſecond line was left to be underſtood; as before—
" —— and, Amen, the other:"
i. e. the other *cried* Amen. But the players, having no idea of the latter ellipſis, ſupplied the ſyllables that deſtroy the meaſure.
Steevens.

Lady M. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleave of care,[3]
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,[4]

[3] ——*the ravell'd* ſleave *of care,*] *Sleave* ſignifies the ravell'd knotty part of the ſilk, which gives great trouble and embarraſſment to the knitter or weaver. Heath.

Drayton, a poet of Shakſpeare's age, has likewiſe alluded to *ſleaved* or *ravelled* ſilk, in his *Queſt of Cynthia:*

"At length I on a fountain light,
"Whoſe brim with pinks was platted,
"The banks with daffadillies dight,
"With graſs, like *ſleave*, was matted." Langton.

Sleave is properly ſilk which has not been twiſted. It is mentioned in Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of England*, p. 835: "Eight wild men all apparelled in green moſs made with *ſleved* ſilk."

Again, in *The Muſes' Elizium*, by Drayton:

"—— thrumb'd with graſs
"As ſoft as *ſleave* or ſarcenet ever was."

Again, *ibid:*

"That in the handling feels as ſoft as any *ſleave*."
Steevens.

Sleave appears to have ſignified *coarſe, ſoft,* unwrought ſilk. *Seta groſſolana,* Ital. Cotgrave in his Dict. 1660, renders *ſoye floſche,* "ſleave ſilk." See alſo, *ibid:* "*Cadarce,* pour faire *capiton.* The tow, or coarſeſt part of ſilke, whereof *ſleave* is made."—In *Troilus and Creſſida* we have—"Thou idle immaterial ſkein of *ſleave* ſilk."
Malone.

[4] *The* death *of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,* &c.] In this encomium upon ſleep, amongſt the many appellations which are given it, ſignificant of its beneficence and friendlineſs to life, we find one which conveys a different idea, and by no means agrees

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt; [5]—

with the reſt, which is: *The* death *of each day's life.* I make no queſtion but Shakſpeare wrote:

The birth *of each day's life:*

The true characteriſtick of ſleep, which repairs the decays of labour, and aſſiſts that returning vigour which ſupplies the next day's activity. WARBURTON.

The death of each day's life, means *the end of each day's labour, the concluſion of all that buſtle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.* STEEVENS.

Sleep, *that* knits *up the ravell'd* ſleave *of* care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds,] Is it not probable that Shakſpeare remembered the following verſes in Sir Philip Sydney's *Aſtrophel and Stella,* a poem, from which he has quoted a line in *The Merry Wives of Windſor?*

" Come *ſleepe,* O ſleepe, the certain *knot* of peace,
" The *bathing* place of wits, the *balm* of woe,
" The poor man's wealth, the priſoner's releaſe,
" The indifferent judge between the high and low."

So alſo, in *The Famous Hiſtorie of George Lord Faukonbridge,* &c. bl. let: " — Yet ſleep, *the comforter of diſtreſſed minds,* could not lock up her eyes." Again, in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes,* B. VIII. 1587:

" — At ſuch a time as folkes are wont to find *releaſe*
" Of *cares* that all the day before were working in their heds,
" By *ſleep,*" &c.

Again, ibid. B. XI:

" O *ſleepe,* quoth ſhe, the reſt of things, O gentleſt of the goddes,
" Sweete ſleepe, the peace of mind, with whom crookt *care* is aye at odds;
" Which cheriſheſt men's weary limbs appall'd with *toyling ſore,*
" And makeſt them as freſh to worke, and luſtie as before."

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's " *death* of each *day's* life" in his thoughts, when he wrote—

" The curfew tolls the *knell* of parting *day.*" MALONE.

He might as probably have thought on the following paſſage in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV:*

" ——a ſullen *bell*
" Remember'd *knolling* a *departed* friend." STEEVENS.

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the houſe:

Glamis hath murder'd ſleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall ſleep no more, Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brainſickly of things:—Go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.—
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there: Go, carry them; and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers: The ſleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil.[6] If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt.[7]

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

[5] *Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt;*] So, in Chaucer's *Squiere's Tale*, v. 10661; Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"The *norice* of digeſtion, the *ſlepe.*" Steevens.

[6] *——'tis the eye of childhood,*
That fears a painted devil.] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"*Terrify babes*, my lord, with *painted devils.*"
Steevens.

[7] *——gild the faces of the grooms withal,*
For it muſt ſeem their guilt.] Could Shakſpeare mean to play upon the ſimilitude of *gild* and *guilt?* Johnson.

This quibble too frequently occurs in the old plays. A few inſtances (for I could produce a dozen at leaſt) may ſuffice:

Macb. Whence is that knocking!
How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood [8]
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous ſeas incarnardine,[9]

" *Cand.* You have a ſilver beaker of my wife's?
" *Flu.* You ſay not true, 'tis *gilt*.
" *Cand.* Then you ſay true:——
" And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you."

Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

" Though *guilt* condemns, 'tis *gilt* muſt make us glad."

And, laſtly, from Shakſpeare himſelf:

" England ſhall double *gild* his treble *guilt*." *Henry IV.* P. II. Again, in *King Henry V:*

" Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed!" Steevens.

[8] *Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood* &c.]

" *Suſcipit, ô Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,*
" *Nec genitor nympharum abluit oceanus.*"
Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἷμαι γὰρ οὔτ' ἂν Ἴστρον οὔτε Φᾶσιν ἂν
Νίψαι καθαρμῷ τῳδὲ τὴν στέγην. *Sophoc. Oedip.*

" *Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quæ barbaris*
" *Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?*
" *Non ipſe toto magnus oceano pater*
" *Tantum expiarit ſceleris!*" Senec. Hippol. Steevens.

" Non, ſi Neptuni fluctu renovare operam des;
" Non, mare ſi totum velit eluere omnibus undis."
Lucret. L. 6. v. 1074.
Holt White.

So, in *The Inſatiate Counteſs*, by Marſton, 1613:

" Although the waves of all the northern ſea
" Should flow for ever through theſe guilty hands;
" Yet the ſanguinolent ſtain would exſtant be."
Malone.

[9] *The* multitudinous *ſeas* incarnardine,] To *incarnardine* is to ſtain any thing of a fleſh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. So, in a comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life:*

" Grograms, ſattins, velvet fine,
" The roſy-colour'd *carnardine*." Steevens.

Making the green—one red.[9]

By *the multitudinous ſeas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the ſeas of every denomination, as the Caſpian, &c. (as ſome have thought,) nor the many-coloured ſeas, (as others contend,) but the ſeas which ſwarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

" Ποντον ες' ΙΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ φιλον απαντοθι φυρσαν."

The word is uſed by Ben Jonſon, and by Thomas Decker in *The Wonderful Year*, 1603, in which we find " the *multitudinous ſpawn*." It is objected by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth in his preſent diſpoſition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the ſea, which has ſo little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really ſpoken this ſpeech in his caſtle of Inverneſs, the remark would be juſt. But the critick ſhould have remembered, that this ſpeech is not the real effuſion of a diſtempered mind, but the compoſition of Shakſpeare; of that poet, who has put a circumſtantial account of an apothecary's ſhop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguiſh of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digreſs from the object which agitates his ſoul, to deſcribe minutely the courſe of the Pontick ſea.

Mr. Steevens objects in the following note to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakſpeare ſhould refer " to ſome viſible quality in the ocean," than " to its concealed inhabitants;" to the waters that might admit of diſcoloration," than, " to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the tinct of blood." But in what page of our author do we find his alluſions thus curiouſly rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or rather does not every page of theſe volumes furniſh us with images crouded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and ſometimes are even diſcordant? Hamlet's propoſing to take up *arms* againſt a *ſea* of troubles is a well known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes. His alluſion to the waters is expreſſed by the word *ſeas*; to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very cloſe connection with the ſubject immediately before him, he has only followed his uſual practice.

If however no alluſion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe by the *multitudinous ſeas* was meant, not the *many-waved* ocean, as is ſuggeſted, but *the countleſs maſſes of waters wherever diſperſed on the ſurface of the globe*; the *multitudes of ſeas*, as Heywood has it in a paſſage quoted below, that perhaps our author remembered: and indeed it muſt be owned that his having uſed the plural *ſeas* ſeems to counte-

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame

nance ſuch an interpretation; for the ſingular *ſea* is equally ſuited to the epithet *multitudinous* in the ſenſe of *χθουσα*, and would certainly have correſponded better with the ſubſequent line.

MALONE.

I believe that Shakſpeare referred to ſome viſible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of diſcoloration, and not to the fiſhes whoſe hue could ſuffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt ſymbol of a crowd. "A ſea of heads" is a phraſe employed by one of our legitimate poets, but by which of them I do not at preſent recollect. Blackmore in his *Job* has ſwelled the ſame idea to a ridiculous bulk:

"A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
"And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed."

He who beholds an audience from the ſtage or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, muſt perceive that their heads are raiſed over each other, *velut unda ſupervenit undam*. If therefore our author by the "*multitudinous* ſea" does not mean the *aggregate of ſeas*, he muſt be underſtood to deſign the *multitude of waves*, or *the waves that have the appearance of a multitude*. STEEVENS.

9 *Making the green—one red,*] The ſame thought occurs in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"He made the *green ſea red* with Turkiſh blood."

Again:

"The *multitudes* of ſeas died *red* with blood."

Another not unlike it is found in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x. ſt. 48:

"The whiles with blood they all the ſhore did ſtain,
"And the *grey ocean into purple dye*."

Again, in the 19th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"And the vaſt *greeniſh ſea diſcolour'd like to blood*."

STEEVENS.

The ſame thought is alſo found in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power haſt turn'd
"*Green Neptune into purple*."

The preſent paſſage is one of thoſe alluded to in a note on *As you like it*, Vol. VI. p. 175, in which, I apprehend, our author's

To wear a heart ſo white.[2] [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking

words have been refined into a ſenſe that he never thought of. The other is in *Othello:*

" Put out the light, and then put out the light."

The line before us, on the ſuggeſtion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in ſome late editions in the following manner:

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not ſound to my ear as the phraſeology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *ſea*, is, I am perſuaded, unexampled. The quaintneſs introduced by ſuch a regulation ſeems of an entirely different colour from the quaintneſſes of Shakſpeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, " Making the green *ſea*, red," (So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" And 'twixt *the green ſea* and the azure vault
" Set roaring war.")

if he had not uſed the word *ſeas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. As to prevent the ear being offended, we have in the paſſage before us, " the *green one*," inſtead of " the green *ſea*," ſo we have in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. ii: " lame *ones*," to avoid a ſimilar repetition:

" They have all new *legs*, and *lame ones*."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" A ſtage where every man muſt play a part,
" And mine a *ſad one*."

Though the punctuation of the old copy is very often faulty, yet in all doubtful caſes, it ought, when ſupported by more deciſive circumſtances, to have ſome *little* weight. In the preſent inſtance, the line is pointed as in my text:

Making the green one, red. MALONE.

If the new punctuation be diſmiſſed, we muſt correct the foregoing line, and read—" the multitudinous *ſea*; for how will the plural—*ſeas*, accord with the green *one?*" Beſides, the ſenſe conveyed by the arrangement which Mr. Malone would reject, is countenanced by a paſſage in *Hamlet:*

" Hath now his dread and black complexion ſmear'd
" With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
" Now is he *total gules*."

i. e. *one red*. The expreſſion—" one red," may alſo be juſtified by language yet more ancient than that of Shakſpeare. In *Geneſis*, ii. 24. (and ſeveral other places in ſcripture) we have—" one fleſh."

At the ſouth entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How eaſy is it then? Your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhow us to be watchers:—Be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere beſt not know myſelf.[3] [*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking![4] Ay, 'would thou could'ſt![5] [*Exeunt.*

Again, in our Liturgy: "——be *made one* fold under one ſhepherd." But, ſetting aſide examples, are there not many *unique* phraſes in our author? STEEVENS.

[2] *My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame*
To wear a heart ſo white.] A ſimilar antitheſis is found in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, written before 1593:
"Your cheeks are black, let not your *ſoul look white.*"
MALONE.

[3] *To know my deed,—'twere beſt not know myſelf.*] i. e. While I have *the thoughts* of this deed, it were beſt not know, or *be loſt* to, myſelf. This is an anſwer to the lady's reproof:
——*be not loſt*
So poorly in your thoughts. WARBURTON.

[4] *Wake Duncan with thy knocking!*] Macbeth is addreſſing the perſon who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play, reads—(and intended probably to point) "Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the ſame miſapprehenſion, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change. MALONE.

See Mr. Malone's extract from Mr. Whately's *Remarks on ſome of the characters of Shakſpeare*, at the concluſion of this tragedy. STEEVENS.

[5] Ay, *'would thou could'ſt!*] The old copy has—*I*; but as *ay*, the affirmative particle, was thus written, I conceive it to have been deſigned here. Had Shakſpeare meant to expreſs "*I* would," he might perhaps only have given us—*'Would*, as on many other occaſions.—The repentant exclamation of Macbeth, in my judge-

SCENE III.[5]

The ſame.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

PORTER. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key.[6] [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough[7] about you; here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale; who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake,[8] yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's

ment, derives force from the preſent change; a change which has been repeatedly made in ſpelling this ancient ſubſtitute for the word of enforcement—*ay*, in the very play before us. STEEVENS.

[5] *Scene III.*] Though Shakſpeare (ſee Sir J. Reynolds's excellent note on Act I. ſc. vi. p. 381.) might have deſigned this ſcene as another inſtance of what is called the *repoſe* in painting, I cannot help regarding it in a different light. A glimpſe of comedy was expected by our author's audience in the moſt ſerious drama; and where elſe could the merriment, which he himſelf was always ſtruggling after, be ſo happily introduced? STEEVENS.

[6] —— *he ſhould have* old *turning the key.*] i. e. *frequent, more than enough.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. the Drawer ſays "Then here will be *old* utis." See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[7] —— napkins *enough*—] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in *Othello:* "Your *napkin* is too little." STEEVENS.

[8] —— *here's an equivocator,—who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake,*] Meaning a Jeſuit; an order ſo troubleſome to the ſtate in queen Elizabeth and king James the firſt's time. The inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation.* WARBURTON.

there? 'Faith, here's an Engliſh tailor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French hoſe:[9] Come in, tailor; here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all

[9] ——*here's an Engliſh tailor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French hoſe:*] The archneſs of the joke conſiſts in this, that a French hoſe being very ſhort and ſtrait, a taylor muſt be maſter of his trade who could ſteal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has ſaid this at random. The *French hoſe* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*) were in the year 1595 much in faſhion.——"*The Gallic hoſen* are made very large and wide, *reaching down to their knees only, with three or foure gardes apeece laid down along either hoſe.*"

Again, in *The Ladies Privilege*, 1640:

" ——— wear their *long*
" *Pariſian* breeches, with five points at knees,
" Whoſe tags, concurring with their harmonious ſpurs,
" Afford rare muſic; then have they doublets
" So ſhort i'th' waiſt, they ſeem as twere begot
" Upon their doublets by their cloaks, which to ſave ſtuff
" Are but a year's growth longer than their ſkirts;
" And all this magazine of device is furniſh'd
" By your French taylor."

Again, in *The Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592: " Bleſt be the *French* ſleeves and breech verdingales that *grants them* (the tailors) *leave to coney-catch ſo mightily.*" STEEVENS.

When Mr. Steevens cenſured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French Faſhions*. In *The Treaſury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I ſuppoſe) of the old French dreſſes: " *Mens hoſe* anſwered in length to their ſhort-ſkirted doublets; being made *cloſe to their limbes*, wherein they had no meanes for pockets." And *Withers*, in his ſatyr againſt vanity, ridicules " the ſpruze, *diminitive*, neat, *Frenchman's hoſe.*" FARMER.

From the following paſſages in *The Scornful Lady*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large* breeches were then in faſhion:

Saville. [an old ſteward.] " A comelier wear, I wis, than your *dangling ſlops.*" Afterwards Young Loveleſs ſays to the ſteward,— " This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches.*" MALONE.

profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to the everlaſting bonfire.[9] [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENOX.

MACD. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?

PORT. 'Faith, ſir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock:[2] and drink, ſir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACD. What three things does drink eſpecially provoke?

PORT. Marry, ſir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, ſir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to: in concluſion, equivocates him in a ſleep,[3] and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

[9] ——*the* primroſe way *to the* everlaſting bonfire.] So, in *Hamlet:* "Himſelf the *primroſe path* of dalliance treads." Again, in *All's well that ends well:* "—the *flowery way* that leads &c. to the *great fire.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*till the ſecond* cock:] Cockcrowing. So, in *King Lear:* "—he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt *cock.*" Again, in the xiith *Mery ieſte of the Widow Edith*, 1573:

"The time they pas merely til ten of the clok,
"Yea, and I ſhall not lye, till after the firſt *cok*,"

STEEVENS.

It appears from a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakſpeare means, that they were carouſing till *three o'clock:*

"——The *ſecond cock* has crow'd;
"The curfew-bell has toll'd: 'tis *three* o'clock." MALONE.

[3] ——in *a ſleep*,] Surely we ſhould read—*into* a ſleep, or—*into* ſleep. M. MASON.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie laſt night.[4]

The old reading is the true one. Our author frequently uſes *in* for *into*. So, in *K. Richard III:*

" But, firſt, I'll turn yon' fellow *in* his grave."

Again, ibid:

" Falſely to draw me *in* theſe vile ſuſpects." STEEVENS.

[4] *I believe, drink gave thee the lie* laſt night.] It is not very eaſy to aſcertain preciſely the time when Duncan is murdered. The converſation that paſſes between Banquo and Macbeth in the firſt ſcene of this act might lead us to ſuppoſe that when Banquo retired to reſt it was not *much* after twelve o'clock:

" *Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

" *Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

" *Ban.* And ſhe goes down at *twelve.*

" *Fle.* I take't 'tis later ſir."

The king was then " abed;" and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth ſtrikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of ſc. ii.) and no time can be ſuppoſed to elapſe between the ſecond and the third ſcene, becauſe the porter gets up in conſequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *laſt night*, and ſays that he was commanded to call *timely* on the king, and that he fears he has almoſt overpaſs'd the hour; and the porter tells him " we were carouſing till *the ſecond cock*;" ſo that we muſt ſuppoſe it to be now at leaſt ſix o'clock; for Macduff has already expreſſed his ſurprize that the porter ſhould lie *ſo late*.

From Lady Macbeth's words in the fifth act,—" One,—two—'tis time to do't,"—it *ſhould ſeem* that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconſiſtent with the converſation above quoted between Banquo and his ſon; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to reſt: but even that hour of *two* will not correſpond with what the Porter and Macduff ſay in the preſent ſcene.

I ſuſpect our author (who is ſeldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant that the murder ſhould be ſuppoſed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly correſponds with the ſpeech of Macduff now before us, though not ſo well with the other circumſtances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth's deſiring her huſband to put on his nightgown (that he might have the appearance of one newly rouſed from bed,) leſt occaſion ſhould call them, " and ſhow them to be *watchers*;" which may ſignify perſons who ſit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean thoſe who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

Shakſpeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinſhed's account of the murder of

Port. That it did, ſir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſometime, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.[5]

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good-morrow, noble ſir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almoſt ſlipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, phyſicks pain.[6] This is the door.

king Duffe, already quoted:—"he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night.*" Donwald's ſervants "enter the chamber where the king laie, *a little before cocks crow,* where they ſecretlie cut his throat." Donwald himſelf ſat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. Malone.

[5] ——*I made a ſhift to* caſt *him.*] To *caſt him up,* to eaſe my ſtomach of him. The equivocation is between *caſt* or *throw,* as a term of wreſtling, and *caſt* or *caſt* up. Johnson.

I find a ſimilar play upon words, in an old comedy, entitled *The Two angry Women of Abington,* printed 1599:

"——to-night he's a good huſwife, he reels all that he wrought to day, and he were good now to play at dice, for he *caſts* excellent well." Steevens.

[6] *The labour we delight in,* phyſicks *pain.*] i. e. affords a cordial to it. So, in *The Winter's Tale,* ſc. i: "It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, *phyſicks* the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh."

Steevens.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call,
For 'tis my limited ſervice.[7] [*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the king
From hence to-day?[8]

Macb. He does:—he did appoint ſo.[9]

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i'the air; ſtrange ſcreams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obſcure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake.[2]

So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" There be ſome ſports are *painful*; and their *labour*
" *Delight* in them ſets off." Malone.

[7] *For 'tis my* limited *ſervice.*] *Limited,* for appointed.
Warburton.

So, in *Timon:*

" —— for there is boundleſs theft,
" In *limited* profeſſions." i. e. profeſſions to which people are regularly and legally appointed. Steevens.

[8] *Goes the king*
From *hence to-day?*] I have ſupplied the prepoſition—*from,* for the ſake of metre. So, in a former ſcene—Duncan ſays,
" —— *From* hence to Inverneſs," &c. Steevens.

[9] He does:—*he did appoint ſo.*] The words—*he does*—are omitted by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakſpeare deſigned Macbeth to ſhelter himſelf under an immediate falſhood, till a ſudden recollection of guilt reſtrained his confidence, and unguardedly diſpoſed him to qualify his aſſertion; as he well knew the King's journey was effectually prevented by his death. A ſimilar trait had occurred in a former ſcene:
" *L. M.* And when goes hence?
" *M.* To-morrow,—as he purpoſes." Steevens.

[2] —— *ſtrange ſcreams of death;*
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. *The obſcure bird*
Clamour'd the livelong night: ſome ſay, the earth
Was feverous, and did ſhake.] Theſe lines, I think, ſhould be rather regulated thus:

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

——*prophecying with accents terrible,*
Of dire combuſtion and confus'd events.
New-hatch'd to the woeful time, the obſcure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some ſay, the earth
Was feverous and did ſhake.

A *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* ſeems to be *a prophecy* of an *event paſt.* And *a prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expreſſion. The term *new-hatch'd* is properly applicable to a *bird,* and that birds of ill omen ſhould be *new-hatch'd to the woeful time,* that is, ſhould appear in uncommon numbers, is very conſiſtent with the reſt of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the univerſal diſorder into which nature is deſcribed as thrown by the perpetration of this horrid murder. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Johnſon's regulation of theſe lines is improper. *Prophecying* is what is *new-hatch'd,* and in the metaphor holds the place of *the egg.* The *events* are the fruit of ſuch hatching. STEEVENS.

I think Steevens has juſtly explained this paſſage, but ſhould wiſh to read—*prophecyings* in the plural. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "a *prophecy* of an *event new-hatch'd* ſeems to be a *prophecy of an event paſt.* And a *prophecy new-hatch'd* is a wry expreſſion." The conſtruction ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens meets with the firſt objection. Yet the following paſſage in which the ſame imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that *new-hatch'd* ſhould be referred to *events,* though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his uſual inaccuracy with reſpect to the active and paſſive participle, the events may be ſaid to be "the *hatch* and brood of time." See *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"The which obſerv'd, a man may *propheſy,*
"With a near aim, of the main chance of things
"*As yet not come to life*; which in their ſeeds
"And weak beginnings lie entreaſured.
"Such *things* become the *hatch* and brood of *time.*"

Here certainly it is the *thing* or *event,* and not the *prophecy,* which is the *hatch* of *time*; but it muſt be acknowledged, the word "*become*" ſufficiently marks the future time. If therefore the conſtruction that I have ſuggeſted be the true one, *hatch'd* muſt be here uſed for *hatching,* or "*in the ſtate of being hatch'd.*"—*To* the woeful time, means—to *ſuit* the woeful time. MALONE.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

MACD. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive,[4] nor name thee!

MACB. LEN. What's the matter?

MACD. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece!
Moſt ſacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o'the building.

MACB. What is't you ſay? the life?

LEN. Mean you his majeſty?

MACD. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell:—Murder! and treaſon!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf!—up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image!——Malcolm! Banquo!

[3] ——*ſome ſay, the earth*
Was feverous, and did ſhake.] So, in *Coriolanus:*
" —— as if the world
" Was feverous, and did tremble." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Tongue*, nor *heart*,
Cannot *conceive*, &c.] The uſe of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more ſtrongly, is very common in our author. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act III. ſc. i:
" —— there is no harm
" Intended to your perſon, *nor* to *no* Roman elſe."
STEEVENS.

As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror! [5] [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

LADY M. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak,[6]——

MACD. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.[7]——O Banquo! Banquo!

[5] ——*this horror!*] Here the old copy adds—*Ring the bell.* STEEVENS.

The ſubſequent hemiſtich—"What's the buſineſs?"—which completes the metre of the preceding line, without the words "Ring the bell," affords, in my opinion, a ſtrong preſumptive proof that theſe words were only a marginal direction. It ſhould be remembered that the ſtage directions were formerly often couched in imperative terms: "Draw a knife;" "Play muſick;" "Ring the bell;" &c. In the original copy we have here indeed alſo—*Bell rings*, as a marginal direction; but this was inſerted, I imagine, from the players miſconceiving what Shakſpeare had in truth ſet down in his copy as a dramatick direction to the property-man, ("Ring the bell.") for a part of Macduff's ſpeech; and, to diſtinguiſh the direction which they inſerted, from the ſuppoſed words of the ſpeaker, they departed from the uſual imperative form. Throughout the whole of the preceding ſcene we have conſtantly an imperative direction to the prompter: "*Knock* within."

I ſuppoſe, it was in conſequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemiſtich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the firſt folio with introducing ſtage-directions into their author's text, in ſupport of his aſſertion quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—*ring the little bell.*"

a line that is not found in any edition of theſe plays that I have met with, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

[6] ——*ſpeak, ſpeak,*—] Theſe words, which violate the metre, were probably added by the players, who were of opinion that—*ſpeak*, in the following line, demanded ſuch an introduction. STEEVENS.

[7] *The repetition, in a woman's ear,*
Would murder as it fell.] So, in *Hamlet*:

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal maſter's murder'd!

LADY. M. Woe, alas!

What, in our houſe?[8]

BAN. Too cruel, any where.——

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyſelf,

And ſay, it is not ſo.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

MACB. Had I but died an hour before this chance,

I had liv'd a bleſſed time;[9] for, from this inſtant,

There's nothing ſerious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

Is left this vault to brag of.

" —— He would drown the ſtage with tears,

" And cleave the general ear with horrid ſpeech."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: " The puniſhments that ſhall follow you in this world, would *with horrour kill the ear* ſhould hear them related." MALONE.

[8] *What, in our houſe?*] This is very fine. Had ſhe been innocent, nothing but the murder itſelf, and not any of its aggravating circumſtances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her buſineſs was to appear highly diſordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, ſhe ſeeks for an aggravating circumſtance, that might be ſuppoſed moſt to affect her perſonally; not conſidering, that by placing it there, ſhe diſcovered rather a concern for herſelf than for the king. On the contrary, her huſband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of ſorrow for the fact itſelf. WARBURTON.

[9] *Had I but died an hour before this chance,*
I had liv'd a bleſſed time;] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" —— Undone, undone!

" If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

" To die when I deſire." MALONE.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

DON. What is amiſs?

MACB. You are, and do not know it:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopp'd; the very ſource of it is ſtopp'd.

MACD. Your royal father's murder'd.

MAL. O, by whom?

LEN. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,[8]
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:[9]
They ſtar'd, and were diſtracted; no man's life
Was to be truſted with them.

MACB. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

MACD. Wherefore did you ſo?

MACB. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love

[8] —— badg'd *with blood,*] I once thought that our author wrote *bath'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right.
So, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry VI.*
" With murder's crimſon *badge.*" MALONE.

[9] —— *their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found*
Upon their pillows:] This idea, perhaps, was taken from *The Man of Lawes Tale*, by Chaucer, l. 5027, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:
" And in the bed the blody knif he fond."
See alſo the foregoing lines. STEEVENS.

Out-ran the pauſer reaſon.—Here lay Duncan,
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood;[2]
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,

[2] ——— *Here lay Duncan,*

His ſilver *ſkin* lac'd *with his* golden *blood*;] Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of theſe lines by ſubſtituting *goary blood* for *golden blood*; but it may eaſily be admitted that he, who could on ſuch an occaſion talk of *lacing the ſilver ſkin*, would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakſpeare put theſe forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and diſſimulation, to ſhow the difference between the ſtudied language of hypocriſy, and the natural outcries of ſudden paſſion. This whole ſpeech, ſo conſidered, is a remarkable inſtance of judgement, as it conſiſts entirely of antitheſis and metaphor.

JOHNSON.

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phraſe in the old plays. So Heywood, in the ſecond part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

" —— we have *gilt* our Greekiſh arms
" *With blood* of our own nation."

Shakſpeare repeats the image in *K. John*:

" Their armours that march'd hence ſo *ſilver* bright,
" Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood*."

STEEVENS.

His ſilver *ſkin* lac'd *with his* golden *blood*;] The alluſion is to the decoration of the richeſt habits worn in the age of Shakſpeare, when it was uſual to *lace* cloth of *ſilver* with *gold*, and cloth of *gold* with *ſilver*. The ſecond of theſe faſhions is mentioned in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv: " Cloth of *gold*,—*laced* with *ſilver*." STEEVENS.

We meet with the ſame antitheſis in many other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

" ——— to ſee the fiſh
" Cut with her *golden* oars the *ſilver* ſtream."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" Spread o'er the *ſilver* waves thy *golden* hairs." MALONE.

The alluſion is ſo ridiculous on ſuch an occaſion, that it diſcovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would repreſent himſelf. The whole ſpeech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and common-place thoughts, that ſhows him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

For ruin's wasteful entrance:[3] there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore:[4] Who could refrain,

[3] ——*a breach in nature,*
For ruin's wasteful entrance:] This comparison occurs likewise in *A Herring's Tayle*, a poem, 1598:
" A batter'd *breach where* troopes of wounds may *enter in.*"
STEEVENS.

[4] *Unmannerly* breech'd *with gore:*] The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *hilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country:*
" The main spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock,
" He lies to be new *breech'd.*"
Again, in *A Cure for a Cuckold*, by Webster and Rowley:
" *Unbreech* his barrel, and discharge his bullets."
STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton has justly observed that the word *unmannerly* is here used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendlily* in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *faulty* for *faultily* in *As you like it.* A passage in the preceding scene, in which Macbeth's visionary dagger is described, strongly supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:
" ——I see thee still;
" And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, [i. e. *hilt* or *haft*] gouts of *blood*,
" Which was not so before."
The following lines in *King Henry VI.* P. III. may perhaps, after all, form the best comment on these controverted words:
" And full as oft came Edward to my side,
" With purple faulchion, *painted to the hilt*
" *In blood* of those that had encounter'd him."
So also, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587:
" ——a naked sword he had,
" That to the hilts with blood was all embrued."
The word *unmannerly* is again used adverbially in *K. Henry VIII:*
" If I have us'd myself *unmannerly*,——."
So also Taylor the Water-poet, *Works*, 1630, p. 173: " These and more the like such pretty aspersions, the outcast rubbish of my company hath very liberally and *unmannerly* and ingratefully bestowed upon me." MALONE.

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.[5]

Though ſo much has been written on this paſſage, the commentators have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furniſhed with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakſpeare's time a dagger was a common weapon, and was uſually carried by ſervants and others, ſuſpended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Then I will lay the *ſerving creature's dagger* on your pate." Again, ibid:

"This *dagger* hath miſta'en; for lo! his houſe
"Is empty on the *back* of Mountague,
"And is miſheathed in my daughter's boſom!"

MALONE.

The ſenſe is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily—in a foul manner, —ſheath'd with blood. A ſcabbard* is called a *pilche*, a *leather coat*, in *Romeo*;——but you will aſk, whence the alluſion to *breeches?* Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon have well obſerved, that this ſpeech of Macbeth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was publiſhed by Peter Erondell (with commendatory poems by Daniel, and other wits of the time,) called *The French Garden*, or a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, ſome dialogues of a dramatick caſt, which, I am perſuaded, our author had read in the Engliſh; and from which he took, as he ſuppoſed, for his preſent purpoſe, this quaint expreſſion. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your maſter's ſilver-hatched daggers, you have not bruſhed their *breeches*, bring the bruſhes, and bruſh them before me."—Shakſpeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently ſuppoſes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *ſcabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he muſt have been ſet right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maiſtres, vous n'avez pas eſpouſſeté leur *hâut-de-chauſſes*,"—their *breeches*, in the common ſenſe of the word: as in the next ſentence *bas-de-chauſſes, ſtockings*, and ſo on through all the articles of dreſs. FARMER.

[5] *Look to the lady.*] Mr. Wheatley, from whoſe ingenious remarks on this play I have already made a large extract, juſtly obſerves that "on Lady Macbeth's ſeeming to faint,—while Banquo

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,[6]
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on[7]

and Macduff are ſolicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a conſciouſneſs that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would from a refined policy have aſſumed the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, leſt this very imputation ſhould ariſe againſt him: the irreſolute Macbeth is not ſufficiently at eaſe to act ſuch a part.

Malone.

[6] ——— here,

Where our fate, hid with*in an augre-hole,*] The oldeſt copy reads only "—*in* an augre-hole." I have adopted the correction of the ſecond folio,—*with*in.

Mr. Malone reads—

"*Here*, where our fate, hid *in* an augre-hole." Steevens.

In the old copy the word *here* is printed in the preceding line. The lines are diſpoſed ſo irregularly in the original edition of this play, that the modern editors have been obliged to take many liberties ſimilar to mine in the regulation of the metre. In this very ſpeech the words *our tears* do not make part of the following line, but are printed in that ſubſequent to it. Perhaps however the regulation now offered is unneceſſary; for the word *where* may have been uſed by our author as a diſſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to complete the meaſure, reads—*within* an augre-hole. A word having been accidentally omitted in *K. Henry V:* "—Let us die *in* [fight]," Mr. Theobald, with equal impropriety, reads there—"Let us die *inſtant*:" but I believe neither tranſcriber or compoſitor ever omitted *half* a word. Malone.

More ſkilful and accurate compoſitors than thoſe employed in our preſent republication, cannot eaſily be found; and yet, I believe, even *they* will not deny their having occaſionally furniſhed examples of the omiſſion of *half* a word. Steevens.

——*within an* augre-hole,] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"——confin'd
"Into an *augre's bore.*" Steevens.

[7] ——*an*——] The old copy—*upon*. Steevens.

The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure,[8] let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous malice.[9]

[8] *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*
That ſuffer in expoſure,] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-dreſt bodies, which may take cold from being expoſed to the air.* It is poſſible that in ſuch a cloud of words, the meaning might eſcape the reader. Steevens.

The porter in his ſhort ſpeech had obſerved, that "this place [i. e. the court, in which Banquo and the reſt now are,] is too *cold* for hell." Mr. Steevens's explanation is likewiſe ſupported by the following paſſage in *Timon of Athens:*

"——Call the creatures,
"Whoſe *naked natures* live in all the ſpight
"Of wreakful heaven." Malone.

[9] *In the great hand of God I ſtand; and, thence,*
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence *I fight*
Of treaſonous malice.] *Pretence* is intention, deſign, a ſenſe in which the word is often uſed by Shakſpeare. So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "——conſpiring with Camillo to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumſtance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of *Macbeth:*

"What good could they *pretend?*"

i. e. intend to themſelves. Banquo's meaning is,—in our preſent ſtate of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myſelf under the direction of God; and relying on his ſupport, I here declare myſelf an eternal enemy to this treaſon, and to all its *further deſigns that have not yet come to light.*
Steevens.

See Vol. III. p. 227, n. 6.—*Hand*, as Mr. Upton has obſerved, is here uſed for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Pſalm xxii: "Deliver my ſoul from the ſword, my darling from the *power* [Heb.

Macb. And ſo do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but* Mal. *and* Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhow an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.[2]

Mal. This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted;[3] and our ſafeſt way

from the *hand*] of the dog." In *King Henry V.* we have again the ſame expreſſion:

" —— Let us deliver
" Our puiſſance into *the hand of God.*" Malone.

[2] —— *the near in blood,*
The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he ſuſpected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *neareſt in blood* to the two princes, being the couſin-german of Duncan. Steevens.

[3] *This murderous ſhaft that's ſhot,*
Hath not yet lighted;] The deſign to fix the murder upon ſome innocent perſon has not yet taken effect. Johnson.

The ſhaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done miſchief in its flight, we have reaſon to apprehend ſtill more before it has ſpent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither inſure the crown to Macbeth, nor accompliſh any other purpoſe, while his ſons were yet living, who had therefore juſt reaſon to apprehend they ſhould be removed by the ſame means.

Such another thought occurs in *Buſſy D'Ambois*, 1607:

" The chain-ſhot of thy luſt *is yet aloft,*
" And it muſt murder," &c. Steevens.

Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which ſteals itſelf, when there's no mercy left.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Without the Caſtle.

Enter ROSSE, *and an old Man.*

OLD M. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSSE. Ah, good father,
Thou ſee'ſt, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody ſtage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?[4]

[4] ——*darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,*
When living light ſhould kiſs it?] After the murder of king Duffe, (ſays Holinſhed) "for the ſpace of ſix moneths togither there appeared no ſunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme, but ſtill was the ſky covered with continual clouds; and ſometimes ſuch outrageous winds arofe with lightenings and tempeſts, that the people were in great fear of preſent deſtruction." —It is evident that Shakſpeare had this paſſage in his thoughts.
MALONE.

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tueſday laſt,
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,[5]
Was by a mouſing owl[6] hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain,)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of their race,[7]
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-duff:——

See note at the end of the play, with a reference to p. 396. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*in her* pride of place,] Finely expreſſed, for *confidence in its quality.* WARBURTON.

In a place of which ſhe ſeemed proud;—in an elevated ſituation. MALONE.

[6] ——*by a* mouſing *owl*—] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

This is alſo found among the prodigies conſequent on king Duffe's murder: "There was a *ſparhawk* ſtrangled by an owl." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*minions of* their *race*,] Theobald reads:
——*minions of* the *race*,
very probably, and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Their is probably the true reading, the ſame expreſſion being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakſpeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient ſtocks, which Fortune high did place
"Above the reſt, endew'd with wealth, the nobler *of their race.*" MALONE.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, ſir, now?

MACD. Why, ſee you not?

ROSSE. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

MACD. Thoſe that Macbeth hath ſlain.

ROSSE. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[8]

MACD. They were ſuborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two ſons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the deed.

ROSSE. 'Gainſt nature ſtill:
Thriftleſs ambition, that wilt ravin up[9]
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis moſt like,[2]

Moſt of the prodigies juſt before mentioned are related by Holinſhed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular aſſerted, *that horſes of ſingular beauty and ſwiftneſs did eat their own fleſh.* STEEVENS.

[8] *What good could they* pretend?] To *pretend* is here to *propoſe to themſelves*, to *ſet before themſelves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this inſtance, as in many others, is ſimply to *intend*, to *deſign*. STEEVENS.

So, in Goulart's *Hiſtories*, 1607: "The carauell arriued ſafe at her *pretended* port." p. 575. Again, p. 586: "As for the Sclauonian captaine, he caſt himſelfe into the ſea, meaning to ſwimme vnto the ſhelfes neere vnto the fort, where hee *pretended* to ſaue himſelfe." RITSON.

[9] ——*that* wilt *ravin up*—] The old copy reads—*will*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

[2] *Then 'tis moſt like,*] To complete the meaſure, I ſuppoſe, with Sir T. Hanmer, that our author wrote—
Why, then *it is* moſt like,—. STEEVENS.

The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.[2]

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be inveſted.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;[3]
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, couſin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;—adieu!——
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you; and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *Then 'tis moſt like,*
The ſovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.] Macbeth by his birth ſtood next in the ſucceſſion to the crown, immediately after the ſons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predeceſſor, had two daughters, the eldeſt of whom was the mother of Duncan, the youngeſt, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinſhed.* Steevens.

[3] —— *Colmes-kill;*] or *Colm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the weſtern iſles, which Dr. Johnſon viſited, and deſcribes in his Tour. Holinſhed ſcarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predeceſſors in *Colme-kill.* Steevens.

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill* in the Erſe language ſignifies a *burying-place.* Malone.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

BAN. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd;[4] and, I fear,
Thou play'dſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches ſhine,)[5]
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? But, huſh; no more.

[4] *Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor,* Glamis, *all,*
As the weird women promis'd;] Here we have another paſſage, that might lead us to ſuppoſe that the thaneſhip of Glamis deſcended to Macbeth ſubſequent to his meeting the weird ſiſters, though that event had certainly taken place before. See p. 358.
MALONE.

[5] (*As upon thee, Macbeth, their ſpeeches* ſhine,) ——] *Shine,* for proſper. WARBURTON.
Shine, for appear with all the *luſtre* of *conſpicuous* truth.
JOHNSON.
I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. ſc. ii:
" Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleaſed
" To *ſhine* on my contemptible eſtate." STEEVENS.

Senet ſounded. Enter MACBETH, *as King*; *Lady* MACBETH, *as Queen*; LENOX, ROSSE, *Lords, Ladies and Attendants.*

. . . . . .

MACB. Here's our chief gueſt.

LADY M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all-thing unbecoming.

MACB. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, ſir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.[6]

BAN. Let your highneſs
Command upon me;[7] to the which, my duties

[6] *And* I'll *requeſt your preſence.*] I cannot help ſuſpecting this paſſage to be corrupt, and would wiſh to read:

And *I* requeſt your preſence.

Macbeth is ſpeaking of the preſent, not of any future, time. Sir W. D'Avenant reads:

And *all* requeſt your preſence.

The ſame miſtake has happened in *K. Richard III.* Act I. ſc. iii. where we find in the folio,

" O Buckingham, *I'll* kiſs thy princely hand,—"

inſtead of—*I* kiſs—the reading of the quarto.

In *Timon of Athens* the ſame errour is found more than once. MALONE.

The old reading is, I believe, the true one. So, in *King John*:

" *I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power" &c. STEEVENS.

[7] Let *your highneſs*
Command upon *me*;] Thus the old copy, and perhaps rightly, though modern editors have been content to read—*Lay* your highneſs &c. Every uncouth phraſe in an ancient author, ſhould not be ſuſpected of corruption.

In *As you like it* an expreſſion ſomewhat ſimilar occurs:

" And take *upon command* what help we have." STEEVENS.

The change was ſuggeſted by Sir W. Davenant's alteration of this play: it was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit.[8]

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave and proſperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.[9]
Is't far you ride?

[8] —— *to the which, my* duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit.] So, in our author's Dedication of his *Rape of Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton, 1594: "What I have done is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* would ſhow greater; mean time as it is, it is *bound* to your lordſhip." Malone.

[9] —— *we'll* take *to-morrow.*] Thus the old copy, and, in my opinion, rightly. Mr. Malone would read—
We'll *talk* to-morrow. Steevens.

I propoſed this emendation ſome time ago, and having ſince met with two other paſſages in which the ſame miſtake has happened, I truſt I ſhall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text. In *King Henry V.* edit. 1623, we find,
"For I can *take*, [talke] for Piſtol's cock is up."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1623, p. 31: "It is no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her *take*." [inſtead of *talke*, the old ſpelling of *talk*.] On the other hand, in the firſt ſcene of *Hamlet*, we find in the folio, 1623:
"—— then no planet ſtrikes,
"No fairy *talkes*,——."
So again, in the play before us:
"The interim having weigh'd it, let us *ſpeak*
"Our free hearts each to other."
Again, Macbeth ſays to his wife,
"—We will *ſpeak* further."
Again, in a ſubſequent ſcene between Macbeth and the aſſaſſins:
"Was it not yeſterday we *ſpoke* together?"
In *Othello* we have almoſt the ſame ſenſe, expreſſed in other words:
"—— *To-morrow*, with the earlieſt,
"*Let me have ſpeech with you.*"

BAN. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper: go not my horſe the
better,[9]

Had Shakſpeare written *take*, he would ſurely have ſaid—" but we'll take'*t* to-morrow." So, in the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act Fleance ſays to his father: " I take'*t*, 'tis later, ſir." MALONE.

I do not perceive the neceſſity of change. The poet's meaning could not be miſunderſtood. His end was anſwered, if his language was intelligible to his audience. He little ſuppoſed a time would arrive, when his words were to abide the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny of verbal criticiſm. With the eaſe of converſation, therefore, he copied its incorrectneſs. To *take*, is to *uſe*, to *employ*. To *take* time, is a common phraſe; and where is the impropriety of ſaying—" we'll *take* to-morrow?" i. e. we will *make uſe of* to-morrow. Banquo, " without a prompter," muſt have underſtood, by this familiar expreſſion, that Macbeth would employ to-morrow, as he wiſhed to have employed to-day.

When Piſtol ſays—" I can *take*"—he means, he can kindle, or lay hold, as fire does on its object.—So Dryden, ſpeaking of flames—

" At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they *take*."

That the words *talk* and *take* may occaſionally have been printed for each other, is a fact which no man converſant with the preſs will deny; and yet the bare poſſibility of a ſimilar miſtake in the preſent inſtance, ought to have little weight in oppoſition to an old reading ſufficiently intelligible.

The word *take* is employed in quite a different ſenſe by Fleance, and means——*to underſtand in any particular ſenſe or manner*. So, Bacon: " I *take it*, that iron braſs, called white braſs, hath ſome mixture of tin." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*go not my horſe the* better,] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakſpeare often uſes the *comparative* for the *poſitive* and *ſuperlative*.

So, in *K. Lear:*

" —— her ſmiles and tears
" Were like a *better* day."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" —— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again, in *King John:*

" Nay, but make haſte; the *better* foot before."

Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* B. IX. c. xlvi: " —Many are caught out of their fellowes hands, if they beſtirre not themſelves the *better*." It may, however, mean, If

I muſt become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horſe: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot;
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.[a]
Farewell.—— [*Exit* Banquo.
Let every man be maſter of his time

my horſe does not go the better for the haſte I ſhall be in to avoid the night. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's firſt interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is ſupported by the following paſſage in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1603: "——and hee that hit it not full, if he *rid* not *the faſter*, had a ſound blow in his neck, with a bag full of ſand hanged on the other end." Malone.

[a] *And ſo I do* commend *you to their backs.*] In old language one of the ſenſes of to *commend* was to *commit*, and ſuch is the meaning here. So, in *K. Richard II:*

"And now he doth *commend* his arms to ruſt." Malone.

Commend, however, in the preſent inſtance, may only be a civil term, ſignifying—*ſend*. Thus in *King Henry VIII:* "The king's majeſty *commends* his good opinion to you." What Macbeth therefore, after expreſſing his friendly wiſh relative to their horſes, appears to mean, is—ſo I *ſend* (or diſmiſs) you to mount them.

Steevens.

Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
Till ſupper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady* MACBETH, *Lords, Ladies, &c.*

Sirrah, a word:[2] Attend thoſe men our pleaſure?

ATTEN. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

MACB. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Atten.] To be thus, is nothing;
But to be ſafely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to[3] that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none, but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar.[4] He chid the ſiſters,

[2] *Sirrah, a word:* &c.] The old copy reads—

Sirrah, a word *with you:* Attend thoſe men our pleaſure?

The words I have omitted are certainly ſpurious. The metre is injured by them, and the ſenſe is complete without them. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *to* ——] i. e. in addition to. See p. 330, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[4] *My genius is rebuk'd*; as, it is ſaid,
Mark Antony's was by Cæſar.] For the ſake of metre, the *prænomen—Mark* (which probably was an interpolation) might ſafely be omitted. STEEVENS.

Though I would not often aſſume the critick's privilege of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myſelf too far in departing from the eſtabliſhed reading; yet I cannot but propoſe the rejection of this paſſage, which I believe was an inſertion of ſome player, that, having ſo much learning as to diſcover to what Shakſpeare alluded, was not willing that his audience ſhould be leſs knowing than himſelf, and has therefore weakened the author's ſenſe, by the intruſion of a remote and uſeleſs image

When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſcepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If it be ſo,
For Banquo's iſſue have I fil'd my mind;[5]

into a ſpeech burſting from a man wholly poſſeſs'd with his own preſent condition, and therefore not at leiſure to explain his own alluſions to himſelf. If theſe words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of Shakſpeare cloſe together without any traces of a breach.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the ſiſters—.

This note was written before I was fully acquainted with Shakſpeare's manner, and I do not now think it of much weight: for though the words which I was once willing to eject, ſeem interpolated, I believe they may ſtill be genuine, and added by the author in his reviſion. Mr. Heath cannot admit the meaſure to be faulty. There is only one foot, he ſays, put for another. This is one of the effects of literature in minds not naturally perſpicacious. Every boy or girl finds the metre imperfect, but the pedant comes to its defence with a tribrachys or an anapæſt, and ſets it right at once by applying to one language the rules of another. If we may be allowed to change feet, like the old comic writers, it will not be eaſy to write a line not metrical. To hint this once is ſufficient. JOHNSON.

Our author having alluded to this circumſtance in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is no reaſon to ſuſpect any interpolation here:

" Therefore, O Antony, ſtay not by his ſide:
" Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
" Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
" Where Cæſar's is not; but *near him thy angel*
" *Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*" MALONE.

[5] *For Banquo's iſſue have I* fil'd *my mind*;] We ſhould read:

———'filed *my mind*;

i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.

This mark of contraction is not neceſſary. To *file* is in the Biſhops' *Bible*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

" He call'd his father villain, and me ſtrumpet,
" A name I do abhor to *file* my lips with."

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,[6]
To make them kings, the ſeed of Banquo kings![7]
Rather than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
And champion me to the utterance![8]——Who's
there?—

Again, in *The Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: "——like ſmoke through a chimney that *files* all the way it goes." Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. i:

"She lightly lept out of her *filed* bed." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the common enemy of man,*] It is always an entertainment to an inquiſitive reader, to trace a ſentiment to its original ſource; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itſelf natural and obvious, yet ſome may be pleaſed with being informed, that Shakſpeare probably borrowed it from the firſt lines of *The Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expreſſion, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* ſignifies enemy. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare repeats this phraſe in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. ſc. iv: "—Defy the devil: conſider, he's an *enemy to mankind.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*the* ſeed *of Banquo kings!*] The old copy reads—ſeeds. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] ——*come, fate, into the liſt,*
And champion me to the utterance!] This paſſage will be beſt explained by tranſlating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la deſtinée ſe rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi* a l'outrance. A challenge, or a combat *a l'outrance, to extremity*, was a fixed term in the law of arms, uſed when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum, an intention to deſtroy each other*, in oppoſition to trials of ſkill at feſtivals, or on other occaſions, where the conteſt was only for reputation or a prize. The ſenſe therefore is: *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the ſons of Banquo, enter the liſts againſt me, with the utmoſt animoſity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON.

We meet with the ſame expreſſion in Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of *Virgil*, p. 331, 49:

"That war not put by Greikis to *utterance*."

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now to the door, and ſtay there till we call.[9]
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

1. *Mur.* It was, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent ſelf: this I made good to you
In our laſt conference; paſs'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand;[2] how croſs'd; the inſtruments;

Again, in *The Hiſtory of Graund Amoure and la bel Pucelle*, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555:

"That ſo many monſters put to *utterance*."

Again, and more appoſitely, in the 14th book of Golding's tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*:

"To both the parties at the length from battell for to reſt,
"And not to fight *to utterance*."

Shakſpeare uſes it again in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. i.

STEEVENS.

9 *Now to the door, and ſtay there till we call.*] The old copy reads—

"Now *go* to the door &c;"

but for the ſake of verſification I ſuppoſe the word *go*, which is underſtood, may ſafely be omitted. Thus in the laſt ſcene of the foregoing act:

Will you to Scone?
No couſin, I'll to Fife.

In both theſe inſtances *go* is mentally inſerted. STEEVENS.

2 ——*paſs'd in* probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, &c.] The words—*with you*, I regard as an interpolation, and conceive the paſſage to have been originally given thus:

Who wrought with them; and all things elſe, that might,
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you ſo goſpell'd,[4]
To pray for this good man, and for his iſſue,

" In our laſt conference; paſs'd in probation how
" You were borne in hand; how croſs'd;" &c.

Paſs'd in probation is, I believe, only a bulky phraſe employed to ſignify—*proved.* STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, " paſt in *proving* to you, how you were," &c. So, in *Othello:*

" ——— ſo *prove* it,
" That the *probation* bear no hinge or loop
" To hang a doubt on."

Perhaps after the words " with you," there ſhould be a comma rather than a ſemicolon. The conſtruction, however, may be different. " This I made good to you in our laſt conference, paſt &c. I made good to you, how you were borne," &c. To *bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair proſpects, without any intention of performance. MALONE.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks,* 1611:

" Yet I will *bear* a dozen men *in hand,*
" And make them all my gulls."

See Vol. IV. p. 212, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Are you ſo goſpell'd,*] Are you of that degree of preciſe virtue? *Goſpeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papiſts to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precurſors of *proteſtantiſm.* JOHNSON.

So, in the Morality called *Luſty Juventus,* 1561:

" What, is Juventus become ſo tame
" To be a newe *goſpeller?*"

Again:

" And yet ye are a great *goſpeller* in the mouth."

I believe, however, that *goſpelled* means no more than kept in obedience to that precept of the goſpel, which teaches us " *to pray for thoſe that deſpitefully uſe us.*" STEEVENS.

Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege.[5]

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Shoughs,[6] water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file[7]

[5] *We are* men, *my liege.*] That is, we have the ſame feelings as the reſt of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly reſentment* for the wrongs which we have ſuffered, and which you have now recited.

I ſhould not have thought ſo plain a paſſage wanted an explanation, if it had not been miſtaken by Dr. Grey, who ſays, "they don't anſwer in the name of *Chriſtians*, but as *men*, whoſe humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This falſe interpretation he has endeavoured to ſupport by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto,"

That amiable ſentiment does not appear very ſuitable to a cut-throat.——They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to ſhow Macbeth their willingneſs, not their averſion, to execute his orders. Malone.

[6] *Shoughs,*] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *ſhocks*, demi-wolves, *lyciſcæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. Johnson.

This ſpecies of dogs is mentioned in Naſh's *Lenten Stuffe*, &c. 1599: "—a trundle-tail, tike, or *ſhough* or two." Steevens.

[7] ——*the* valued file—] In this ſpeech the word *file* occurs twice, and ſeems in both places to have a meaning different from its preſent uſe. The expreſſion, *valued file*, evidently means, a liſt or catalogue of value. A ſtation in the *file*, and not in the worſt rank, may mean, a place in the liſt of manhood, and not in the loweſt place. But *file* ſeems rather to mean, in this place, a poſt of honour; the firſt rank, in oppoſition to the laſt; a meaning which I have not obſerved in any other place. Johnson.

The valued file is the file or liſt where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is ſet down, in contradiſtinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike. File*, in the ſecond inſtance, is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in this, and with a reference to it.——*Now if you belong to any claſs that deſerves a place in the valued* file *of man, and are not of the loweſt rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth diſtinguiſhing from each other.*

Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not[9] in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2. *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,[2]

File and *liſt* are ſynonymous, as in the laſt act of this play:

" —— I have a *file*
" Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's dedication to the ſecond part of his *Iron Age*, 1632: " —— to number you in the *file* and *liſt* of my beſt and choiceſt well-wiſhers." This expreſſion occurs more than once in *The Beggars' Buſh* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— all ways worthy,
" As elſe in any *file* of mankind."

Shakſpeare likewiſe has it in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: " The greater *file* of the ſubject held the duke to be wiſe." In ſhort, the *valued file* is the catalogue with prices annexed to it." STEEVENS.

[9] And *not* ——] *And* was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[2] *So weary with* diſaſters, tugg'd *with fortune*,] We ſee the ſpeaker means to ſay, that he is weary with ſtruggling with adverſe fortune. But this reading expreſſes but half the idea; *viz.* of a man tugg'd and haled by fortune without making reſiſtance. To give the compleat thought, we ſhould read:

So weary with diſaſtrous tugs *with fortune*.

That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,[3]
That every minute of his being thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends[4] that are both his and mine,

This is well expreſſed, and gives the reaſon of his being weary, becauſe fortune always hitherto got the better. And that Shakſpeare knew how to expreſs this thought, we have an inſtance in *The Winter's Tale:*

" Let *myſelf and fortune*
" *Tug* for the time to come."

Beſides, *to be tugg'd with fortune*, is ſcarce Engliſh.

WARBURTON.

Tugg'd with fortune may be, *tugg'd* or *worried* by fortune.

JOHNSON.

I have left the foregoing note as an evidence of Dr. Warburton's propenſity to needleſs alterations.

Mr. Malone very juſtly obſerves that the old reading is confirmed by the following paſſage in an Epiſtle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:

" He who hath never warr'd with miſery,
" Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and diſtreſs." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*in ſuch bloody* diſtance,] *Diſtance*, for enmity.

WARBURTON.

By *bloody diſtance* is here meant, ſuch a diſtance as mortal enemies would ſtand at from each other, when their quarrel muſt be determined by the ſword. This ſenſe ſeems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is repreſented as *thruſting at the neareſt part where life reſides.*

STEEVENS.

[4] For *certain friends*—] *For*, in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *becauſe of.* So, in *Coriolanus:*

" —Speak, good Cominius,
" Leave nothing out *for* length." STEEVENS.

Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love;
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye,
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

2. *Mur.* We ſhall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives——

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. Within this hour, at moſt,[4]
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves.
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'the time,
The moment on't;[5] for't muſt be done to-night,

[4] —— *at moſt,*] Theſe words have no other effect than to ſpoil the metre, and may therefore be excluded as an evident interpolation. Steevens.

[5] *Acquaint you with the* perfect ſpy o'the time,
The moment *on't*;] What is meant by *the ſpy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore ſenſe will be cheaply gained by a ſlight alteration.—Macbeth is aſſuring the aſſaſſins that they ſhall not want directions to find Banquo, and therefore ſays:

I will——
Acquaint you with a perfect ſpy *o'the time,*

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

Perfect is *well inſtructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play:

" Though in your ſtate of honour I am *perfect.*"

though I am *well acquainted* with your quality and rank.
Johnson.

—— *the perfect ſpy o'the time,*] i. e. the critical juncture.
Warburton.

How the *critical juncture* is the *ſpy o'the time*, I know not, but I think my own conjecture right. Johnson.

I rather believe we ſhould read thus:

Acquaint you with the perfect ſpot, the *time,*
The moment on't;—— Tyrwhitt.

I believe that the word *with*, has here the force of *by*; in which ſenſe Shakſpeare frequently uſes it; and that the meaning of the paſſage is this: " I will let you know by the perſon beſt informed, of the exact moment in which the buſineſs is to be done." And

And ſomething from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearneſs: [6] And with him,

accordingly we find in the next ſcene, that theſe two murderers are joined by a third, as Johnſon has obſerved.—In his letter to his wife, Macbeth ſays, "I have heard by the *perfecteſt* report, that they have more than mortal knowledge."—And in this very ſcene, we find the word *with* uſed to expreſs *by*, where the murderer ſays he is "tugg'd *with* fortune." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may *look out* for Banquo's coming, with the moſt *perfect* aſſurance of not being diſappointed; and not only with the *time* in general moſt proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very *moment* when you may expect him. MALONE.

I explain the paſſage thus, and think it needs no reformation, but that of a ſingle point.

—— Within this hour at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves.

Here I place a full ſtop; as no further inſtructions could be given by Macbeth, the hour of Banquo's return being quite uncertain. Macbeth therefore adds——"Acquaint *you*" &c. i. e. in ancient language, "acquaint *yourſelves*" with the exact time moſt favourable to your purpoſes; for ſuch a moment muſt be *ſpied* out by you, be ſelected by your own attention and ſcrupulous obſervation. —*You* is ungrammatically employed, inſtead of *yourſelves*; as *him* is for *himſelf*, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
"Who, for twice ſeven years, hath eſteemed *him*
"No better than a poor and loathſome beggar."

In this place it is evident that *him* is uſed inſtead of *himſelf*. Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"Advantage feeds *him* fat—" i. e. *himſelf*.

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Richard II.* where York addreſſing himſelf to Bolingbroke, Northumberland, and others, ſays—

"——enter in the caſtle
"And there repoſe *you* [i. e. yourſelves] for this night."

Macbeth, in the intervening time, might have learned from ſome of Banquo's attendants, which way he had ridden out, and therefore could tell the murderers *where* to plant themſelves ſo as to cut him off on his return; but who could aſcertain the preciſe hour of his arrival, except the ruffians who watched for that purpoſe? STEEVENS.

[6] ——*always thought,*
That I require a clearneſs:] i. e. you muſt manage matters ſo, that throughout the whole tranſaction I may ſtand clear of ſuſpicion.

(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me
Than is his father's, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves apart;
I'll come to you anon.[6]

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
It is concluded:——Banquo, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heaven, muſt find it out to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's ſpent,[7]
Where our deſire is got without content:

So, Holinſhed: "——appointing them to meet Banquo and his ſonne *without the palace*, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to ſlea them, ſo that he would not have his houſe ſlandered, but that in time to come he might *cleare* himſelf." STEEVENS.

[6] *I'll come* to you *anon.*] Perhaps the words—*to you*, which corrupt the metre, without enforcing the ſenſe, are another playhouſe interpolation. STEEVENS.

[7] *Nought's had*, all's ſpent,] Surely, the unneceſſary words—*Nought's had*—are a taſteleſs interpolation; for they violate the meaſure without expanſion of the ſentiment.

'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than, by deſtruction, dwell in doubtful joy,

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies[8] your companions making?
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy,[9]
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd[a] the ſnake, not kill'd it;

For a few words. Madam, I will. All's ſpent.
is a complete verſe.

There is ſufficient reaſon to ſuppoſe the metre of Shakſpeare was originally uniform and regular. His frequent exactneſs in making one ſpeaker complete the verſe which another had left imperfect, is too evident to need exemplification. Sir T. Hanmer was aware of this, and occaſionally ſtruggled with ſuch metrical difficulties as occurred; though for want of familiarity with ancient language, he often failed in the choice of words to be rejected or ſupplied. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— ſorrieſt *fancies* ———] i. e. worthleſs, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello:*

" I have a ſalt and *ſorry* rheum offends me."

Sorry, however, might ſignify *ſorrowful, melancholy, diſmal.* So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" The place of death and *ſorry* execution."

Again, in the play before us (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) Macbeth ſays,—" This is a *ſorry* ſight." STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *Things without remedy,*] The old copy—*all* remedy. But ſurely, as Sir T. Hanmer thinks, the word *all* is an interpolation, hurtful to the metre, without improvement of the ſenſe. The ſame thought occurs in *K. Richard II.* Act II. ſc. iii:

" Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care."

STEEVENS.

[a] ——— *ſcotch'd* ———] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *ſcorch'd.*

JOHNSON.

She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let
The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,[2]
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
That ſhake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace,[3]
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtacy.[4] Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;

Scotch'd is the true reading. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. v;
" —— he *ſcotch'd* him and notch'd him like a carbonado."
STEEVENS.

[2] *But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds ſuffer,*] The old copy reads thus, and I have followed it, rejecting the modern contraction, which was:
But let both worlds *disjoint*, and all things *ſuffer*.
The ſame idea occurs in *Hamlet:*
" That *both the worlds* I give to negligence." STEEVENS.

[3] *Whom we, to gain our* place, *have ſent to peace,*] The old copy reads:
Whom we, to gain our peace —. For the judicious correction—*place*, we are indebted to the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[4] *In reſtleſs* ecſtacy.] *Ecſtacy*, for madneſs. WARBURTON.

Ecſtacy, in its general ſenſe, ſignifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, P. I:
" Griping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,
" And have no hope to end our *extaſies*."
Again, Milton, in his ode on *The Nativity:*
" In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and *ecſtatic* fit."
STEEVENS.

Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.

Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance[4] apply to Banquo;
Preſent him eminence,[5] both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.[6]

Lady M. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.[7]

[4] —— *remembrance* —] is here employed as a quadriſyllable. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"And laſting in her ſad *remembrance*." Steevens.

[5] *Preſent him eminence,*] i. e. do him the higheſt honours. Warburton.

[6] *Unſafe the while, that we*
Muſt lave our honours in theſe flattering ſtreams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.] The ſenſe of this paſſage (though clouded by metaphor, and perhaps by omiſſion) appears to be as follows:—*It is a ſure ſign that our royalty is unſafe, when it muſt deſcend to flattery, and ſtoop to diſſimulation.*

And yet I cannot help ſuppoſing (from the hemiſtich, *unſafe the while that we*) ſome words to be wanting which originally rendered the ſentiment leſs obſcure. Shakſpeare might have written—

Unſafe the while *it is for us*, that we &c.

By a different arrangement in the old copy, the preſent hemiſtich, indeed, is avoided; but, in my opinion, to the diſadvantage of the other lines. See former editions. Steevens.

[7] —— *nature's copy's not* eterne.] The *copy*, the *leaſe*, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. Johnson.

Eterne for *eternal* is often uſed by Chaucer. So, in *The Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1305:

MACB. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloiſter'd flight;[8] ere, to black Hecate's ſummons,
The ſhard-borne beetle,[9] with his drowſy hums,

" —— O cruel goddes, that governe
" This world with binding of your word *eterne*,
" And writen in the table of athamant
" Your parlement and your *eterne* grant." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage in this play:

" —— and our high-plac'd Macbeth
" Shall live the *leaſe of nature*, pay his breath
" To time and mortal cuſtom."

Again, by our author's 13th *Sonnet:*

" So ſhould that beauty which you hold in *leaſe*,
" Find no determination." MALONE.

I once thought that by " Nature's copy" &c. our author meant (to uſe a Scriptural phraſe) man, *as formed after the Deity*, though not, like him, immortal. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" —— how ſhall man,
" *The image of his maker*, hope to thrive by't?"

but, (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves,) in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's explanation, we find that Macbeth in his next ſpeech but one, alluding to the intended murder of Banquo and Fleance, ſays,

Cancel and tear to pieces *that great bond*
That keeps me pale.

Mr. M. Maſon, however, adds, that " by nature's copy," Shakſpeare might only mean—*the human form divine*. STEEVENS.

The alluſion is to an *eſtate for lives* held by *copy of court-roll*. It is clear, from numberleſs alluſions of the ſame kind, that Shakſpeare had been an attorney's clerk. RITSON.

[8] —— *the bat hath flown*
His cloiſter'd *flight*;] The bats wheeling round the dim *cloiſters* of Queen's College Cambridge, have frequently impreſſed on me the ſingular propriety of this original epithet. STEEVENS.

Bats are often ſeen flying round *cloiſters*, in the duſk of the evening, for a conſiderable length of time. MALONE.

[9] *The* ſhard-borne *beetle*,] i. e. the beetle hatched in clefts of wood. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" They are his *ſhards*, and he their *beetle*."

WARBURTON.

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

The *ſhard-borne* beetle is the beetle borne along the air by its *ſhards* or *ſcaly wings*. From a paſſage in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, it appears that *ſhards* ſignified *ſcales*:

" She figh, her thought, a dragon tho,
" Whoſe *ſcherdes* ſhynen as the ſonne." l. 6. fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *ſhards*, they being of a *ſcaly* ſubſtance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *ſcaly* hardneſs, ſerving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteriſtick of the beetle kind.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd*, ſays:

" The *ſcaly* beetles with their *habergeons*,
" That make a humming murmur as they fly."

In *Cymbeline*, Shakſpeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

" ——— we find
" The *ſharded* beetle in a ſafer hold
" Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifeſt oppoſition intended between the wings and flight of the *inſect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whoſe *ſharded wings* can but juſt *raiſe him above the ground*, is often in a ſtate of greater *ſecurity* than the *vaſt-winged eagle* that can ſoar *to any height*.

As Shakſpeare is here deſcribing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noiſe but when he flies,) it is more natural to ſuppoſe the epithet ſhould allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumſtance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with ſeveral other creatures of the inſect kind.

The quotation from *Antony and Cleopatra*, ſeems to make againſt Dr. Warburton's explanation.

The meaning of Ænobarbus in that paſſage is evidently as follows: Lepidus, ſays he, is the *beetle* of the triumvirate, a dull, blind creature, that would but crawl on the earth, if Octavius and Antony, his more active colleagues in power, did not ſerve him for *ſhards* or wings to raiſe him a little above the ground.

What idea is afforded, if we ſay that Octavius and Antony are two clefts in the old wood in which Lepidus was hatch'd?

STEEVENS.

The *ſhard-born beetle* is the beetle born in dung. Ariſtotle and Pliny mention beetles that breed in dung. Poets as well as natural hiſtorians have made the ſame obſervation. See *Drayton's Ideas*, 31; " I ſcorn all earthly *dung-bred* ſcarabies." So, Ben Jonſon, Whalley's edit. Vol. I. p. 59:

Lady. M. What's to be done?

" But men of thy condition feed on ſloth,
" As doth the *beetle* on the *dung* ſhe breeds in."

That *ſhard* ſignifies *dung*, is well known in the North of Staffordſhire, where *cow-ſhard* is the word generally uſed for *cow-dung*. So, in *A petite Palace of Pettie his Pleaſure*, p. 165: " The humble-bee taketh no ſcorn to loge on a cowe's foule *ſhard*." Again, in Bacon's *Nat. Hiſt.* exp. 775: " Turf and peat, and cow *ſheards*, are cheap fuels, and laſt long."

Sharded beetle in *Cymbeline*, means the *beetle lodged in dung*; and there the humble earthly abode of the beetle is oppoſed to the lofty eyry of the eagle in " the cedar, whoſe top branch overpeer'd Jove's ſpreading tree," as the poet obſerves in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. ſc. ii. Tollet.

The *ſhard-born* beetle is perhaps the beetle born among ſhards, i. e. (not cow's dung, for that is only a ſecondary or metonymical ſignification of the word, and not even ſo, generally, but) pieces of broken pots, tiles, and ſuch-like things, which are frequently thrown together in corners as rubbiſh, and under which theſe beetles may uſually breed, or (what is the ſame) may have been ſuppoſed ſo to do.

Thus in *Hamlet* the prieſt ſays of Ophelia:

" *Shards*, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her."

Would Mr. Tollet ſay that *cows dung* was to be thrown into the grave? It is true, however, that *ſharded beetle* ſeems ſcarcely reconcilable to the above explanation. Mr. Steevens *may* be *right*; but Dr. Warburton and Mr. Tollet are certainly wrong. Ritson.

The ſhard-born beetle is the cock-chafer. Sir W. Davenant appears not to have underſtood this epithet, for he has given, inſtead of it,

—— the *ſharp-brow'd* beetle.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one in the paſſage before us. Malone.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is no doubt the moſt ſuitable to the context. The ſucceeding paſſages, however, make in favour of Mr. Tollet's explanation. In a *Brieſe Diſcourſe of the Spaniſh ſtate*, 1590. p. 3. there is " How that nation riſing like the *beetle* from the *cow-ſhern* hurtleth againſt al things." And in Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*:

" Such ſouls as *ſhards produce*, ſuch *beetle* things,
" As only buzz to heaven with evening wings."

The Beetle and the Chafer are diſtinct inſects. Holt White.

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,[2]
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,[3]
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale![4]—Light thickens; and the crow[5]

[2] ——— *dearest* chuck,] I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. V. c. xxvii:

" ——— immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife."

It occurs also in our author's *Twelfth Night*:

" —how dost thou *chuck*?

" —Ay, *biddy*, come with me." STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *Come*, seeling *night*,] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: " And he must take wyth hym nedle and threde, to *ensyle* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys maner they must be *ensiled*. Take the nedel and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and soe of that other, and make them fast under the becke that she se not," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond*
Which keeps me pale!] This may be well explained by the following passage in *K. Richard III*:

" *Cancel his bond of life*, dear God, I pray."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iv:

" ——— take this life,

" And *cancel* these cold *bonds*." STEEVENS.

[5] —Light thickens; *and the crow* &c.] By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, *the light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— my lustre *thickens*

" When he shines by."——— EDWARDS's MSS.

It may be added, that in the second part of *K. Henry IV*. Prince John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that " his desert *is too thick to shine*."

Again, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, Act I. sc. ult:

" Fold your flocks up, for the air

" 'Gins to *thicken*, and the sun

" Already his great course hath run."— STEEVENS.

Makes wing to the rooky wood:[5]
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouſe.[6]

Again, in Spenſer's *Calender*, 1579:

" But ſee, the welkin *thicks* apace,
" And ſtouping Phœbus ſteepes his face;
" It's time to haſte us home-ward." MALONE.

[5] *Makes wing to the* rooky *wood:*] *Rooky* may mean *damp, miſty, ſteaming with exhalations.* It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. In *Coriolanus*, Shakſpeare mentions

" —— the *reek* of th' rotten fens."

And, in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

" Comes in a vapour like a *rookiſh* ryme."

Rooky wood, indeed, may ſignify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks*; yet, merely to ſay of the *crow* that he is flying to a wood inhabited by *rooks*, is to add little immediately pertinent to the ſucceeding obſervation, viz. that

" —things of day begin to droop and drowze."

I cannot therefore help ſuppoſing our author wrote

" —makes wing to *rook i' th'* wood."

i. e. to *rooſt* in it. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Act V. ſc. vi:

" The raven *rook'd* her on the chimney's top."

See note on this paſſage.

Again, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 72:

" But how their *rucken* in her neſt."

Again, in the 15th book of A. Golding's Tranſlation of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis:*

" He *ruck'th* down upon the ſame, and in the ſpices dies."

Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell*, &c. 1560:

" All day to *rucken* on my taile, and poren on a booke."

Such an unfamiliar verb as *rook*, might (eſpecially in a play-houſe copy) become eaſily corrupted. STEEVENS.

[6] *Whiles night's black agents to their* prey *do rouſe.*] This appears to be ſaid with reference to thoſe dæmons who were ſuppoſed to remain in their ſeveral places of confinement all day, but at the cloſe of it were releaſed; ſuch indeed as are mentioned in *The Tempeſt*, as rejoicing " To hear the ſolemn curfew," becauſe it announced the hour of their freedom. So alſo, in Sydney's *Aſtrophel and Stella:*

" In night, of ſprites the ghaſtly powers do ſtir."

The old copy reads—*prey's.* STEEVENS.

Thou marvell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?[7]

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

2. *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt; ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.

1. *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day:
Now ſpurs the lated[8] traveller apace,

[7] *But who did bid thee join with us?*] The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this. The *perfect ſpy*, mentioned by Macbeth in the foregoing ſcene, has, before they enter upon the ſtage, given them the directions which were promiſed at the time of their agreement; yet one of the murderers ſuborned, ſuſpects him of intending to betray them; the other obſerves, that, by his exact knowledge of *what they were to do*, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be miſtruſted. Johnson.

The third aſſaſſin ſeems to have been ſent to join the others, from Macbeth's ſuperabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that ſome converſation has paſſed between them before their preſent entry on the ſtage. Malone.

The third murderer enters only to tell them *where* they ſhould place themſelves. Steevens.

[8] ——*lated*—] i. e. belated, benighted. So again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"I am ſo *lated* in the world, that I
"Have loſt my way for ever." Steevens.

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horſes.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,[7]
Already are i'the court.[8]

1. *Mur.* His horſes go about.

3. *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance; *a* Servant *with a torch preceding them.*

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*aſſaults* Banquo.

[7] ——— *the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are ſet down in the liſt of gueſts, and expected to ſupper. Steevens.

[8] *Then it is he; the reſt*
That are *within the note of expectation,*
Already *are i'the court.*] Perhaps this paſſage, before it fell into the hands of the players, ſtood thus:

" Then it is he;
" The reſt within the note of expectation,
" Are i'the court."

The haſty recurrence of *are* in the laſt line, and the redundancy of the metre, ſeem to ſupport my conjecture. Numberleſs are the inſtances in which the player editors would not permit the neceſſary ſomething to be ſupplied by the reader. They appear to have been utterly unacquainted with an ellipſis. Steevens.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'ſt revenge.—O ſlave!
[*Dies.* Fleance *and Servant eſcape.*[9]

3. *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way?[2]

3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have loſt beſt half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, *Lady* Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down: at firſt,
And laſt, the hearty welcome.[3]

[9] Fleance *&c. eſcape.*] Fleance, after the aſſaſſination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a ſon named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence aſſumed the name of *Walter Steward.* From him in a direct line King James I. was deſcended; in compliment to whom our author has choſen to deſcribe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. Malone.

[2] *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the beſt means we could take to evade diſcovery. Steevens.

Rather, to effect our purpoſe. Ritson.

[3] *You know your own degrees, ſit down: at firſt,*
And laſt, the hearty welcome.] I believe the true reading is:
You know your own degrees, ſit down.—To *firſt*
And laſt the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majeſty.

Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate;[4] but, in beſt time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, ſir, to all our friends;
For my heart ſpeaks, they are welcome.

Enter firſt Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:——
Both ſides are even: Here I'll ſit i'the midſt:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a meaſure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

All of whatever degree, from the higheſt to the loweſt, may be aſſured that their viſit is well received. JOHNSON.

[4] *Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate*; &c.] i. e. continues in her chair of ſtate at the head of the table. This idea might have been borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 805: "The king (Henry VIII.) cauſed the queene to *keepe the eſtate*, and then ſat the ambaſſadours and ladies as they were marſhalled by the king, who would not ſit, but walked from place to place, making cheer," &c.

To *keep ſtate* is a phraſe perpetually occurring in our ancient dramas &c. So Ben Jonſon in his *Cynthia's Revels:*

"Seated in thy ſilver chair
"*State* in wonted manner *keep*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Gooſe Chaſe:*

"What *a ſtate ſhe keeps!* how far off they ſit from her!"

Many more inſtances, to the ſame purpoſe, might be given. STEEVENS.

A *ſtate* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"This *chair* ſhall be my *ſtate*."

Again, in Sir T. Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I*: "— where being *ſet*, the king *under a ſtate*," &c. Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: "— eſpying the *chayre* not to ſtand well under the *ſtate*, he mended it handſomely himſelf." MALONE.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.[5]
Is he deſpatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt o'the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didſt it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Moſt royal ſir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had elſe been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the caſing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſaucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's ſafe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes[6] on his head;
The leaſt a death to nature.

[5] *'Tis better* thee without, than *he* within.] The ſenſe requires that this paſſage ſhould be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him *within.*

That is, *I am better pleaſed that the blood of Banquo ſhould be on thy face than in his body.*

The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than* he *in this room.* Expreſſions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt that this laſt was the author's meaning. MALONE.

[6] ——trenched *gaſhes*—] *Trancher*, to cut. Fr. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"Is deeply *trenched* on my bluſhing brow."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"—like a figure
"*Trenched* in ice." STEEVENS.

Macb. Thanks for that:——
There the grown ſerpent lies; the worm,[7] that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the preſent.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourſelves again. [*Exit* Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feaſt is ſold,[8]
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digeſtion wait on appetite,[9]
And health on both!

Len. May it pleaſe your highneſs ſit?

[*The ghoſt of* Banquo *riſes,*[2] *and ſits in* Macbeth's *place.*

[7] ——*the* worm,] This term in our author's time was applied to all of the ſerpent kind. Malone.

[8] ——*the feaſt is* ſold, *&c.*] Mr. Pope reads:——*the feaſt is* cold,—and not without plauſibility. Such another phraſe occurs in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"You muſt be welcome too:—*the feaſt is flat* elſe."

But the ſame expreſſion as Shakſpeare's, is found in *The Romaunt of the Roſe:*

"Good dede done through praiere,
"*Is ſold,* and bought to dere." Steevens.

The meaning is,—That which is not *given cheerfully*, cannot be called a *gift*, it is ſomething that muſt be paid for. Johnson.

It is ſtill common to ſay, that we *pay dear* for an entertainment, if the circumſtances attending the participation of it prove irkſome to us. Henley.

[9] *Now*, good digeſtion *wait on appetite*,] So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

"A *good digeſtion* to you all." Steevens.

[2] *The ghoſt of Banquo riſes*,] This circumſtance of *Banquo's ghoſt* ſeems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, firſt printed in 1607, and ridiculouſly aſcribed to Shakſpeare: "We'll ha' the *ghoſt* i' th' white ſheet ſit at *upper end o' th' table.*" Farmer.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our Banquo preſent;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance![3]

Rosse. His abſence, ſir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe it your highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reſerv'd, ſir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord.[4] What is't that moves your highneſs?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not well.

[3] *Than pity for miſchance!*] This is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by theſe words diſcovers a conſciouſneſs of guilt; and this circumſtance could not fail to be recollected by a nice obſerver on the aſſaſſination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being yet rendered ſufficiently callous by "hard uſe," Macbeth betrays himſelf (as Mr. Wheatley has obſerved,) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whoſe abſence from the feaſt he affects to complain, that he may not be ſuſpected of knowing the cauſe, though at the ſame time he very unguardedly drops an alluſion to that cauſe." Malone.

Theſe words do not ſeem to convey any conſciouſneſs of guilt on the part of Macbeth, or alluſion to Banquo's murder, as Mr. Wheatley ſuppoſes. Macbeth only means to ſay—"I have more cauſe to accuſe him of unkindneſs for his abſence, than to pity him for any accident or miſchance that may have occaſioned it."
Douce.

[4] *Here, my lord.* &c.] The old copy—my *good* lord; an interpolation that ſpoils the metre. The compoſitor's eye had caught—*good* from the next ſpeech but one. Steevens.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep ſeat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought[4]
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;[5]
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. M. O proper ſtuff![6]
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become[7]
A woman's ſtory, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!

[4] ——— *upon a* thought —] i. e. as ſpeedily as thought can be exerted. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "—and, *with a thought*, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd." Again, in *Hamlet:*

"——as ſwift
"As *meditation*, or the *thoughts* of love." Steevens.

[5] ——*extend his paſſion*;] Prolong his ſuffering; make his fit longer. Johnson.

[6] *O proper ſtuff!*] This ſpeech is rather too long for the circumſtances in which it is ſpoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itſelf!* Johnson.

Surely it required more than a few words, to argue Macbeth out of the horror that poſſeſſed him. M. Mason.

[7] ——*O, theſe flaws, and ſtarts,*
(Impoſtors to true fear,) *would well become* &c.] i. e. theſe flaws and ſtarts, as they are indications of your needleſs fears, are the imitators or impoſtors only of thoſe which ariſe from a fear well grounded. Warburton.

Flaws are ſudden guſts. Johnson.

So, in *Coriolanus:*

"Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every *flaw*." Steevens.

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Guſts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds." Malone.

Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there! behold! look! lo! how ſay you?——
Why, what care I? If thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
If charnel-houſes, and our graves, muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.[8]

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?[9]

Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.

Lady M. Fie, for ſhame!

Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'the olden time,[2]

Impoſtors *to* true fear, mean impoſtors when *compared with* true fear. Such is the force of the prepoſition *to* in this place.
M. Mason.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.* "Fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches *to* them." Steevens.

To may be uſed for *of*. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have an expreſſion reſembling this:
"Thou *counterfeit to* thy true friend." Malone.

[8] *Shall be the maws of kites.*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. viii:
"But be *entombed* in the raven or the *kight*." Steevens.

"In ſplendidiſſimum quemque captivum, non ſine verborum contumelia, ſæviit: ut quidem uni ſuppliciter *ſepulturam* precanti reſpondiſſe dicatur, jam iſtam *in volucrum fore poteſtatem*." Sueton. in Auguſt. 13. Malone.

[9] *What! quite unmann'd* in folly?] Would not this queſtion be forcible enough without the two laſt words, which overflow the metre, and conſequently may be ſuſpected as interpolations?
Steevens.

[2] ——*i'the* olden *time*,] Mr. M. Maſon propoſes to read—"the *golden* time," meaning the *Golden age*: but the ancient reading may be juſtified by Holinſhed, who, ſpeaking of the witches, ſays, they "reſembled creatures of the *elder world*;" and in *Twelfth Night* we have
"——dallies with the innocence of love,
"Like the *old age*."

Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gentle weal;[2]
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they riſe again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools: This is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muſe at me,[3] my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll ſit down:——Give me ſome wine, fill full:——
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Again, in "Thyſtorye of Jacob and his twelve ſones" bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde:

"Of dedes done in *the olde tyme.*"

Again, in our Liturgy—"and in the *old time* before them."

STEEVENS.

[2] *Ere human ſtatute purg'd the* gentle weal;] The *gentle weal*, is, the *peaceable community*, the ſtate made quiet and ſafe by *human ſtatutes.*

"*Mollia ſecuræ peragebant otia gentes.*" JOHNSON.

In my opinion it means "that ſtate of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and ſecure."

M. MASON.

[3] *Do not* muſe *at me,*] To *muſe* anciently ſignified to *wonder*, to be in *amaze.* So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV:

"I *muſe*, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion."

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

"And rather *muſe*, than aſk, why I entreat you."

STEEVENS.

Ghoſt riſes.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,[4]
And all to all.[5]

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes[6]
Which thou doſt glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom: 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,[7]

[4] ——*to all, and him, we* thirſt,] We *thirſt*, I ſuppoſe, means we deſire to drink. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, Caſſius ſays, when Brutus drinks to him, to bury all unkindneſs,

"My heart is *thirſty* for that noble pledge." M. Mason.

[5] *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wiſhes to all: ſuch as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.* Warburton.

I once thought it ſhould be *bail* to all, but I now think that the preſent reading is right. Johnson.

Timon uſes nearly the ſame expreſſion to his gueſts, Act I. "*All to you.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.* more intelligibly:

"And *to you all* good health." Steevens.

[6] ——*no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes*—] So, in the 115th Pſalm: "——eyes have they, but ſee not." Steevens.

[7] —*the* Hyrcan *tyger*,] Theobald chooſes to read, in oppoſition to the old copy—*Hyrcanian* tyger; but the alteration was unneceſſary, as Dr. Philemon Holland, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* p. 122, mentions the *Hyrcane* ſea. Tollet.

Alteration certainly might be ſpared: in *Riche's ſecond part of Simonides*, 4to. 1584, ſign. c. 1. we have "Contrariewiſe theſe

Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit[8] thee, proteſt me

ſouldiers, like to *Hircan tygers*, revenge themſelves on their own bowelles; ſome parricides, ſome fratricides, all homicides."

REED.

Sir William D'Avenant unneceſſarily altered this to *Hircanian* tyger, which was followed by Theobald and others. *Hircan* tygers are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his Sonnets, 1594:

" —— reſtore thy fierce and cruel mind
" To *Hircan tygers*, and to ruthleſs beares." MALONE.

[8] *If trembling I* inhibit —] *Inhabit* is the original reading, which Mr. Pope changed to *inhibit*, which *inlibit* Dr. Warburton interprets *refuſe*. The old reading may ſtand, at leaſt as well as the emendation. JOHNSON.

Inhibit ſeems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uſes it frequently in the ſenſe required in this paſſage. *Othello*, Act I. ſc. vii:

" —— a practiſer
" Of arts *inhibited*."

Hamlet, Act II. ſc. vi:

" I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation."

To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEVENS.

I have not the leaſt doubt that " *inhibit thee*,"—is the true reading. In *All's Well that End's Well*, we find in the ſecond and all the ſubſequent folios—— " which is the moſt *inhabited* ſin of the canon."—inſtead of *inhibited*.

The ſame errour is found in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 4to. 1618, p. 772: " Alſo Robert Fabian writeth, that in the year 1506, the one and twentieth of Henry the ſeventh, the ſaid ſtew-houſes in Southwarke were for a ſeaſon *inhabited*, and the doores cloſed up, but it was not long, ſaith he, ere the houſes there were ſet open again, ſo many as were permitted."—The paſſage is not in the printed copy of Fabian, but that writer left in Manuſcript a continuation of his Chronicle from the acceſſion of K. Henry VII. to near the time of his own death, (1512,) which was in Stowe's poſſeſſion in the year 1600, but I believe is now loſt.

By the other ſlight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* inſtead of *then*, which was propoſed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the reſpect that it deſerved by giving it a place in my text, this paſſage is rendered clear and eaſy.

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
[*Ghoſt diſappears.*
Unreal mockery,[9] hence!—Why, ſo;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, ſit ſtill.

Lady M. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With moſt admir'd diſorder.

Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder?[2] You make me ſtrange

Mr. Steevens's correction is ſtrongly ſupported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line ſtands—If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt &c. and not—If trembling I inhabit, then proteſt &c.
In our author's *K. Richard II.* we have nearly the ſame thought:
" If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
" *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs.*" MALONE.

Inhabit is the original reading; and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is——Should you challenge me to encounter you in the deſert, and I through fear remain trembling in my caſtle, then proteſt me, &c. Shakſpeare here uſes the verb *inhabit* in a neutral ſenſe, to expreſs *continuance in a given ſituation*; and Milton has employed it in a ſimilar manner:
Meanwhile *inhabit* lax, ye powers of heaven! HENLEY.

To *inhabit*, a verb neuter, may undoubtedly have a meaning like that ſuggeſted by Mr. Henley. Thus, in *As you like it*,—" O knowledge ill-*inhabited!* worſe than Jove in a thatched houſe!" *Inhabited*, in this inſtance, can have no other meaning than *lodged*.
It is not, therefore, impoſſible, that by *inhabit*, our author capriciouſly meant—*ſtay within doors*.—If, when you have challenged me to the deſert, I ſculk in my houſe, do not heſitate to proteſt my cowardice. STEEVENS.

9 *Unreal* mockery,] i. e. *unſubſtantial pageant*, as our author calls the viſion in *The Tempeſt*; or the picture in *Timon of Athens*; " —a *mocking* of the life." STEEVENS.

2 *Can ſuch things be,*
And overcome *us like a ſummer's cloud,*
Without our ſpecial wonder?] The meaning is, can ſuch wonders as theſe *paſs over* us without wonder, as a caſual ſummer cloud paſſes over us. JOHNSON.

Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,[3]
When now I think you can behold ſuch fights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

No inſtance is given of this ſenſe of the word *overcome*, which has cauſed all the difficulty; it is however to be found in Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. vii. ſt. 4:

" —— A little valley——
" All covered with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*."
FARMER.

Again, in *Marie Magdalene's Repentance*, 1567:
" With blode *overcome* were both his eyen." MALONE.

[3] ——*You make me ſtrange*
Even to the diſpoſition that I owe,] Which in plain Engliſh is only: *You make me juſt mad.* WARBURTON.

You produce in me an *alienation of mind*; which is probably the expreſſion which our author intended to paraphraſe. JOHNSON.

I do not think that either of the editors has very ſucceſsfully explained this paſſage, which ſeems to mean,——*You prove to me that I am a ſtranger even to my own diſpoſition, when I perceive that the very object which ſteals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words,——*You prove to me how falſe an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it.* A thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. i: " I'll entertain myſelf like one I am not acquainted withal." Again, in *All's Well that End's Well*, Act V:

" —— if you know
" That you are well acquainted with yourſelf."
STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a ſtranger to*, or forgetful of, *that* brave *diſpoſition which* I know *I poſſeſs* and make me fancy myſelf a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a fight which has not in the leaſt alarmed you. A paſſage in *As you like it* may prove the beſt comment on that before us:

" If with myſelf I hold intelligence,
" Or have acquaintance with my own deſires——."

So Macbeth ſays, he has no longer *acquaintance* with his own *brave* diſpoſition of mind: His wife's *ſuperior* fortitude makes him as ignorant of his own courage as a *ſtranger* might be ſuppoſed to be. MALONE.

I believe it only means *you make me amazed.* The word *ſtrange* was then uſed in that ſenſe. So, in *The Hiſtory of Jack of Newberry*—" I jeſt not, ſaid ſhe; for I mean it ſhall be; and ſtand not *ſtrangely*, but remember that you promiſed me," &c. REED.

When mine are blanch'd with fear.[4]

Rosse. What ſights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majeſty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all![5]

[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood:[6]

[4] ——*are* blanch'd *with fear.*] i. e. turn'd pale, as in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"Thou doſt *blanch* miſchief,
"Doſt make it white." Steevens.

The old copy reads—*is* blanch'd. Sir T. Hanmer corrected this paſſage in the wrong place, by reading—*cheek*; in which he has been followed by the ſubſequent editors. His correction gives perhaps a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakſpeare. The alteration now made is only that which every editor has been obliged to make in almoſt every page of theſe plays.—In this very ſcene the old copy has "——the times *has* been," &c. Perhaps it may be ſaid that *mine* refers to *ruby*, and that therefore no change is neceſſary. But this ſeems very harſh. Malone.

[5] A kind *good night to all!*] I take it for granted, that the redundant and valueleſs ſyllables—*a kind*, are a playhouſe interpolation. Steevens.

[6] *It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood:*] So, in *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, p. 118:

"Take heede, ye princes, by examples paſt,
"*Bloud will have bloud*, eyther at firſt or laſt."
Henderson.

I would thus point the paſſage:

It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood.

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Blood aſketh blood, and death muſt death requite."
Ferrex and Porrex, Act IV. ſc. ii. Whalley.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;[6]
Augurs, and underſtood relations,[7] have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

I have followed Mr. Whalley's punctuation, inſtead of placing the ſemicolon after—*ſay*.

The ſame words occur in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

" *Bloud will have bloud*, foul murther ſcape no ſcourge."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *and trees to ſpeak*;] Alluding perhaps to the vocal tree which (See the third book of the Æneid) revealed the murder of Polydorus. STEEVENS.

[7] *Augurs, and underſtood* relations, &c.] By the word *relation* is underſtood the *connection* of effects with cauſes; to *underſtand relations* as *an augur*, is to know how thoſe things *relate* to each other, which have no viſible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare, in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*, i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

The old copy has the paſſage thus:

Augures, and underſtood relations, have
By maggot-pies and choughs, &c.

The modern editors have read:

Augurs that underſtand *relations, have*
By magpies *and* by *choughs*, &c.

Perhaps we ſhould read, *auguries*, i. e. prognoſtications by means of omens and prodigies. Theſe, together with the connection of effects with cauſes, being underſtood, (ſays he) have been inſtrumental in divulging the moſt ſecret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called *magatapie*. So, in *The Night-Raven*, a Satirical Collection &c:

" I neither tattle with iack-daw,
" Or *Maggot-pye* on thatch'd houſe ſtraw."

Magot-pie is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we ſay *Robin* to a redbreaſt, *Tom* to a titmouſe, *Philip* to a ſparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens rightly reſtores *Magot-pies*. In Minſhew's *Guide to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggatapie*: and Middleton in his *More Diſſemblers beſide Women*, ſays: " He calls her *magot o' pie*." FARMER.

The ſecret'ſt man of blood.[8]—What is the night?

Ladr M. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that Macduff denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?[9]

Ladr M. Did you ſend to him, ſir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:

[8] —— *and* choughs, *and* rooks, *brought forth*
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.] The inquiſitive reader will find ſuch a ſtory in Thomas Lupton's *Thouſand notable things* &c. 4to. bl. l. no date, p. 100; and in Goulart's *Admirable Hiſtories* &c. p. 425. 4to. 1607. Steevens.

[9] *How ſay'ſt thou*, &c.] Macbeth here aſks a queſtion, which the recollection of a moment enables him to anſwer. Of this forgetfulneſs, natural to a mind oppreſs'd, there is a beautiful inſtance in the ſacred ſong of Deborah and Barak: "*She aſked her wiſe women counſel; yea, ſhe returned anſwer to herſelf.*"

Mr. M. Maſon's interpretation of this paſſage has, however, taught me diffidence of my own. He ſuppoſes, and not without ſufficient reaſon, that "what Macbeth means to ſay, is this. *What do you think of this circumſtance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding?—What do you infer from thence?—What is, your opinion of the matter?*"

So, in *Othello*, when the Duke is informed that the Turkiſh fleet was making for Rhodes, which he ſuppoſed to have been bound for Cyprus, he ſays,

"How *ſay you* by this change?"

That is, what do you think of it?

In *The Coxcomb* Antonio ſays to Maria,

"Sweetheart, how *ſay you* by this gentleman?
"He will away at midnight."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Speed ſays—

"But Launce, *how ſay'ſt thou*, that my maſter is become a notable lover?"

Again, Macbeth, in his addreſs to his wife, on the firſt appearance of Banquo's ghoſt, uſes the ſame form of words:

"——behold! look! lo! *how ſay you?*"

The circumſtance, however, on which this queſtion is founded, took its riſe from the old hiſtory. Macbeth ſent to Macduff to

There's not a one of them,[9] but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird ſiſters:[2]
More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt: for mine own good,
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.[3]

Lady M. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.[4]

aſſiſt in building the caſtle of Dunſinane. Macduff ſent workmen &c. but did not chooſe to truſt his perſon in the tyrant's power. From that time he reſolved on his death. STEEVENS.

[9] *There's not* a one *of them,*] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phraſe, ſignifies an individual. In *Albumazar*, 1614, the ſame expreſſion occurs: "— Not *a one* ſhakes his tail, but I ſigh out a paſſion." Theobald would read *thane*; and might have found his propoſed emendation in Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, 1674. This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinſhed: "He had in every nobleman's houſe one ſlie fellow or other in fee with him to reveale all," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] (*Betimes I will,*) unto *the weird ſiſters:*] The ancient copy reads—

"*And* betimes I will *to* the weird ſiſters."

They whoſe ears are familiarized to diſcord, may perhaps object to my omiſſion of the firſt word, and my ſupplement to the fifth. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *be* ſcann'd.] To *ſcan* is to examine nicely. Thus, in *Hamlet:*

"——ſo he goes to heaven,
"And ſo am I reveng'd: That would be *ſcann'd.*"
STEEVENS.

[4] *You lack the* ſeaſon *of all natures, ſleep.*] I take the meaning to be, *you want ſleep*, which *ſeaſons*, or gives the reliſh to, *all nature.* "*Indiget ſomni vitæ condimenti.*" JOHNSON.

This word is often uſed in this ſenſe by our author. So, in *All's Well that ends well:* "'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can *ſeaſon* her

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep: My ſtrange and
ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:—
We are yet but young in deed.[5] [*Exeunt.*

praiſe in." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, where, as in the preſent inſtance, the word is uſed as a ſubſtantive:

" And ſalt too little, which may *ſeaſon* give
" To her foul tainted fleſh."

An anonymous correſpondent thinks the meaning is, " You ſtand in need of the time or ſeaſon of ſleep, which all natures require." MALONE.

[5] *We are yet but young* in deed.] The editions before Theobald read:

We're but young indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI.* P. III: We are not, Macbeth would ſay,

" Made *impudent* with uſe of *evil deeds*."

or, we are not yet (as Romeo expreſſes it) " *old* murderers." Theobald's amendment may be countenanced by a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra:* " Not *in deed*, madam, for I can do nothing."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the firſt initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and inſenſible by frequent repetition of it, or (as the poet ſays) by *hard uſe*. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. *Enter* HECATE,[5] *meeting the three* Witches.

1. *WITCH.* Why, how now, Hecate?[6] you look angerly.

[5] ——*Enter Hecate,*] Shakſpeare has been cenſured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, conſequently, for confounding ancient with modern ſuperſtitions.—He has, however, authority for giving a miſtreſs to the witches, *Delrio Diſquiſ. Mag.* lib. ii. quæſt. 9. quotes a paſſage of *Apuleius*, *Lib. de Aſino aureo:* "de quadam Caupona, *regina* Sagarum." And adds further:—"ut ſcias etiam tum quaſdam ab iis hoc *titulo* honoratas." In conſequence of this information, Ben Jonſon, in his *Maſque of Queens*, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who preſides at the meeting of the Witches:

"Siſters, ſtay; we want our *dame.*"

The *dame* accordingly enters, inveſted with marks of ſuperiority, and the reſt pay an implicit obedience to her commands.

Again, in a *True examination and confeſſion of Elizabeth Stile, alias Rockyngham*, &c. 1579. bl. l. 12mo: "Further ſhe ſaieth, that mother Seidre dwelling in the almes houſe, was the *maiſtres* witche of all the reſte, and ſhe is now deade."

Shakſpeare is therefore blameable only for calling his preſiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have been unjuſtly cenſured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, B. III. c. ii. and c. xvi. and B. XII. c. iii. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were ſuppoſed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods," and "that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddeſs of the Pagans," &c.——Their dame or chief leader ſeems always to have been an old Pagan, as "the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana.*" TOLLET.

[6] *Why, how now,* Hecate?] Marlowe, though a ſcholar, has likewiſe uſed the word *Hecate*, as a diſſyllable:

Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhow the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.[7]

" Plutoe's blew fire, and *Hecat's* tree,
" With magick ſpells ſo compaſs thee."
Dr. Fauſtus. MALONE.

[7] ——*for a wayward ſon,*
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.] Inequality of meaſure, (the firſt of theſe lines being a foot longer than the ſecond) together with the unneceſſary and weak compariſon—*as others do,* incline me to regard the paſſage before us as both maimed and interpolated. Perhaps it originally ran thus:

——for a wayward ſon,
A ſpiteful and *a* wrathful, who
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But the repetition of the article *a* being caſually omitted by ſome tranſcriber for the theatre, the verſe became too ſhort, and a freſh concluſion to it was ſupplied by the amanuenſis, who overlooked the legitimate rhyme *who,* when he copied the play for publication.

If it be neceſſary to exemplify the particular phraſeology introduced by way of amendment, a paſſage in the *Witch* by Middleton, will ſufficiently anſwer that purpoſe:

What death is't you deſire for Almachildes?—
A ſudden, and *a* ſubtle.

In this inſtance, the repeated article *a* is alſo placed before two adjectives referring to a ſubſtantive in the preceding line. See alſo *The Paſton Letters,* Vol. IV. p. 155: " Pray God ſend us *a* good world and *a* peaceable." Again, in our author's *King Henry IV:* " A good portly man, i'faith, and *a* corpulent."

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled *The boke of huntyng, that is cleped mayſter of game:* " It [the Boar] is a prowde beeſt, *a* feers, and *a* perilous." STEEVENS.

But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron [8]
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny.
Your veſſels, and your ſpells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beſide:
I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal-fatal end.[9]
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound; [2]
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,[3]
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion:

[8] ——*the pit of* Acheron —] Shakſpeare ſeems to have thought it allowable to beſtow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly ſuppoſed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amſanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

[9] *Unto a diſmal-fatal end.*] The old copy violates the metre by needleſs addition:

Unto a diſmal *and a* fatal end.

I read—*diſmal-fatal.* Shakſpeare, as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves in a note on *King Richard III.* is fond of theſe compound epithets, in which the firſt adjective is to be conſidered as an adverb. So, in that play we meet with *childiſh-fooliſh, ſenſeleſs-obſtinate,* and *mortal-ſtaring.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*vaporous drop profound*;] That is, a drop that has *profound, deep,* or *hidden* qualities. JOHNSON.

This vaporous drop ſeems to have been meant for the ſame as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was ſuppoſed to ſhed on particular herbs, or other objects, when ſtrongly ſolicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Erictho uſing it. l. 6:

" ——*et virus large* lunare *miniſtrat.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ſlights,*] Arts; ſubtle practices. JOHNSON.

He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, ſecurity
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away,*[4] &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me. [*Exit.*

1. *WITCH.* Come, let's make haſte; ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.[5]

LEN. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,

[4] *Come away, come away,* &c.] This entire ſong I found in a MS. dramatic piece, entitled, "A Tragi-Coomodie called THE WITCH; *long ſince* acted &c. written by *Thomas Middleton.*"

The Hecate of *Shakſpeare* has ſaid—

"I am for the air," &c.

The Hecate of *Middleton* (who, like the former, is ſummoned away by aerial ſpirits) has the ſame declaration in almoſt the ſame words—

"I am for aloft" &c.

Song.] "Come away, come away: } *in the aire.*
"*Heccat, Heccat,* come away," &c. }

See my note among Mr. Malone's Prolegomena, Article *Macbeth,* [Vol. I.] where other coincidences &c. are pointed out.

STEEVENS.

[5] *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the reſt of Shakſpeare's, is perhaps overſtocked with perſonages, it is not eaſy to aſſign a reaſon why a nameleſs character ſhould be introduced here, ſince nothing is ſaid that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other diſaffected man.

Which can interpret further: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne: The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may ſay, if it pleaſe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought,[5] how monſtrous[6]
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not ſtraight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heaven, he ſhall not,) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father; ſo ſhould Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,

I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written with a very common form of contraction Lenox and An. for which the tranſcriber, inſtead of Lenox and Angus, ſet down Lenox and *another Lord.* The author had indeed been more indebted to the tranſcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

[5] *Who* cannot *want the thought,*] The ſenſe requires:
Who *can* want the thought——
Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakſpeare is ſometimes incorrect in theſe *minutiæ.* MALONE.

[6] —— *monſtrous* —] This word is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Macduff lives in diſgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of Duncan,[7]
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the Engliſh court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious Edward with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid[8]
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;[9]
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,[2]
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate[3] the king,[4] that he

[7] *The ſon of Duncan,*] The old copy—*ſons.* Malone.
Theobald corrected it. Johnson.

[8] —— on *his aid* —] Old copy—*upon.* Steevens.

[9] *Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;*] The conſtruction is—Free our feaſts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are tranſpoſed, and the line originally ſtood:
Our feaſts and banquets free from bloody knives. Malone.
Aukward tranſpoſitions in ancient language are ſo frequent, that the paſſage before us might have paſſed unſuſpected, had there not been a poſſibility that the compoſitor's eye caught the word *free* from the line immediately following. We might read, *fright*, or *fray* (a verb commonly uſed by old writers) but any change perhaps is needleſs. Steevens.

[2] —— *and receive* free *honours,*] *Free* may be either honours *freely beſtowed*, not purchaſed by crimes; or honours *without ſlavery*, without dread of a tyrant. Johnson.

[3] —— *exaſperate* —] i. e. exaſperated. So *contaminate* is uſed for contaminat*ed* in *K. Henry V.* Steevens.

[4] —— the *king,*] i. e. Macbeth. The old copy has, leſs intelligibly,—*their.* Steevens.

Prepares for ſome attempt of war.[4]

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a caution,[5] to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country
Under a hand accurs'd![6]

Lord. My prayers with him![7]
[*Exeunt.*

Their refers to the ſon of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Hanmer reads unneceſſarily, I think, *the* king. Malone.

[4] *Prepares for ſome attempt* of war.] The ſingularity of this expreſſion, with the apparent redundancy of the metre, almoſt perſuade me to follow Sir T. Hanmer, by the omiſſion of the two laſt words. Steevens.

[5] *Adviſe him to a* caution,] Sir T. Hanmer, to add ſmoothneſs to the verſification, reads—*to a* care.

I ſuſpect, however, the words—*to a*, are interpolations deſigned to render an elliptical expreſſion more clear, according to ſome player's apprehenſion. Perhaps the lines originally ſtood thus:

And that well might
Adviſe him caution, *and* to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Steevens.

[6] ——*to this our ſuffering country*
Under a hand accurs'd!] The conſtruction is,—to our country ſuffering under a hand accurſed. Malone.

[7] *My prayers with him!*] The old copy, frigidly, and in defiance of meaſure, reads

I'll ſend my prayers with him.

I am aware, that for this, and ſimilar rejections, I ſhall be cenſured by thoſe who are diſinclined to venture out of the track of the old ſtage-waggon, though it may occaſionally conduct them into a ſlough. It may ſoon, therefore, be diſcovered, that nume-

ACT IV. SCENE I.[8]

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.[9]
2. *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.[2]

rous beauties are reſident in the diſcarded words—*I ſend*; and that as frequently as the vulgariſm—*on*, has been diſplaced to make room for—*of*, a diamond has been exchanged for a pebble.—For my own ſake, however, let me add, that throughout the preſent tragedy no ſuch liberties have been exerciſed, without the previous approbation of Dr. Farmer, who fully concurs with me in ſuppoſing the irregularities of Shakſpeare's text to be oftener occaſioned by interpolations, than by omiſſions. Steevens.

[8] *Scene I.*] As this is the chief ſcene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to obſerve, with how much judgement Shakſpeare has ſelected all the circumſtances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions:

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The uſual form in which familiar ſpirits are reported to converſe with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakſpeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the ſpirit of one of thoſe witches was Grimalkin; and when any miſchief was to be done, ſhe uſed to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once when ſhe would have ſent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the counteſs of Rutland, inſtead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from whence ſhe diſcovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not univerſal, but limited, as Shakſpeare has taken care to inculcate:

"Though his bark cannot be loſt,
"Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt."

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loſs of fleſh, which are threatened by one of Shakſpeare's witches:

3. *Witch.* Harper cries: [3]—'Tis time, 'tis time.[4]

" Weary ſev'n nights, nine times nine,
" Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

It was likewiſe their practice to deſtroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to ſecure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they ſeem to have been moſt ſuſpected of malice againſt ſwine. Shakſpeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that ſhe has been *killing ſwine*; and Dr. Harſnet obſerves, that about that time, " *a ſow could not be ill of the meaſles, nor a girl of the falleus, but ſome old woman was charg'd with witchcraft.*"

" Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
" Days and nights haſt thirty-one,
" Swelter'd venom ſleeping got,
" Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot."

Toads have likewiſe long lain under the reproach of being by ſome means acceſſary to witchcraft, for which reaſon Shakſpeare, in the firſt ſcene of this play, calls one of the ſpirits Paddock or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad firſt into the pot. When Vaninus was ſeized at Tholouſe, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bufo vitro incluſus, a great toad ſhut in a vial*, upon which thoſe that proſecuted him *Veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I ſuppoſe, *with witchcraft.*

" Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
" In the cauldron boil and bake:
" Eye of newt, and toe of frog;——
" For a charm," &c.

The propriety of theſe ingredients may be known by conſulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, aſcribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may diſcover very wonderful ſecrets.

" Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
" Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"——

It has been already mentioned in the law againſt witches, that they are ſuppoſed to take up dead bodies to uſe in enchantments, which was confeſſed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their aſſemblies, two fingers for her ſhare. It is obſervable, that Shakſpeare, on this great occaſion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumſtances of horror. The babe, whoſe finger is uſed, muſt be ſtrangled in its birth; the greaſe muſt not only be human, but muſt have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the ſow, whoſe blood is uſed, muſt have of-

1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;[5]
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.——

fended nature by devouring her own farrow. Theſe are touches of judgement and genius.

" And now about the cauldron ſing,——
" Black ſpirits and white,
" Red ſpirits and grey,
" Mingle, mingle, mingle,
" You that mingle may."

And in a former part:

" ——weird ſiſters, hand in hand,——
" Thus do go about, about;
" Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
" And thrice again, to make up nine!"

Theſe two paſſages I have brought together; becauſe they both ſeem ſubject to the objection of too much levity for the ſolemnity of enchantment, and may both be ſhown, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really obſerved by the unciviliſed natives of that country: " When any one gets a fall, *ſays the informer of Camden*, he ſtarts up, and, *turning three times to the right*, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a ſpirit in the ground, and if he falls ſick in two or three days, they ſend one of their women that is ſkilled in that way to the place, where ſhe ſays, I call thee from the eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, black, white.*" There was likewiſe a book written before the time of Shakſpeare, deſcribing, amongſt other properties, the *colours* of ſpirits.

Many other circumſtances might be particulariſed, in which Shakſpeare has ſhown his judgement and his knowledge.

JOHNSON.

[5] *Thrice the brinded* cat *hath mew'd.*] A *cat*, from time immemorial, has been the agent and favourite of witches. This ſuperſtitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps, this: *When Galinthia was changed into a* cat *by the Fates* (*ſays Antonius Liberalis*, Metam. *cap.* 29.), *by witches*, (*ſays Pauſanias in his* Bœotics,) Hecate *took pity of her, and made her her prieſteſs; in which office ſhe continues to this day.* Hecate *herſelf too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddeſſes to hide themſelves in animals, aſſumed the ſhape of a* cat. So, *Ovid:*

" Fele *ſoror Phœbi latuit.*" WARBURTON.

[5] Thrice; *and* once *the* hedge-pig *whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads,

Toad, that under coldeſt ſtone,[6]
Days and nights haſt[7] thirty one

twice and once, &c. and obſerves that odd numbers are uſed in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is juſt, but the paſſage was miſunderſtood. The ſecond Witch only repeats the number which the firſt had mentioned, in order to confirm what ſhe had ſaid; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewiſe cried, though but once. Or what ſeems more eaſy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauſpicious. So, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616: "Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the firſt crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, ſir, is no good number." *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expreſſion. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Silence ſays, "I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now." STEEVENS.

The urchin, or hedgehog, from its ſolitarineſs, the uglineſs of its appearance, and from a popular opinion that it ſucked or poiſoned the udders of cows, was adopted into the demonologic ſyſtem, and its ſhape was ſometimes ſuppoſed to be aſſumed by miſchievous elves. Hence it was one of the plagues of Caliban in *The Tempeſt*. T. WARTON.

[3] Harper *cries:*] This is ſome imp, or familiar ſpirit, concerning whoſe etymology and office, the reader may be wiſer than the editor. Thoſe who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab ἁρπάζω rapio. See Upton's *Critical obſervations*, &c. edit. 1748, p. 155.

Harper, however, may be only a miſpelling, or miſprint, for *harpy*. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"And like a *harper* tyers upon my life."

The word *cries* likewiſe ſeems to countenance this ſuppoſition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noiſe made by birds of prey, eſpecially when they are hungry. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*'Tis time, 'tis time.*] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments; but *cries*, i. e. gives them the ſignal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her ſiſters:

Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

Thus too the *Hecate* of *Middleton*, already quoted:

"*Hec.*] Heard you the owle yet?
"*Stad.*] Briefely in the copps.
"*Hec.*] *'Tis high time for us then.*" STEEVENS.

Swelter'd venom [8] ſleeping got,
Boil thou firſt i'the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble; [9]
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

[5] *Round about the cauldron go;*] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Chriſt's Nativity:*

" In diſmal dance about the furnace blue." Steevens.

[6] ——*coldeſt ſtone,*] The old copy has—" *cold* ſtone." The modern editors, " —*the* cold ſtone."—The ſlighter change I have made, by ſubſtituting the ſuperlative for the poſitive, has met with the approbation of Dr. Farmer, or it would not have appeared in the text. Steevens.

The was added by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[7] *Days and nights* haſt—] Old copy—*has.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[8] Swelter'd *venom*—] This word ſeems to be employed by Shakſpeare, to ſignify that the animal was moiſtened with its own cold exſudations. So, in the twenty-ſecond ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
" The evening ſun beheld there *ſwelter'd* in their gore."

In the old tranſlation of Boccace's Novels, [1620] the following ſentence alſo occurs:—" an huge and mighty *toad* even *weltering* (as it were) in *a hole full of poiſon.*" " *Sweltering* in blood" is likewiſe an expreſſion uſed by Fuller in his *Church Hiſtory*, p. 37.

And in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1593, is a ſimilar expreſſion:

" He ſpake great thinges that *ſwelted* in his greace."

Steevens.

[9] *Double, double toil and trouble;*] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it ſhould be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble;

otherwiſe the ſolemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme. Steevens.

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,[2]
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3. *WITCH.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,[3]
Of the ravin'd ſalt-ſea ſhark;[4]
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;

[2] ——blind-worm's *ſting,*] The *blind-worm* is the *ſlow-worm*, So Drayton in *Noah's Flood:*

" The ſmall-eyed *ſlow-worm* held of many *blind.*"

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*maw, and gulf,*] The *gulf* is the *ſwallow*, the *throat.*

STEEVENS.

In *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*, we have " monſtrous *mawes and gulfes.*" HENDERSON.

[4] ——ravin'd *ſalt-ſea ſhark*;] Mr. M. Maſon obſerves that we ſhould read *ravin* inſtead of *ravin'd.* So, in *All's well that ends well* Helena ſays,

" ——Better it were
" I met the *ravin* lion, when he roar'd
" With ſharp conſtraint of hunger."

And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill*, Gillian ſays

" When nurſe Amaranta—
" Was ſeiz'd on by a fierce and hungry bear,
" She was the *ravin's* prey."

However, in Phineas Fletcher's *Locuſts*, or *Appollyoniſts*, 1627, the ſame word, as it appears in the text of the play before us, occurs:

" But ſlew, devour'd and fill'd his empty maw;
" But with his *raven'd* prey his bowells broke,
" So into four divides his brazen yoke."

Ravin'd is glutted with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtained by violence.* So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 7:

" ——but a den for beaſts of *ravin* made."

The ſame word occurs again in *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

STEEVENS.

Liver of blaſpheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;[5]
Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips;[6]
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and ſlab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[7]
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

To *ravin*, according to Minſheu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his Dict. 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe, our author, with his uſual licence, uſed *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the paſſive participle for the adjective. Malone.

[5] Sliver'd *in the* moon's eclipſe;] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means *to cut a piece* or *a ſlice*. Again, in *King Lear:*

" She who herſelf will *ſliver* and diſbranch."

Milton has tranſplanted the ſecond of theſe ideas into his *Lycidas:*

" ——perfidious bark
" Built in th' *eclipſe*." Steevens.

[6] *Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips*;] Theſe ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the deteſtation in which the Turks were held, on account of the *holy wars*.

So ſolicitous indeed were our neighbours the French (from whom moſt of our prejudices as well as cuſtoms are derived) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military ſport of the quintain, their ſoldiers were accuſtomed to point their lances at the figure of a Saracen. Steevens.

[7] *Add thereto a tiger's* chaudron,] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common uſe in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: " Sixpence a meal wench, as well as heart can wiſh, with calves' *chauldrons* and chitterlings." At the coronation feaſt of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII. among other diſhes, one was " a ſwan with *chaudron*," meaning ſauce made with its entrails. See *Ives's Select Papers*; N°. 3. p. 140. See alſo Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury, a roll of ancient Engliſh Cookery*, &c. 8vo. 1780, p. 66. Steevens.

2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and the other three* Witches.[7]

Hec. O, well done![8] I commend your pains;
And every one ſhall ſhare i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in. [*Muſick.*

S O N G.[9]

Black ſpirits and white,
Red ſpirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

[7] ——*the other* three *Witches.*] The inſertion of theſe words (*and* the *other three Witches*) in the original copy, muſt be owing to a miſtake. There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare meant to introduce more than *three* witches upon the ſcene. Ritson.

[8] *O, well done!*] Ben Jonſon's *Dame*, in his *Maſque of Queens*, 1609, addreſſes her aſſociates in the ſame manner:

"*Well done, my hags.*"

The attentive reader will obſerve, that in this piece, old Ben has exerted his ſtrongeſt efforts to rival the incantation of Shakſpeare's Witches, and the final addreſs of Proſpero to the aerial ſpirits under his command.

It may be remarked alſo, that Shakſpeare's Hecate, after delivering a ſpeech of five lines, interferes no further in the buſineſs of the ſcene, but is loſt in the crowd of ſubordinate witches. Nothing, in ſhort, is effected by her aſſiſtance, but what might have been done without it. Steevens.

[9] *SONG.*] In a former note on this tragedy, I had obſerved, that the original edition contains only the two firſt words of the ſong before us; but have ſince diſcovered the entire ſtanza in the *Witch*, a dramatic piece by Middleton, already quoted. The ſong is there called—"a Charme-ſong, about a veſſel."—I may add, that this invocation, as it *firſt* occurs in the *Witch*, is—"White ſpirits, black ſpirits, gray ſpirits, red ſpirits."—Afterwards, we find it in its preſent metrical ſhape.

2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,[2]
Something wicked this way comes:——
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) anſwer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves[3]
Confound and ſwallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd,[4] and trees blown down;

The ſong was in all probability a traditional one. The colours of ſpirits are often mentioned. So, in *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

" Be thou *black*, or *white*, or *green*,
" Be thou heard, or to be ſeen."

Perhaps, indeed, this muſical ſcrap (which does not well accord with the ſerious buſineſs of the ſcene) was introduced by the players, without the ſuggeſtion of Shakſpeare. Steevens.

Reginald Scot in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, enumerating the different kinds of ſpirits, particularly mentions *white*, *black*, *grey*, and *red* ſpirits. See alſo a paſſage quoted from Camden, ante, p. 499, n. 8. The modern editions, without authority, read—*Blue* ſpirits and grey. Malone.

[2] *By the pricking of my thumbs*, &c.] It is a very ancient ſuperſtition, that all ſudden pains of the body, and other ſenſations which could not naturally be accounted for, were preſages of ſomewhat that was ſhortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a paſſage in *The Miles Glorioſus* of Plautus: " Timeo quod rerum geſſerim hic, ita *dorſus totus prurit*." Steevens.

[3] ——*yeſty waves*——] That is *foaming* or *frothy waves*. Johnson.

[4] *Though bladed corn be* lodg'd,] So, in *K. Richard II*:

" Our ſighs, and they, ſhall *lodge* the ſummer corn."

Though caſtles topple[4] on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of nature's germins[5] tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken, anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters'?

Macb. Call them, let me ſee them.

1. *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Like to the ſummer corn by tempeſt *lodg'd.*"

Corn, proſtrated by the wind, in modern language, is ſaid to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently, the ſame meaning, Ritson.

[4] *Though caſtles* topple——] *Topple*, is uſed for *tumble*. So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"That I might pile up Charon's boat ſo full,
"Until it *topple* o'er."

Again, in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice:*

"——may be, his haſte hath *toppled* him
"Into the river."

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"The very principals did ſeem to rend, and all to *topple.*"
Steevens.

[5] *Of nature's* germins——] This was ſubſtituted by Theobald for *Natures* germaine. Johnson.

So, in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"——all *germins* ſpill at once
"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are ſeeds which have begun to *germinate* or ſprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. *Germe* is a word uſed by Brown in his *Vulgar Errors:* "Whether it be not made out of the *germe* or treadle of the egg," &c. Steevens.

From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyſelf, and office, deftly ſhow.[6]

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head riſes.[7]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,——

1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.[8]

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.[9]—Diſmiſs me:—Enough.
[*deſcends.*

[6] ——deftly *ſhow.*] i. e. with adroitneſs, dexterouſly. So, in the ſecond part of *K. Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626:

" ——my miſtreſs ſpeaks *deftly* and truly."

Deft is a North Country word. So, in Richard Brome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

" ——He ſaid I were a *deft* laſs." Steevens.

[7] *An Apparition of an armed head riſes.*] The armed head repreſents ſymbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his ſoldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to Dunſinane. This obſervation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. Steevens.

Lord Howard, in his *Defenſative againſt the Poiſon of ſuppoſed Prophecies*, mentions " a notable example of a conjuror, who repreſented (as it were, in dumb ſhow) all the perſons who ſhould poſſeſs the crown of France; and cauſed the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked ſpirit in his ſtead, to appear in the fifth place," &c. Farmer.

[8] ——*ſay thou nought.*] Silence was neceſſary during all incantations. So, in Dr. *Fauſtus*, 1604:

" Your grace, demand no queſtions,——
" But in dumb *ſilence* let them come and go."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——be *mute*, or elſe our ſpell is marr'd." Steevens.

[9] *Beware the thane of Fife.*—] " ——He had learned of certain

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou haſt harp'd my fear aright: [2]—But one word more:—

1. *Witch.* He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the firſt.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute: laugh to ſcorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.[3] [*deſcends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff; What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of fate: [4] thou ſhalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And ſleep in ſpite of thunder.—What is this,

wizzards, in whoſe words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of *Macduff*," &c. Holinſhed. Steevens.

[2] *Thou haſt* harp'd *my fear aright:*] To *harp*, is to touch on a paſſion as a harper touches a ſtring. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. *ult:*

" *Harp* on that ſtill." Steevens.

[3] *Shall harm Macbeth.*] So, Holinſhed:——" And ſurely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great truſt, had told him, that he ſhould never be ſlaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquiſhed till the wood of Bernane came to the caſtell of Dunſinane. This prophecie put all feare out of his heart." Steevens.

[4] —— *take a* bond *of fate:*] In this ſcene the attorney has more than once degraded the poet; for preſently we have—" *the leaſe* of nature." Steevens.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.*

That riſes like the iſſue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?[5]

ALL. Liſten, but ſpeak not.[6]

APP. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunſinane hill[7]
Shall come againſt him. [*deſcends.*

MACB. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt;[8] bid the tree

[5] ——*the* round
And top *of ſovereignty?*] The *round* is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The *top* is the ornament that riſes above it. JOHNSON.

[6] *Liſten, but ſpeak not.*] The old copy, injuriouſly to meaſure, reads—
Liſten, but ſpeak not *to't.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*high* Dunſinane *hill*—] The preſent quantity of *Dunſinane* is right. In every ſubſequent inſtance the accent is miſplaced. Thus, in Hervey's *Life of King Robert Bruce*, 1729 (a good authority):
"The noble Weemyſs, Mᶜ duff's immortal ſon,
"Mᶜ duff! th' aſſerter of the Scottiſh throne;
"Whoſe deeds let Birnam and *Dunſinnan* tell,
"When Canmore battled, and the villain* fell." RITSON.

Propheſies of apparent impoſſibilities were common in Scotland; ſuch as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the preſent prediction may be ranked. In the ſame ſtrain peculiar to his country, ſays Sir David Lindſay:
"Quhen the Bas and the Iſle of May
"Beis ſet upon the Mount Sinay,
"Quhen the Lowmound beſyde Falkland
"Be liftit to Northumberland——." T. WARTON.

[8] *Who can impreſs the foreſt*;] i. e. who can command the foreſt to ſerve him like a ſoldier impreſs'd. JOHNSON.

* Mc.beth.

Unfix his earth-bound root? ſweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, riſe never,[9] till the wood
Of Birnam riſe, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leaſe of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal cuſtom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much,) ſhall Banquo's iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be ſatisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! Let me know:—
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?[2]
[*Hautboys.*

1. *Witch.* Show! 2. *Witch.* Show! 3. *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[9] *Rebellious* head, *riſe never,*] The old copy has—rebellions *dead.* Malone.

We ſhould read—*Rebellious* head,—i. e. let rebellion never make head againſt me till a foreſt move, and I ſhall reign in ſafety. Theobald.

Mr. Theobald rightly obſerves, that *head* means *hoſt*, or power:

" That Douglas and the Engliſh rebels met;—
" A mighty and a fearful *head* they are." *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
" Who firſt *rais'd head* againſt uſurping Richard."

Johnson.

This phraſe is not peculiar to Shakſpeare: So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" ——howling like a *head* of angry wolves."

Again, in *Look about You*, 1600:

" Is, like a *head* of people, mutinous." Steevens.

[2] ——*what* noiſe *is this?*] *Noiſe*, in our ancient poets, is often literally ſynonymous for *muſic*. See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. Thus alſo Spenſer, *Faerie Queene*, I. xii. 39:

" During which time there was a heavenly *noiſe.*"

See likewiſe the 47th Pſalm: " God is gone up with a merry *noiſe*, and the Lord with the ſound of the trump." Steevens.

Eight kings[3] *appear, and paſs over the ſtage in order; the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand:* Banquo *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls:[4]—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt:—
A third is like the former:[5]—Filthy hags!

[3] *Eight kings* ——] "It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghoſts in it. One ſhould imagine he either had not learned Engliſh, or had forgot his Latin; for the ſpirits of Banquo's line are no more ghoſts, than the repreſentation of the Julian race in the Æneid; and there is no ghoſt but Banquo's throughout the play." *Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Shakſpeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. Steevens.

[4] *Thy crown does* ſear *mine eye-balls:*] The expreſſion of Macbeth, that the *crown* ſears *his* eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practiſed of deſtroying the ſight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning baſon before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare*, to *blind*. Johnson.

[5] ——*and thy* hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt:—
A third is like the former:] As Macbeth expected to ſee a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be ſurpriſed that the *hair* of the ſecond was *bound with gold* like that of the firſt; he was offended only that the ſecond reſembled the firſt, as the firſt reſembled Banquo, and therefore ſaid:

——*and thy* air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the firſt.

This Dr. Warburton has followed. Johnson.

I do not at preſent recollect that the term—*air*, ſignifying the *manner of a perſon*, is any where employed by Shakſpeare. Perhaps, indeed, this adoption from the French language is not as ancient as his time; for the word then uſed to expreſs peculiarity of countenance or geſture, was—*trick*. So, in *King John:* "——a *trick* of Coeur-de-lion's face;" and in *All's well that ends well*—"Every line and *trick* of his ſweet favour."

Why do you ſhow me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line ſtretch out to the crack of doom?[6]
Another yet?—A ſeventh?—I'll ſee no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,[7]
Which ſhows me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry:[8]

The old reading, therefore, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, may be the true one. "It implies that their hair was of the ſame colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeneſs, than the *air*, which depends on habit" &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *to the* crack *of doom?*] i. e. the diſſolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean ſignification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted ſenſe. So, in *The Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

"And will as fearleſs entertain this ſight,
"As a good conſcience doth the *cracks* of Jove." STEEVENS.

[7] *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,*] This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"——and like a prophet,
"Looks in a *glaſs*, and ſhows me *future evils.*"

So, in an *Extract from the Penal Laws againſt Witches*, it is ſaid, that "they do anſwer either by voice, or elſe do ſet before their eyes in *glaſſes*, chryſtal ſtones, &c. the pictures or images of the *perſons* or things ſought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in *The Alchemiſt*, this ſeems to be one:

"And taking in of ſhadows with a *glaſs.*"

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

"Shew you the devil in a *chryſtal glaſs.*"

Spenſer has given a very circumſtantial account of the *glaſs* which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the ſecond canto of the third book of *The Faery Queen*. A *mirror* of the ſame kind was preſented to *Cambuſcan* in *The Squier's Tale* of Chaucer; and in John Alday's tranſlation of Pierre Boiſteau's *Theatrum Mundi* &c. bl. l. no date, "A certaine philoſopher did the like to Pompey, the which *ſhewed him in a glaſſe* the order of his enemies march." STEEVENS.

[8] *That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry:*] This was intended as a compliment to king James the firſt, who firſt united the two iſlands and the three kingdoms under one head; whoſe houſe too was ſaid to be deſcended from Banquo. WARBURTON.

Of this laſt particular, our poet ſeems to have been thoroughly aware, having repreſented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to hiſtory, he was conſe-

Horrible ſight!—Ay, now, I ſee, 'tis true;[9]
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo[2] ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this ſo?

1. *Witch.* Ay, ſir, all this is ſo:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, ſiſters, cheer we up his ſprights,[3]
And ſhow the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,[4]

derate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakſpeare, however, is not more groſs than that of Ben Jonſon, who has condeſcended to quote his majeſty's ridiculous book on *Dæmonology*, in the notes to *The Maſque of Queens*, 1609. Steevens.

9 Ay, *now, I ſee, 'tis true*;] That the metre may be complete, I have ſupplied—*ay*, an adverb employed by our author in other places, to enforce his meaning. Steevens.

2 —*the* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*—] To *bolter*, in Warwickſhire, ſignifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime*. "I ordered (ſays my informant) a harneſs-collar to be made with a linen lining, but blacked, to give it the appearance of leather. The ſadler made the lining as he was directed, but did not black it, ſaying, it would *bolter* the horſe. Being aſked what he meant by *bolter*, he replied *dirty*, *beſmear*; and that it was a common word in his country. This converſation paſſed within eight miles of Stratford on Avon."

In the ſame neighbourhood, when a boy has a broken head, ſo that his hair is matted together with blood, his head is ſaid to be *boltered* [pronounced baltered]. Such a term is therefore ſtrictly applicable to Banquo, who had *twenty trenched gaſhes on his head.*

The propriety of the foregoing note has been abundantly confirmed by Mr. Homer, a truly reſpectable clergyman of Warwickſhire. I ſeize this opportunity to offer my beſt acknowledgement for his remarks, which were obligingly conveyed to me by his ſon, the late Reverend and amiable Henry Homer, who favoured the world with editions of Salluſt and Tacitus, the elegance of which can only be exceeded by their accuracy. Steevens.

3 ——*cheer we up his* ſprights,] i. e. ſpirits. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II:

"Hold thou my heart, eſtabliſh thou my *ſprights*."
Steevens.

4 *I'll charm* the air *to give a ſound*,] *The Hecate* of Middleton ſays on a ſimilar occaſion:

"Come, my ſweete ſiſters, let *the air* ſtrike our tune,
"Whilſt we ſhow reverence to yon peeping moone."
Steevens.

While you perform your antique round:[4]
That this great king may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Muſick. The* Witches *dance, and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the calendar![5]—
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weïrd ſiſters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all thoſe that truſt them!—I did hear
The galloping of horſe: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

[4] — "*your* antique round:" and "*The witches* dance, *and* vaniſh."] Theſe ideas, as well as a foregoing one,—
"The weird ſiſters, *hand in hand*,"—
might have been adopted from a poem intitled Churchyard's *Dreame*, 1593:
"All *hand in hand* they traced on
"A trickſie *ancient round*;
"And ſoone *as ſhadowes were they gone*,
"And might no more be found." Steevens.

[5] *Stand aye accurſed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were diſtinguiſhed by a mark of reprobation. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:
"——henceforth let it ſtand
"Within the wizard's book, the *kalender*,
"*Mark'd with a marginal finger*, to be choſen,
"By thieves, by villains, and black murderers."
Steevens.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:[6]
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook,
Unleſs the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firſtlings[7] of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurpriſe;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace his line.[8] No boaſting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpoſe cool:
But no more ſights![9]—Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:*] To *anticipate* is here to *prevent*, by taking away the opportunity. Johnson.

[7] *The very* firſtlings——] *Firſtlings* in its primitive ſenſe is the firſt produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"The *firſtlings* of their vowed ſacrifice."

Here it means the thing firſt thought or done. The word is uſed again in the prologue to *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"Leaps o'er the vant and *firſtlings* of theſe broils."

Steevens.

[8] *That trace his line.*] i. e. follow, ſucceed in it. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of the third book of *Lucan*, 1614:

"The tribune's curſes in like caſe
"Said he, did greedy Craſſus *trace.*"

The old copy reads—

That trace *him in* his line.

The metre, however, demands the omiſſion of ſuch unneceſſary expletives. Steevens.

[9] *But no more ſights!*] This haſty reflection is to be conſidered as a moral to the foregoing ſcene:

Tu ne quæſieris ſcire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem Dî dederint Leuconöe, *nec* Babylonios
Tentaris numeros, ut melius, quicquid erit, pati. Steevens.

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her ſon, and* ROSSE.

L. MACD. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

ROSSE. You muſt have patience, madam.

L. MACD. He had none:
His flight was madneſs: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.[2]

ROSSE. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

L. MACD. Wiſdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch:[3] for the poor wren,[4]
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,

[2] *Our fears do make us traitors.*] i. e. our flight is conſidered as an evidence of our guilt. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*natural touch:*] Natural ſenſibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient MS. play, intitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy:*

" ——How ſhe's beguil'd in him!
" There's no ſuch *natural touch*, ſearch all his boſom."
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*the poor wren*, &c.] The ſame thought occurs in the third part of *K. Henry VI:*

" ——doves will peck, in ſafety of their brood.
" Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
" Which ſometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)
" Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
" Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"
STEEVENS.

Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Rosse. My deareſt coz',
I pray you, ſchool yourſelf: But, for your huſband,
He is noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o'the ſeaſon.[5] I dare not ſpeak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves;[6] when we hold rumour
From what we fear,[7] yet know not what we fear;

[5] *The fits o'the ſeaſon.*] The *fits of the ſeaſon* ſhould appear to be, from the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent diſorders* of the ſeaſon, its *convulſions*:

"——but that
"The *violent fit* o'th' times craves it as phyſick."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—what is moſt *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

[6] ——*when we are traitors,*
And do not know *ourſelves*;] i. e. we think ourſelves innocent, the government thinks us traitors; therefore we are ignorant of ourſelves. This is the ironical argument. The Oxford editor alters it to,

And do not know't *ourſelves*:——

But ſure they did know what they ſaid, that the ſtate eſteemed them traitors. WARBURTON.

Rather, when we are conſidered by the ſtate as traitors, while at the ſame time we are *unconſcious* of guilt: when we appear to others ſo different from what we really are, that we ſeem not to *know ourſelves*. MALONE.

[7] ——*when we hold rumour*
From what we fear,] *To hold rumour* ſignifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather think to *hold* means, in this place, to *believe*, as we ſay, *I* hold *ſuch a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be ſo*. Thus, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"——Did you not of late days hear, &c.
"1. *Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not."

But float upon a wild and violent ſea,
Each way, and move.[8]—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Rosse. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;[9]
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

The ſenſe of the whole paſſage will then be: *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumoured or reported abroad; and yet at the ſame time, as we live under a tyrannical government where* will *is ſubſtituted for* law, *we know not what we have to fear, becauſe we know not when we offend.* Or: *When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conſcious to ourſelves of any crime for which we ſhould be diſturbed with thoſe fears.* A paſſage like this occurs in *K. John:*

" Poſſeſs'd with *rumours*, full of idle dreams,
" *Not knowing what they fear*, but full of fear."

This is the beſt I can make of the paſſage. Steevens.

[8] *Each way, and move.*—] Perhaps the poet wrote—*And each way move.* If they *floated each way*, it was needleſs to inform us that they *moved.* The words may have been caſually tranſpoſed, and erroneouſly pointed. Steevens.

[9] Sirrah, *your father's dead*;] *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally uſed by maſters to ſervants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth ſays to his ſervant,

" *Sirrah*, a word with you: attend thoſe men our pleaſure?"

Malone.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? Poor birds they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead, for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools: for there are liars and ſwearers enough to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'ſt!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect.[2]
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you, were fell cruelty,[3]
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heaven preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

[2] ——*in your ſtate of honour I am* perfect.] i. e. I am *perfectly acquainted* with your rank of honour. So, in the old book *that treateth of the Lyfe of Virgil*, &c. bl. l. no date: "—— which when Virgil ſaw, he looked in his boke of negromancy, wherein he was *perfit*." Again, in *The Play of the four P's*, 1569:

"*Pot.* Then tell me this: Are you *perfit* in drinking?

"*Ped. Perfit* in drinking as may be wiſh'd by thinking."

STEEVENS.

[3] *To do* worſe *to you, were fell cruelty,*] To do *worſe* is to let her and her children be deſtroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains theſe words differently. "*To do worſe to you* (ſays he) ſignifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumſtances of your danger; which would detain you ſo long that you could not avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, *To do worſe to you*, not to diſcloſe to you the perilous ſituation you are in, from a fooliſh apprehenſion of alarming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the meſſenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this diſagreeable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I have done no harm?——What are theſe faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.[4]

[4] ——ſhag-ear'd *villain.*] Perhaps we ſhould read *ſhag-hair'd*, for it is an abuſive epithet very often uſed in our ancient plays, &c. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. II. 1630: "——a *ſhag-haired* cur." Again, in our author's *K. Henry VI.* P. II: "—like a *ſhag-haired* crafty Kern." Again, in ſir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of *Lucan*, 1614:

"That *ſhag-haired* Caicos tam'd with forts."

And Chapman in his tranſlation of the 7th book of *Homer*, 1598, applies the ſame epithet to the Greeks. Again, in the ſpurious play of *K. Leir*, 1605:

"There ſhe had ſet a *ſhaghayr'd* murdering wretch."

Again, in Barnaby Googe's verſion of Palingenius, 1561:

"But ſore afraid was I to meete
"The *ſhagheard* horſon's horne." Steevens.

This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *King John*, Act V. we find "un*bear'd* ſaucineſs for un*hair'd* ſaucineſs:" and we have had in this play *hair* inſtead of *air*. Theſe two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike. See a note on Venus and Adonis, p. 456, n. 5. edit. 1780, octavo.

Hair was formerly written *beare*. Hence perhaps the miſtake. So, in Ives's Select Papers, *chiefly relating to Engliſh Antiquities*, N°. 3, p. 133: "——and in her *beare* a circlet of gold richely

Mur. What, you egg? [*ſtabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies. Exit* L. Macduff, *crying murder, and purſued by the murderers.*

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.[5]

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there

garniſhed." In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596, we find in p. 37, "*ſhag-heard* ſlave," which ſtill more ſtrongly ſupports Mr. Steevens's emendation. However, as flap-*ear'd* is uſed as an epithet of contempt in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right. Malone.

Mr. Steevens's emendation will be further confirmed by a reference to one of our Law Reporters. In 23 Car. I. Ch. Juſtice Rolle ſaid it had been determined that theſe words, "Where is that long-lock'd, *ſhag-hair'd*, murdering rogue," were actionable. *Aleyn's Reports*, p. 61. Reed.

[5] *Enter* Malcolm *and* Macduff.] The part of Holinſhed's *Chronicle* which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Bellenden's tranſlation of *The Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. For the ſatisfaction of the reader, I have inſerted the words of the firſt mentioned hiſtorian, from whom this ſcene is almoſt literally taken:—"Though Malcolme was verie ſorrowfull for the oppreſſion of his countriemen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he ſpake, or elſe as ſent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have ſome further triall, and thereupon diſſembling his mind at the firſt, he anſwered as followeth:

"I am trulie verie ſorie for the miſerie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I have never ſo great affection to relieve the ſame, yet by reaſon of certaine incurable vices, which reign

Weep our ſad boſoms empty.

in me, I am nothing meet thereto. Firſt, ſuch immoderate luſt and voluptuous ſenſualitie (the abhominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I ſhould ſeek to defloure your maids and matrones, in ſuch wiſe that my intemperancie ſhould be more importable unto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe anſwered: This ſurelie is a very euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have loſt both lives and kingdomes for the ſame; nevertheleſſe there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counſell. Make thy ſelfe king, and I ſhall conveie the matter ſo wiſelie, that thou ſhalt be ſatisfied at thy pleaſure in ſuch ſecret wiſe, that no man ſhall be aware thereof.

"Then ſaid Malcolme, I am alſo the moſt avaritious creature in the earth, ſo that if I were king, I ſhould ſeeke ſo manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would ſlea the moſt part of all the nobles of Scotland by ſurmized accuſations, to the end I might injoy their lands, goods and poſſeſſions; and therefore to ſhew you what miſchiefe may inſue on you through mine unſatiable covetouſnes, I will rehearſe unto you a fable. There was a fox having a ſore place on him overſet with a ſwarme of flies, that continuallie ſucked out hir bloud: and when one that came by and ſaw this manner, demanded whether ſhe would have the flies driven beſide hir, ſhe anſwered no; for if theſe flies that are alreadie full, and by reaſon thereof ſucke not verie eagerlie, ſhould be chaſed awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred, ſhould light in their places, and ſucke out the reſidue of my bloud farre more to my greevance than theſe, which now being ſatisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore ſaith Malcolme, ſuffer me to remaine where I am, leſt if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove ſuch, that ye would thinke the diſpleaſures which now grieve you, ſhould ſeeme eaſie in reſpect of the unmeaſurable outrage which might inſue through my comming amongſt you.

"Makduffe to this made anſwer, how it was a far woorſe fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all miſchiefe, and for that crime the moſt part of our kings have been ſlaine, and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithſtanding follow my counſell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to ſatisfie thy greedie deſire. Then ſaid Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to diſſimulation, telling of leaſings, and all other kinds of deceit, ſo that I naturallie rejoiſe in nothing ſo much, as to betraie and deceive ſuch as put anie truſt or confidence in my woords. Then ſith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than conſtancie, veritie, truth, and juſtice, with the other

Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our down-fall'n birthdom:[6] Each new morn,

laudable fellowſhip of thoſe faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in ſoothfaſtneſſe, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the ſame, you ſee how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore ſith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the reſt of my other vices, I praie you find ſhift to cloke this vice amongſt the reſidue.

"Then ſaid Makduffe: This is yet the woorſt of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore ſaie; Oh ye unhappie and miſerable Scotiſhmen, which are thus ſcourged with ſo manie and ſundrie calamities ech one above other! Ye have one curſed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppreſſing you with his moſt bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is ſo replet with the inconſtant behaviour and manifeſt vices of Engliſhmen, that he is nothing woorthie to injoy it: for by his owne confeſſion he is not onlie avaritious and given to unſatiable luſt, but ſo falſe a traitor withall, that no truſt is to be had unto anie woord he ſpeaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my ſelfe a baniſhed man for ever, without comfort or conſolation: and with theſe woords the brackiſh tears trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

"At the laſt, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the ſleeve, and ſaid: Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I have none of theſe vices before remembered, but have jeſted with thee in this manner, onlie to prove thy mind: for divers times heretofore Makbeth ſought by this manner of means to bring me into his hand," &c. Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 175.

Steevens.

[6] *Beſtride our* down-fall'n birthdom:] The old copy has—*down-fall.* Corrected by Dr. Johnſon. Malone.

He who can diſcover what is meant by him that earneſtly exhorts him to *beſtride* his *downfall birthdom*, is at liberty to adhere to the preſent text; but it is probable that Shakſpeare wrote:

——*like good men,*
Beſtride our down-fall'n birthdom——.

The alluſion is to a man from whom ſomething valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and ſtands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, ſays he, lies

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like ſyllable of dolour.[7]

MAL. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend,[8] I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance.
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but ſomething
You may deſerve of him through me;[9] and wiſdom[1]

on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is deareſt to them, not abandon it, but ſtand over it and defend it. This is a ſtrong picture of obſtinate reſolution. So Falſtaff ſays to Hal: "If thou ſee me down in the battle, and *beſtride me*, ſo."

Birthdom for *birthright* is formed by the ſame analogy with *maſterdom* in this play, ſignifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *maſter*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother*; let us ſtand over our *mother* that lies bleeding on the ground. JOHNSON.

There is no need of change. In the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* Morton ſays:

"——he doth *beſtride a bleeding land.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. *King Henry IV.* Act V. ſc. i. MALONE.

[7] ——*and yell'd out*
Like ſyllable of dolour.] This preſents a ridiculous image. But what is inſinuated under it is noble; that the portents and prodigies in the ſkies, of which mention is made before, ſhowed that heaven ſympathiſed with Scotland. WARBURTON.

The ridicule,, I believe is only viſible to the commentator. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*to* friend,] i. e. to *befriend.* STEEVENS.

[9] *You may* deſerve *of him through me*;] The old copy reads—*diſcerne.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who ſupports it by Macduff's anſwer—

"I am not treacherous." MALONE.

[1] ——*and wiſdom*—] That is, and *'tis* wiſdom. HEATH.

The ſenſe of this paſſage is obvious, but the conſtruction difficult, as there is no verb to which wiſdom can refer. Something ſo

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appeaſe an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.[2] But 'crave your pardon;[3]
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe:
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul[4] would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.

omitted either through the negligence of the printer, or probably the inadvertence of the author. If we read—

" ——and *think it* wiſdom"—

the ſenſe will be ſupplied; but that would deſtroy the metre; and ſo indeed would the inſertion of any word whatever.

M. Mason.

I ſuſpect this line to have ſuffered by interpolation as well as omiſſion, and that it originally ran thus:

——but ſomething
You may deſerve through me; and wiſdom *is it*
To offer &c.

Had the paſſage been firſt printed thus, would any reader have ſuppoſed the words " of him," were wanting to the ſenſe? In this play I have already noted ſeveral inſtances of manifeſt interpolation and omiſſion. See notes on Act I. ſc. iii. p. 341, n. 3. and Act III. ſc. v. p. 462, n. 7. Steevens.

[2] *A good and virtuous nature may recoil,*
In an imperial charge.] A good mind may *recede* from goodneſs in the execution of a *royal commiſſion*. Johnson.

[3] —*But 'crave your pardon*;] The old copy, without attention to meaſure, reads—

But *I ſhall* crave your pardon; Steevens.

[4] *Though all things foul* &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—*My ſuſpicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by ſuppoſing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not ſay that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue muſt wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* Johnson.

Macd. I have loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs [5] left you wife, and child,
(Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties:—You may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! [6] wear thou thy wrongs,[7]
Thy title is affeer'd! [8]—Fare thee well, lord:

An expreſſion of a ſimilar nature occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" —— Good alone
" Is good; without a name vileneſs is ſo." M. Mason.

[5] *Why in that* rawneſs ——] Without previous proviſion, without due preparation, without *maturity* of counſel. Johnson.

I meet with this expreſſion in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto 1608, of *K. Henry V*:
" Some their wives *rawly* left." Steevens.

[6] *For goodneſs* dares *not check thee!*] The old copy reads—*dare*. Corrected in the third folio. Malone.

[7] —— *wear thou thy wrongs*,] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs*. Johnson.

[8] *Thy title is* affeer'd!] *Affeer'd*, a law term for confirm'd. Pope.

What Mr. Pope ſays of the law term is undoubtedly true; but is there abſolute reaſon why we ſhould have recourſe to it for the explanation of this paſſage? Macduff firſt apoſtrophiſes his country, and afterwards pointing to Malcolm, may ſay, that his title was *afear'd*, i. e. frighted from exerting itſelf. Throughout the ancient editions of Shakſpeare, the word *afraid* is frequently written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads.—*The* title &c. i. e. the regal title is afraid to aſſert itſelf.

I have, however, adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, as it varies, but in a ſingle letter, from the reading of the old copy. See his ſubſequent note. Steevens.

I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

MAL. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thouſands: But, for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

MACD. What ſhould he be?

If we read, *The* title is *affeer'd*, the meaning may be:—Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, *the title to them is legally ſettled by thoſe who had the final judication of it.*

Affeerers had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements. TOLLET.

To *affeer* (for ſo it ſhould be written) is to aſſeſs, or reduce to certainty. All amerciaments,—that is, judgements of any court of juſtice, upon a preſentment or other proceeding, that a party ſhall be amerced, or in mercy,—are by Magna Charta to be *affeered* by lawful men, ſworn to be impartial. This is the ordinary practice of a Court Leet, with which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been intimately acquainted, and where he might have occaſionally acted as an *affeerer*. RITSON.

For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. *The* was, I conceive, the tranſcriber's miſtake, from the ſimilar ſounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title to them is now fully eſtabliſhed by law.* Or perhaps he addreſſes Malcolm. Continue to endure tamely the wrongs you ſuffer: thy juſt title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not ſpirit to eſtabliſh itſelf. MALONE.

Mal. It is myſelf I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow; and the poor ſtate
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineleſs harms.[9]

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious,[2] ſmacking of every ſin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will: Better Macbeth,
Than ſuch a one to reign.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance[3]
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be

[9] ——*confineleſs harms.*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. ii: "——thou *unconfinable baſeneſs*—." Steevens.

[2] Sudden, *malicious*,] *Sudden*, for capricious. Warburton.
Rather, violent, paſſionate, haſty. Johnson.

[3] Boundleſs *intemperance*—] Perhaps the epithet—*boundleſs*, which overloads the metre, was a playhouſe interpolation.
Steevens.

That vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

MAL. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that, were I king,
I ſhould cut off the nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe:
And my more-having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good, and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

MACD. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than ſummer-ſeeding luſt:[3] and it hath been

[3] ——*grows with more pernicious root*
*Than ſummer-*ſeeding *luſt*;] The old copy has—ſummer-*ſeeming*. STEEVENS.

Summer-ſeeming has no manner of ſenſe: correct,
*Than ſummer-*teeming *luſt*;——
i. e. the paſſion that laſts no longer than the *heat* of life, and which goes off in the *winter* of age. WARBURTON.

When I was younger and bolder, I corrected it thus,
Than fume, or ſeething luſt.
that is, than angry paſſion, or boiling luſt. JOHNSON.

Summer-ſeeming luſt, may ſignify luſt that ſeems as hot as ſummer. STEEVENS.

Read—ſummer *feeding*. The alluſion is to plants; and the ſenſe is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *luſt*, which is a mere annual, and laſts but for a ſummer, when it ſheds its ſeed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

I have paid the attention to this conjecture which I think it deſerves, by admitting it into the text. STEEVENS.

Summer-*ſeeming* is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-*ſeeming*." MALONE.

Sir W. Blackſtone's elegant emendation is countenanced by the following paſſages: thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"How will thy ſhame be *ſeeded* in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?"
And in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

The ſword of our ſlain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons [4] to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All theſe are portable,[5]
With other graces weigh'd.

MAL. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temperance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſéverance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no reliſh of them; but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.[6]

" —The *ſeeded* pride
" That hath to its maturity grown up
" In rank Achilles, muſt or now be cropp'd,
" Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of evil
" To over-bulk us all." HENLEY.

[4] ——*foyſons*——] Plenty. POPE.

It means *proviſions* in plenty. So, in *The Ordinary* by Cartwright: " New *foyſons* byn ygraced with new titles." The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. Again, in Holinſhed's *Reign of K. Henry VI.* p. 1613: " —fifteene hundred men, and great *foiſon* of vittels." See Vol. III. p. 124, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*All theſe are* portable,] *Portable* is, perhaps here uſed for *ſupportable. All theſe vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be* endured. MALONE.

Portable anſwers exactly to a phraſe now in uſe. Such failings may be *borne with*, or are *bearable*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*Nay, had I power, I ſhould*
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.] Malcolm, I think, means to ſay, that if he had ability, he would change the general ſtate of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confuſion. *Hell*, in its natural ſtate, being always repreſented as full of *diſcord* and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be ſuppoſed to take the greateſt delight, he propoſes as the ſevereſt

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-ſcepter'd,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurs'd,
And does blaſpheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day ſhe lived.[7] Fare thee well!

ſtroke on them, to pour the *ſweet milk of concord* amongſt them, ſo as to render them peaceable and quiet, a ſtate the moſt adverſe to their natural diſpoſition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confuſion.

Perhaps, however, this may be thought too ſtrained an interpretation. Malcolm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all* that *milk of human kindneſs*, which is ſo beneficial to mankind, into the abyſs, ſo as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of thoſe humane affections which are ſo neceſſary to their mutual happineſs, he will throw the whole world into confuſion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one.

In King James's firſt ſpeech to his parliament, in March 1603-4, he ſays, that he had "ſuck'd the *milk* of God's *truth* with the milk of his nurſe."

The following paſſage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which exhibits the reverſe of this image, may be urged in favour of my firſt interpretation:

"If he, compact of jars, grow muſical,
"We ſhall have ſhortly *diſcord in the ſpheres*." Malone.

I believe, all that Malcolm deſigns to ſay is,—that, if he had power, he would even annihilate the gentle ſource or principle of peace: pour the ſoft milk by which it is nouriſhed, among the flames of hell, which could not fail to dry it up.

Lady Macbeth has already obſerved that her huſband was "too full of the *milk* of human kindneſs." Steevens.

[7] *Died every day ſhe lived.*] The expreſſion is borrowed from the ſacred writings: "I proteſt by your rejoicing which I have in Chriſt Jeſus, *I die daily*." Malone.

Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from Scotland.—O, my breaſt,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his power; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte:[8] But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forſworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,[9]
Old Siward, with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point,[2] was ſetting forth:

J. Davies of Hereford, in his Epigram on—*a Proud lying Dyer*, has the ſame alluſion:

"Yet (like the mortifide) he *dyes* to *live*."

To *die* unto *ſin*, and to *live* unto *righteouſneſs*, are phraſes employed in our liturgy. Steevens.

[8] *From over-credulous haſte:*] From over-haſty credulity. Malone.

[9] —— thy *here-approach*,] The old copy has—*they* here. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] —— *ten thouſand warlike men,*
All ready at a point,] *At a point*, may mean all ready at a

Now we'll together; And the chance, of goodneſs,
Be like our warranted quarrel![3] Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, ſir: there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure: their malady convinces[4]

time; but Shakſpeare meant more: He meant both time and place, and certainly wrote:

All ready at appoint,——

i. e. at the place appointed, at the rendezvous. Warburton.

There is no need of change. Johnson.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. I. c. ii:

"A faithleſſe Sarazin all arm'd *to point*." Malone.

[3] ——*And the* chance, of goodneſs,
Be like our warranted quarrel!] The *chance of goodneſs*, as it is commonly read, conveys no ſenſe. If there be not ſome more important errour in the paſſage, it ſhould at leaſt be pointed thus:

——*and the chance, of goodneſs,*
Be like our warranted quarrel!——

That is, may the event be, of the goodneſs of heaven, [*pro juſtitia divina,*] anſwerable to the cauſe.

Mr. Heath conceives the ſenſe of the paſſage to be rather this: *And may the ſucceſs of that goodneſs, which is about to exert itſelf in my behalf, be ſuch as may be equal to the juſtice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shakſpeare wrote:

——*and the chance,* O *goodneſs,*
Be like our warranted quarrel!——

This ſome of his tranſcribers wrote with a ſmall *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the ſenſe will be: *And O thou ſovereign Goodneſs, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune anſwer to our cauſe.* Johnson.

[4] ——*convinces*—] i. e. overpowers, ſubdues. See p. 396, n. 4. Steevens.

The great aſſay of art; but, at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit* Doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A moſt miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, ſince my here-remain in England,
I have ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heaven,
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;[5]
Hanging a golden ſtamp[6] about their necks,

[5] *The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures*;] Dr. Percy in his notes on the Northumberland Houſhold Book ſays, "that our ancient kings even in thoſe dark times of ſuperſtition, do not ſeem to have affected to cure the king's evil.—This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this aſſertion however the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a miſtake by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anſtis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. Dr. Borde who wrote in the time of Henry the 8th ſays, "The Kynges of England by the power that God hath given to them dothe make ſicke men whole of a ſycknes called the *Kynge's Evyll.*" In *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Caſtle* it is ſaid "—and alſo by her highneſs [Q. Elizabeth] accuſtomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the peynful and dangerous diſeaz called the *King's Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medſin, (ſave only by handling and prayer) only doo it." Polydore Virgil aſſerts the ſame; and Will. Tooker in the reign of Queen Elizabeth publiſhed a book on this ſubject, an account of which is to be ſeen in Dr. Douglas's treatiſe entitled "*The Criterion*," p. 191. See Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, Vol. XII. p. 428. edit. 1780. Reed.

[6] ——a *golden ſtamp* &c.] This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakſpeare, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.[7] With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

" A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*
" *Stamped in gold*, but that's inſculp'd upon."
The value of the coin was ten ſhillings. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and 'tis ſpoken,*
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.] It muſt be own'd, that Shakſpeare is often guilty of ſtrange abſurdities in point of hiſtory and chronology. Yet here he has artfully avoided one. He had a mind to hint, that the cure of the *evil* was to deſcend to the ſucceſſors in the royal line, in compliment to James the firſt. But the Confeſſor was the firſt who pretended to the gift: How then could it be at that time generally ſpoken of, that the gift was hereditary? this he has ſolved by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to ſolve it. " The Confeſſor (ſays he) was the *firſt* who pretended to this gift: how then could it be at that time generally ſpoken of, that the gift was *hereditary?* This he [Shakſpeare] has ſolved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it."—But Shakſpeare does not ſay, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *anceſtors*; but that " it was generally *ſpoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *ſucceeding* kings:" and ſuch a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confeſſor, (ſuppoſing he had ſuch a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakſpeare has merely tranſcribed what he found in Holinſhed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him: " As hath beene thought, he was inſpired with the gift of propheſie, and alſo to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diſeaſes. He uſed to helpe thoſe that were vexed with the diſeaſe commonlie called the King's evil, and *left that virtue* as it were *a portion of inheritance unto his ſucceſſors*, the *kings* of this realme." Holinſhed, Vol. I. p. 195. MALONE.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.[8]

Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us ſtrangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs, and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air,[9]
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtacy: [2] the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for who; and good men's lives

[8] *My countryman; but yet I know him not.*] Malcolm diſcovers Roſſe to be his countryman, while he is yet at ſome diſtance from him, by his dreſs. This circumſtance loſes its propriety on our ſtage, as all the characters are uniformly repreſented in Engliſh habits. Steevens.

[9] —— rent *the air,*] To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago diſuſed. So, in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:
"With *rented* hair and eyes beſprent with tears." Steevens.
Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:
"While with his fingers he his haire doth *rent*." Malone.

[2] *A* modern *ecſtacy:*] That is, no more regarded than the contorſions that fanatics throw themſelves into. The author was thinking of thoſe of his own times. Warburton.

I believe *modern* is only *fooliſh* or *trifling*. Johnson.

Modern is generally uſed by Shakſpeare to ſignify *trite, common*; as "*modern* inſtances," in *As you like It*, &c. &c. See Vol. VI. p. 68, n. 9. Steevens.

Ecſtacy, is uſed by Shakſpeare for a temporary alienation of mind. Malone.

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true![9]

Mal. What is the neweſt grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.[2]

Macd. And all my children?[3]

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech; How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create ſoldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.[4]

[9] *Too nice*, and *yet* too *true!*] The redundancy of this hemiſtich induces me to believe our author only wrote—
Too nice, yet true! Steevens.

[2] *Why, well.——Well too.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——We uſe
" To ſay, *the dead are well.*" Steevens.

[3] ——*children?*] Children is, in this place, uſed as a triſyllable. Steevens.

[4] *To* doff *their dire diſtreſſes.*] To *doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. See Vol. VIII. p. 79, n. 5. Steevens.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.[5]

Macd. What concern they?
The general cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,[6]
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?

Rosse. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

[5] ——*ſhould not* latch *them.*] Thus the old copy, and rightly. To *latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it. So, in the prologue to Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, 1554:

" Hereof for that thei wolden *lache*,
" With ſuch dureſſe," &c.

Again, B. I. fol. 27:

" When that he Galathe beſought
" Of love, which he maie not *latche*."

Again, in the firſt Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, as tranſlated by Golding:

" As though he would, at everie ſtride, betweene his teeth hir *latch*."

Again, in the eighth book:

" But that a bough of cheſnut tree, thick-leaved, by the way
" Did *latch* it," &c.

To *latch* (in the North country dialect) ſignifies the ſame as to *catch*. Steevens.

[6] ——*fee-grief*,] A peculiar ſorrow; a grief that hath a ſingle owner. The expreſſion is, at leaſt to our ears, very harſh. Johnson.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

" My woeful ſelf that did in freedom ſtand,
" And was my own *fee-ſimple*." Malone.

It muſt, I think, be allowed that in both the foregoing inſtances the Attorney has been guilty of a flat treſpaſs on the Poet. Steevens.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I gueſs at it.

Rosse. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer,[7]
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;[8]

[7] *Were, on the* quarry *of theſe murder'd deer,*] *Quarry* is a term uſed both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both ſports it means the game after it is killed. So, in Maſſinger's *Guardian:*

" ——he ſtrikes
" The trembling bird, who even in death appears
" Proud to be made his *quarry.*"

Again, in an ancient MS. entitled *The boke of huntyng that is eleped Mayſter of game,* " While that the huntyng leſteth, ſhould cartes go fro place to plaee to bringe the deer to the *querre,*" &c. " to kepe the *querre,* and to make ley it on a rowe, al the hedes o way, and every deeres feet to other's bak, and the hertes ſhould be leyde on a rowe, and the raſcaile by hemſelfe in the ſame wiſe. And thei ſhuld kepe that no man come in the *querre* til the king come, ſafe the maiſter of the game." It appears, in ſhort, that the game was arranged in a hollow ſquare, within which none but privileged perſons, ſuch as had claims to the particular animals they had killed, were permitted to enter. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the term *quarry.* Steevens.

[8] ——*ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;*] The ſame thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas:*

" *He pulled his hatt over his browe,*
" And in his heart he was full woe," &c.

Again:

" Jamey *his hatt pull'd over his brow,*" &c. Steevens.

Give ſorrow words: the grief, that does not ſpeak,[9]
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, ſervants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I muſt be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have ſaid.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.[2]—All my pretty ones?

[9] ——*the grief, that does not ſpeak,*] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"Thoſe are the killing *griefs*, which *dare not ſpeak.*"
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.

Again, in Greene's old bl. l. novel entitled *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Faire Bellora*:

"Light ſorrowes often ſpeake,
"When great the heart in ſilence breake." Steevens.

In Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1595, we have the like ſentiment:

"Striving to tell his woes words would not come;
"For light cares ſpeak, when mighty griefs are dombe."
Reed.

So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"——the heart hath treble wrong,
"When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue." Malone.

[2] *He has no children.*] It has been obſerved by an anonymous critic, that this is not ſaid of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who, having none, ſuppoſes a father can be ſo eaſily comforted. Johnson.

The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, becauſe Macbeth had none himſelf; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what paſſage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. Holinſhed's Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The ſame thought occurs again in *K. John*:

"He talks to me that *never had a ſon.*"

Did you ſay, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?[3]

Mal. Diſpute it like a man.[4]

Macd. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me.—Did heaven look on,

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

" You have *no children:* butchers, if you had,
" The thought of them would have ſtir'd up remorſe."

STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered by Mr. Steevens is the true one, ſuppoſing theſe words to relate to Macbeth.

The paſſage, however, quoted from *King John*, ſeems in favour of the ſuppoſition that theſe words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at ſome period, appears from what Lady Macbeth ſays in the firſt act: " I have given ſuck," &c.

I am ſtill more ſtrongly confirmed in thinking theſe words relate to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, becauſe Macbeth *had* a ſon then alive, named Lulah, who after his father's death was proclaimed king by ſome of his friends, and ſlain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunſinane. See Fordun. *Scoti-Chron.* L. V. c. viii.

Whether Shakſpeare was apprized of this circumſtance, cannot be now aſcertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it. MALONE.

[3] *At one fell* ſwoop?] *Swoop* is the deſcent of a bird of prey on his quarry. So, in *The White Devil*, 1612:

" That ſhe may take away all at one *ſwoop.*"

Again, in *The Beggar's Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— no ſtar proſperous!
" All at a *ſwoop.*"

It is frequently, however, uſed by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, to expreſs the ſwift deſcent of rivers. STEEVENS.

[4] *Diſpute it like a man.*] i. e. contend with your preſent ſorrow like a man. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

" For though my ſoul *diſputes* well with my ſenſe," &c.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Let me *diſpute* with thee of thy eſtate." STEEVENS.

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls: Heaven reſt them now!

MAL. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!——But, gentle heaven,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion;[5] front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him; if he 'ſcape,
Heaven forgive him too![6]

MAL. This tune[7] goes manly.

[5] *Cut ſhort all* intermiſſion;] i. e. *all pauſe, all intervening time.* So, in *K. Lear:*

" Deliver'd letters, ſpite of *intermiſſion.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*if he 'ſcape,*
Heaven forgive him too!] That is, if he eſcape my vengeance, let him eſcape that of Heaven alſo.

An expreſſion nearly ſimilar occurs in *The Chances,* where Petruchio, ſpeaking of the Duke, ſays

" He ſcap'd me yeſternight; which if he dare
" Again adventure for, heaven pardon him!
" I ſhall, with all my heart." M. MASON.

The meaning, I believe, is, if heaven be ſo unjuſt as to let him eſcape my vengeance, I am content that it ſhould proceed ſtill further in its injuſtice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveneſs hereafter. MALONE.

[7] *This* tune—] The folio reads: This *time. Tune* is Rowe's emendation. STEEVENS.

The emendation is ſupported by a former paſſage in this play, where the word is uſed in a ſimilar manner:

" *Macb.* Went it not ſo?
" *Banq.* To the ſelf-ſame *tune* and words." MALONE.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments.[8] Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter a DOCTOR *of phyſick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his majeſty went into the field,[9] I

[8] Put on *their inſtruments.*] i. e. encourage, thruſt forward as their inſtruments againſt the tyrant.
So, in *King Lear*, Act I. ſc. iv:
" That you proteſt this courſe, and *put* it *on*
" By your allowance." STEEVENS.

[9] *Since his majeſty* went into the field,] This is one of Shakſpeare's overſights. He forgot that he had ſhut up Macbeth in Dunſinane, and ſurrounded him with beſiegers. That he could *not go into the field*, is obſerved by himſelf with ſplenetic impatience:
" ——our caſtle's ſtrength
" Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lie
" Till famine and the ague eat them up.
" Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
" *We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,*
" *And beat them backward home.*"

have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, ſir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here ſhe comes! This is her very guiſe; and, upon my life, faſt aſleep. Obſerve her; ſtand cloſe.

It is clear alſo from other paſſages, that Macbeth's motions had long been circumſcribed by the walls of his fortreſs.

The truth may be, that Shakſpeare thought the ſpirit of Lady Macbeth could not be ſo effectually ſubdued, and her peace of mind ſo ſpeedily unſettled by reflection on her guilt, as during the abſence of her huſband:

——*deſerto jacuit dum frigida lecto,*
Dum queritur tardos ire relicta dies.

For the preſent change in her diſpoſition, therefore, our poet (though in the haſte of finiſhing his play he forgot his plan,) might mean to have provided, by allotting her ſuch an interval of ſolitude as would ſubject her mind to perturbation, and diſpoſe her thoughts to repentance.

It does not appear from any circumſtance within the compaſs of this drama, that ſhe had once been ſeparated from her huſband, after his return from the victory over Macdonwald, and the King of Norway. STEEVENS.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.[2]

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? Look, how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a ſpot.[3]

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks: I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady M. Out, damned ſpot! out, I ſay!—One; Two;[4] Why, then 'tis time to do't:——Hell is

[2] *Ay, but their ſenſe* is *ſhut.*] The old copy has—*are* ſhut; and ſo the author certainly wrote, though it ſounds very harſhly to our ears. So again, in his 112th ſonnet:

" In ſo profound abyſm I throw all care
" Of others' voices, that my adder's *ſenſe*
" To critick and to flatterer ſtopped *are.*" MALONE.

In the ſonnet our author was compelled to ſacrifice grammar to the convenience of rhyme. In the paſſage before us, he was free from ſuch conſtraint.

What therefore ſhould forbid us to read, with the preſent text?—

" Ay, but their ſenſe *is* ſhut." STEEVENS.

[3] *Yet here's a ſpot.*] A paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in Webſter's *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

" ——— Here's a white hand!
" Can blood ſo ſoon be waſh'd out?"

Webſter's play was publiſhed in 1612. Shakſpeare's in 1623. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*One*; *Two*;] Macbeth does not, previouſly to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to ſtrike upon the bell, which was to be the ſignal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpoſe; but it ſeems that Lady

murky![5]—Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?[6]

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is ſhe now?——What, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this ſtarting.[7]

Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when ſhe rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the ſcene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. See p. 429, n. 4. MALONE.

[5] ——*Hell is* murky!] *Murky* is *dark*. So, in *The Tempeſt*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" ——the *murkieſt* den
" The moſt opportune place," &c.

Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the buſineſs of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her huſband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whoſe conſcience ſhe ſaw was too much alarmed already for her purpoſe. She certainly imagines herſelf here talking to Macbeth, who, (ſhe ſuppoſes,) had juſt ſaid, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a diſmal place to go to in conſequence of ſuch a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afear'd? This explanation, I think, gives a ſpirit to the paſſage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps miſapprehended by thoſe who placed a full point at the concluſion of it. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?*] Statius, in a paſſage already quoted, ſpeaking of the ſword by which an old man was ſlain, calls it *egentem ſanguinis enſem*; and Ovid, [Met. L. VII.] deſcribing a wound inflicted on a ſuperannuated ram, has the ſame circumſtance:

——guttura cultro
Fodit, et *exiguo* maculavit *ſanguine* ferrum. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*you mar all with this ſtarting.*] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the ghoſt broke in on the feſtivity of the banquet. STEEVENS.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heaven knows what ſhe has known.

Lady M. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The heart is ſorely charged.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: Yet I have known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown; look not ſo pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.[8] Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady* Macbeth.

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds

[8] *To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.*] Lady Macbeth in her ſleep is talking of Duncan's murder, and recalls to her mind the circumſtance of the knocking at the gate juſt after it. A. C.

To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:
My mind ſhe has mated,[9] and amaz'd my ſight:
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

9 *My mind ſhe has* mated,] Aſtoniſhed, confounded. Johnson.
The expreſſion is taken from *cheſs-playing:*
" —— that ſo young a warrior
" Should bide the ſhock of ſuch approved knights,
" As he this day hath *match'd* and *mated* too."
Soliman and Perſeda.
" —— woman,
" Worſe than Meduſa *mateth* all our minds."
Orlando Furioſo, by R. Greene, 1599.
" Not mad, but *mated.*" *Comedy of Errors.* Steevens.

Scory, in the commendatory verſes prefixed to Drayton's *Heroicall Epiſtles*, makes uſe of this phraſe, and exactly in the ſame ſenſe;
" Yet with theſe broken reliques, *mated mind*,
" And what a juſtly-grieved thought can ſay,"
Holt White.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, ſeems to have uſed the word as explained by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Pope ſuppoſes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *ſubdued*; but that clearly is not the ſenſe affixed to it by Shakſpeare; though the etymology, ſuppoſing the expreſſion to be taken from *cheſs-playing*, might favour ſuch an interpretation. " Cum ſublatis gregariis agitur regis de vita et ſanguine, ſic cum nulla eſt elabendi via, nullum ſubterfugium, qui *vicit*, mate, inquit, quaſi *matado*, i. e. occiſus, killed, a *mater*, [Hiſpan.] occidere." Minſheu's Dict. in v. *Mate.*

The original word was to *amate*, which Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, explains by the words, " to diſmay, to make afraid:" ſo that *mate*, as commonly uſed by our old writers, has no reference to cheſs-playing. Malone.

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunſinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and Soldiers.*

MENT. The Engliſh power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward,[2] and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[3]

ANG. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

[2] *His* uncle *Siward,*] "Duncan had two ſons (ſays Holinſhed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, Earl of Northumberland.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Excite* the mortified *man.*] Mr. Theobald will needs explain this expreſſion. "*It means* (ſays he) *the man who has abandoned himſelf to deſpair, who has no ſpirit or reſolution left.*" And, to ſupport this ſenſe of *mortified man,* he quotes *mortified ſpirit* in another place. But if this was the meaning, Shakſpeare had not wrote *the mortified man,* but *a mortified man.* In a word, by *the mortified man,* is meant a *religious*; one who has ſubdued his paſſions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Aſcetic.* WARBURTON.

So, in *Monſieur D'Olive,* 1606:

"He like a *mortified* hermit ſits."

Again, in Green's *Never too late,* 1616: "I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man.*"

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act I. ſc. i:

"My loving lord, Dumain is *mortified*;
"The groſſer manner of this world's delights
"He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves," &c.

STEEVENS.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, ſir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's ſon,
And many unrough youths,[4] that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Men. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly fortifies:
Some ſay, he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.[5]

Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murders ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,

[4] ——unrough *youths,*] An odd expreſſion. It means ſmooth-fac'd, unbearded. Steevens.

See *The Tempeſt:*

" ——till new-born chins
" Be *rough* and razorable."

Again, in *King John:*

" This *unhair'd* ſaucineſs, and boyiſh troops,
" The king doth ſmile at." Malone.

[5] *He cannot* buckle *his diſtemper'd cauſe*
Within *the belt of rule.*] The ſame metaphor occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" And *buckle in* a waiſt moſt fathomleſs." Steevens.

When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?[6]

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medecin[7] of the ſickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.[8]
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunſinane. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and Attendants.*

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:[9]

[6] *When all that is within him does condemn*
Itſelf, for being there?] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in ſelf-condemnation. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*the medecin*——] i. e. phyſician. Shakſpeare uſes this word in the feminine gender where Lafeu ſpeaks of Helen in *All's Well that Ends Well*; and Florizel, in *The Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the *medicin* of our houſe." STEEVENS.

[8] *To* dew *the ſovereign flower*, &c.] This uncommon verb occurs in *Look about You*, 1600:

"*Dewing* your princely hand with pity's tears."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. viii:

"*Dew'd* with her drops of bounty ſoveraigne."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Bring me no more reports*; &c.] *Tell me not any more of deſertions:—Let all my ſubjects leave me:—I am ſafe till* &c.

JOHNSON.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The ſpirits that know
All mortal conſequents, pronounc'd me thus: [2]
Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power on thee.[3]——Then fly, falſe thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh epicures: [4]

[2] *All mortal* conſequents, *pronounc'd me thus:*] The old copy reads—

All mortal conſequen*ces*, *have* pronounc'd me thus.

But the line muſt originally have ran as I have printed it:—Curren*ts*, conſequen*ts*, occurren*ts*, ingredien*ts*, &c. are always ſpelt in the ancient copies of our author's plays, "currenc*e*, conſequenc*e*, occurrenc*e*, ingredienc*e*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——on *thee.*] Old copy—*upon.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Engliſh epicures:*] The reproach of epicuriſm, on which Mr. Theobald has beſtowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, againſt thoſe who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare took the thought from Holinſhed, p. 179 and 180, of his *Hiſtory of Scotland:* "—the Scotiſh people before had no knowledge nor underſtanding of fine fare or riotous ſurfet; yet after they had once taſted the ſweet poiſoned bait thereof &c.—thoſe ſuperfluities which came into the realme of Scotland with the *Engliſhmen*" &c. Again: "For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and ſuperfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the *Englyſhemen*, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, truſting (becauſe he had beene brought up in the Iſles, with the old cuſtomes and manners of their antient nation, without taſt of *Engliſh likerous delicats*), they ſhould by his ſeuere order in gouernement recouer againe the former temperance of their old progenitors." The ſame hiſtorian informs us, that in thoſe ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very ſparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnſon's *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor brogues, till they were taught the art of planting the one, and making the other, by the ſoldiers of Cromwell; and yet K. James VI. in his 7th parliament thought it neceſſary to form an act "againſt ſuperfluous banqueting." STEEVENS.

The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt,[5] nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon![6]
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe look?[7]

SER. There is ten thouſand——

MACB. Geeſe, villain?

SER. Soldiers, ſir.

MACB. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,

[5] *Shall never* ſagg *with doubt,*] To *ſag*, or *ſwag*, is to ſink down by its own weight, or by an overload. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordſhire to ſay, "a beam in a building *ſags*, or has *ſagged*." TOLLET.

So, in the 16th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"This ſaid, the aged Street *ſag'd* ſadly on alone."

Drayton is perſonifying one of the old Roman ways. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "He tooke exceptions to his traveller's bag, which he wore *ſagging* down his belly before." MALONE.

[6] ——*loon!*] At preſent this word is only uſed in Scotland, and ſignifies a baſe fellow. So, in Marlowe's tragedy of *King Edward II.* 1598:

"For ſhame ſubſcribe! and let the *lowne* depart."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, ſecond part, 1630:

"The ſturdy beggar, and the lazy *lowne*."

K. Stephen, in the old ſong, called his taylor, *loon*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Where got'ſt thou that* gooſe *look?*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— ye ſouls of *geeſe*,
"That bear the ſhape of men, how have ye run
"From ſlaves that apes would beat?" MALONE.

Thou lily-liver'd boy.[8] What ſoldiers, patch?[9]
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear.[2] What ſoldiers, whey-face?[3]

Ser. The Engliſh force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am ſick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I ſay!—This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſſeat me now.[4]

[8] ——— *lily-liver'd boy.*] Chapman thus tranſlates a paſſage in the 20th Iliad:

" —his ſword that made a vent for his *white liver's blood,*
" *That caus'd ſuch pitiful effects*——."

Again, Falſtaff ſays, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV:* " —left the liver *white and pale,* which is the badge of *puſillanimity and cowardice.*" Steevens.

[9] —*patch?*] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *pied, patch'd,* or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. Steevens.

[2] ——*thoſe linen cheeks of thine*
Are counſellors *to fear.*] The meaning is, they infect others who ſee them, with cowardice. Warburton.

[3] ——whey-*face?*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* 4to. edit. 1619: " —and has as it were a *whey*-coloured beard." Steevens.

[4] ——*or* diſſeat *me now.*] The old copy reads *diſſeat,* though modern editors have ſubſtituted *diſeaſe* in its room. The word *diſſeat* occurs in *The Two Noble Kinſmen* by Fletcher and Shakſpeare, ſcene the laſt, where Perithous is deſcribing the fall of Arcite from his horſe:

" ——ſeeks all foul means
" Of boiſterous and rough jadry, to *diſſeat*
" His lord that kept it bravely."

Dr. Percy would read:

" *Will* chair *me ever, or diſſeat me now.*"

It is ſtill, however, poſſible that *diſeaſe* may be the true reading. Thus in N. Breton's *Toyes of an idle Head,* 1577:

" My ladies maydes too I muſt pleaſe,
" But chiefely Miſtreſs Anne,
" For elſe by the maſſe ſhe *will diſeaſe*
" Me vyly now and than."

Diſeaſe is the reading of the ſecond folio. Steevens.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ſear,[5] the yellow leaf:

[5] *I have liv'd long enough: my* way of life &c.] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the ſear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written:

——*my* May *of life.*

I am now paſſed from the ſpring to the autumn of my days: but I am without thoſe comforts that ſhould ſucceed the ſprightlineſs of bloom, and ſupport me in this melancholy ſeaſon.

The author has *May* in the ſame ſenſe elſewhere. JOHNSON.

An *anonymous* [Dr. Johnſon, whoſe Remarks on this tragedy were originally publiſhed, without his name, in 1745,] would have it:

——*my* May *of life:*

But he did not conſider that Macbeth is not here ſpeaking of his *rule* or government, or of any ſudden change; but of the gradual decline of life, as appears from that line:

" And that, which ſhould accompany *old age.*"

And *way* is uſed for courſe, progreſs. WARBURTON.

To confirm the juſtneſs of *May* of life for *way* of life, Mr. Colman quotes from *Much ado about Nothing:*

" *May* of youth and bloom of luſtyhood."

And *K. Henry V:*

" My puiſſant liege is in the very *May*-morn of his youth."

LANGTON.

So, in Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*, ſtanza 21:

" If now *the May of my years* much decline."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— you met me
" With equal ardour in your *May of blood.*"

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by the ſame authors:

" And in their *May* of youth," &c.

Again, in *The Guardian* of Maſſinger:

" I am in the *May* of my abilities,
" And you in your December."

Again, in *The Renegado* of the ſame author:

" Having my heat and *May* of youth, to plead
" In my excuſe."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" Had I in this fair *May* of all my glory," &c.

Again, in *King John and Matilda*, by R. Davenport, 1655:

" Thou art yet in thy green *May*, twenty-ſeven ſummers," &c. STEEVENS.

And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I have now no doubt that Shakſpeare wrote *May* and not *way*. It is obſervable in this very play that the contrary error of the preſs has happened from a miſtake of the ſame letters.

" Hear not my ſteps which *may* they walke."

Beſides, that a ſimilarity of expreſſion in other paſſages of Shakſpeare, and the concinnity of the figure, both unite to ſupport the propoſed emendation.

Thus in his *Sonnets:*

" Two beauteous *ſprings to yellow autumns* turn'd."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

" He that hath ſuffered this diſorder'd *ſpring*,
" Hath now himſelf met with the *fall of leaf*."

The ſentiment of Macbeth I take to be this: *The tender leaves of hope, the promiſe of my greener days, are now in my autumn, wither'd and fruitleſs: my mellow hangings are all ſhook down, and I am left bare to the weather.* HENLEY.

The old reading ſhould not have been diſcarded, as the following paſſages prove that it was a mode of expreſſion in uſe at that time, as *courſe* of life is now.

In Maſſinger's *Very Woman*, the Doctor ſays

" In *way of life* I did enjoy one friend."

Again, in *The New Way to pay Old Debts*, Lady Allworth ſays

" If that when I was miſtreſs of myſelf,
" And in my *way of youth*," &c. M. MASON.

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Act I. ſc. i:

" Thus ready for the *way of life* or death,
" I wait the ſharpeſt blow." STEEVENS.

The meaning of this conteſted paſſage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the courſe or progreſs of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay; I have reached the autumn of my days. Thoſe comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compenſate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curſes of thoſe I have injured, and the hollow adulation of mortified dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A paſſage in one of our author's Sonnets (quoted by Mr. Steevens in a ſubſequent note) may prove the beſt comment on the preſent:

" *That time of year* in *me* thou may'ſt behold,
" When *yellow leaves* or none or few do hang
" Upon thoſe boughs, which ſhake againſt the cold,
" Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang."

I muſt not look to have; but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Are not theſe lines almoſt a paraphraſe on the conteſted part of the paſſage before us?—He who could ſay that you might behold the *autumn* in *him*, would not ſcruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how eaſy is the tranſition from this to ſaying that "the *courſe or progreſs of his life* had reached the autumnal ſeaſon?" which is all that is meant by the words of the text, "My way of life," &c.

The uſing "the fear, the yellow leaf," ſimply and abſolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, becauſe in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expreſſion; but it is ſuch a licence as may be found in almoſt every page of our author's works. It would alſo have been more natural for Macbeth to have ſaid, that, in the courſe or progreſs of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to ſay, that the courſe of his life itſelf had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakſpeare's manner. With reſpect to the word *fallen*, which at firſt view ſeems a very ſingular expreſſion, I ſtrongly ſuſpect that he caught it from the language of converſation, in which we at this day often ſay that this or that perſon is "*fallen into a decay*;" a phraſe that might have been current in his time alſo. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his* autumnal *decline*.

In *King Henry VIII.* the word *way* ſeems to ſignify, as in the preſent paſſage, *courſe* or *tenour*:

"The *way* of our profeſſion is againſt it."

And in *K. Richard II.* "*the fall of leaf*" is uſed, as in the paſſage before us, ſimply and abſolutely for *bodily decay*:

"He who hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
"Hath now himſelf met with *the fall of leaf*."

When a paſſage can be thus eaſily explained, and the mode of expreſſion is ſo much in our poet's general manner, ſurely any attempt at emendation is not only unneceſſary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally propoſed by Dr. Johnſon, and has been adopted in the modern editions, "—my *May* of life," has many favourers, I ſhall add a word or two on that ſubject.

By his "*May* of life having fallen into the yellow leaf," that is, into autumn, we muſt underſtand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in conſequence of his cares, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means ſimply to aſſert, that in the progreſs of life he has paſſed from *May* or youth to autumn or

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!——

old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at leaſt near being one.

If the firſt interpretation be maintained, it is ſufficient to ſay, (I uſe the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whoſe ingenious comment on this paſſage I publiſhed ſome years ago,) that "Macbeth, when he ſpeaks this ſpeech, is *not youthful.* He is contemporary to Banquo who is advanced in years, and who hath a ſon upon the ſcene able to eſcape the purſuit of aſſaſſins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewiſe add that Macbeth having now ſat for ſeventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be ſuppoſed to be like our author's Henry V. "in the *May*-morn of his youth." We muſt therefore underſtand theſe words in the latter ſenſe; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progreſs he has paſſed from the ſpring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is preciſely the meaning of the words as they ſtand in the old copy.

There is ſtill another very ſtrong objection to the propoſed emendation. It is alledged that in this very play *may* is printed inſtead of *way*, and why may not the contrary error have happened here?—For this plain reaſon; becauſe *May* (the month) both in manuſcript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compoſitor at the preſs ſhould uſe a ſmall *w* inſtead of a capital M.

But, without going further into this ſubject, it is ſufficient for our purpoſe, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, eaſy ſenſe, without any emendation whatſoever.

MALONE.

[6] ——*the* ſear,] *Sear* is dry. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*, 1639:

"——*ſear* winter
"Hath ſeal'd the ſap up."

And Milton has—"Ivy never *ſear.*"

Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his 73d ſonnet:

"That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold,
"When *yellow leaves*," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, where the epithet is ſo uſed, as clearly to aſcertain the meaning of "the ſear, the yellow leaf," in the paſſage before us:

"——ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
"Some beauty peep'd through lattice of *ſear'd age.*"

MALONE.

Enter SEYTON.

SEY. What is your gracious pleaſure?

MACB. What news more?

SEY. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

MACB. I'll fight, till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd.—
Give me my armour.

SEY. 'Tis not needed yet.

MACB. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirr the country round;[7]
Hang thoſe that talk of fear.[8]—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?

DOCT. Not ſo ſick, my lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her[9] from her reſt.

MACB. Cure her of that:
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd;

[7] ——ſkirr *the country round*;] To *ſkirr*, I believe, ſignifies to ſcour, to ride haſtily. The word is uſed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Martial Maid:*

"Whilſt I, with this and this, well mounted, *ſkirr'd*
"A horſe troop, through and through,"

Again, in *K. Henry V:*

"And make them *ſkirr* away, as ſwift as ſtones
"Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca:*

"——the light ſhadows,
"That, in a thought, *ſcur* o'er the fields of corn,
"Halted on crutches to them." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*talk of* fear.] The ſecond folio reads *ſtand* in fear. HENDERSON.

[9] *That keep* her—] The latter word, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,[2]
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff,[3]
Which weighs upon the heart?

[2] *And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,*] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, our poet here remembered Spenſer's deſcription of Nepenthe:

" Nepenthe is a drinck of ſovereign grace,
" Devized by the gods for to aſſwage
" Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,—
" Inſtead thereof ſweet peace and quietage
" It doth eſtabliſh in the troubled mynd."
Faery Queene, B. IV. c. iii. ſt. 34. MALONE.

Our author's idea might have been caught from the 6th book of *The Æneid*, where the effects of *Lethe* are deſcribed:

—— Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos latices, et longa *oblivia* potant.

Thus tranſlated by Phaer, 1558:

" Theſe liquors quenching cares, and long forgetful draughts thei drink
" That of their liues, and former labours paſt, they neuer thinck." STEEVENS.

[3] *Cleanſe the* ſtuff'd *boſom of that perilous ſtuff,*] *Stuff'd* is the reading of the old copy; but for the ſake of the ear, which muſt be ſhocked by the recurrence of ſo harſh a word, I am willing to read, *foul*, as there is authority for the change from Shakſpeare himſelf, in *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vi:

" Cleanſe the *foul* body of the infected world."

We properly ſpeak of *cleanſing* what is *foul*, but not what is *ſtuffed*. STEEVENS.

The recurrence of the word *ſtuff* in this paſſage, is very unpleaſing to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to ſuſpect the text to be corrupt; for our author was extremely fond of ſuch repetitions. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Now for the *love* of *love*,—."
" The greateſt *grace* lending *grace*."
All's well that ends well.
" —— with what good ſpeed
" Our *means* will make us *means*." *Ibid.*
" Is *only* grievous to me, *only* dying." *K. Henry VIII.*

Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelf.

Macb. Throw phyſick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my ſtaff:—
Seyton, ſend out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, ſir, deſpatch:—If thou could'ſt, doctor, caſt
The water of my land,[4] find her diſeaſe,

"Upon his brow *ſhame* is *aſham'd* to ſit." *Romeo and Juliet.*
"For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo *ſurely* tie
"Thy now *unſur'd aſſurance* to the crown." *King John.*
"*Believe* me, I do not *believe* thee, man." *Ibid.*
"Thoſe he *commands*, move only in *command*,—." *Macbeth.*

The words *ſtuff'd* and *ſtuff*, however mean they may ſound at preſent, have, like many other terms, been debaſed by time, and appear to have been formerly conſidered as words proper to be uſed in paſſages of the greateſt dignity. As ſuch Shakſpeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Julius Cæſar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempeſt*, in a paſſage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

"And, like this unſubſtantial pageant, faded,
"Leave not a rack behind.—We are ſuch *ſtuff*
"As dreams are made of."

In a note on a paſſage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that "*ſtuff* in the Teutonick languages is a word of great force, The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoefd ſtoffen*, or *head-ſtuffs*." MALONE.

The preſent queſtion is not concerning the dignity of the word—*ſtuffed*, but it's nauſeous iteration, of which no example has been produced by Mr. Malone; for that our author has indulged himſelf in the repetition of harmonious words, is no proof that he would have repeated harſh ones.

I may venture alſo (in ſupport of my opinion) to ſubjoin, that the ſame gentleman, in a very judicious comment on *K. Henry IV.* P. II. p. 16, n. 7. has obſerved, "that when a word is repeated without propriety, in *the ſame*, or two ſucceeding lines, there is great reaſon to ſuſpect ſome corruption." STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *caſt*

The water of my land,] *To caſt the water* was the phraſe in uſe for finding out diſorders by the inſpection of urine. So, in *Eliosto Libidinoſo*, a novel by John Hinde, 1606: "Lucilla perceiving,

And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again.—Pull't off, I ſay.—
What rhubarb, ſenna,[5] or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe Engliſh hence?—Heareſt thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me.——
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam foreſt come to Dunſinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunſinane: *A wood in view.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, *old* Siward *and his Son,* Macduff, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, *and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Couſins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

without *caſting her water*, where ſhe was pained," &c. Again, in *The Wife Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638: "Mother Nottingham, for her time, was pretty well ſkilled in *caſting waters*." Steevens.

[5] ——*ſenna*,] The old copy reads—*cyme*. Steevens.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant [6]
Keeps ſtill in Dunſinane, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt; [7]

[6] —— *but the* confident *tyrant*—] We muſt ſurely read:
—— *the* confin'd *tyrant*. Warburton.

He was *confident* of ſucceſs; ſo *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *ſetting down* before his caſtle. Johnson.

[7] *For where there is* advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt;] The impropriety of the expreſſion, *advantage to be given*, inſtead of *advantage given*, and the diſagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read:

—— *where there is* a 'vantage *to be* gone,
Both more and leſs have given him the revolt.

Advantage or *'vantage*, in the time of Shakſpeare, ſignified *opportunity*. *He ſhut up himſelf and his ſoldiers* (ſays Malcolm) *in the caſtle, becauſe when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all deſert him.*

More and leſs is the ſame with *greater and leſs*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Leſs*. Johnson.

I would read, if any alteration were neceſſary:
For where there is advantage to be got.
But the words as they ſtand in the text will bear Dr. Johnſon's explanation, which is moſt certainly right.—"For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and *leſs*, for *greater* and *leſs*, is likewiſe found in Chaucer:
"From Boloigne is the erle of Pavie come,
"Of which the fame yſpronge to *moſt* and *leſte*."
Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong the 12th:
"Of Britain's foreſts all from th' *leſs* unto the *more*."

And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
Attend the true event,[8] and put we on
Induſtrious ſoldierſhip.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe.[9]

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. V. c. viii:

" ——all other weapons *leſſe* or *more*,
" Which warlike uſes had devis'd of yore." Steevens.

Where there is advantage to be given, I believe, means, where advantageous offers are made to allure the adherents of Macbeth to forſake him. Henley.

I ſuſpect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the ſubſequent line, and ſtrongly incline to Dr. Johnſon's emendation, *gone*. Malone.

Why is the repetition of the word—*given*, leſs venial than the recurrence of the word—*ſtuff'd*, in a preceding page? See Mr. Malone's objections to my remark on " Cleanſe the *ſtuff'd* boſom of that perilous *ſtuff*." Steevens.

[8] *Let our* juſt *cenſures*
Attend *the true event*,] The arbitrary change made in the ſecond folio (which ſome criticks have repreſented as an *improved* edition) is here worthy of notice:

Let our *beſt* cenſures
Before the true event, and put we on, &c. Malone.

Surely, a few errors in a few pages of a book, do not exclude all idea of *improvement* in other parts of it. I cheriſh this hope for my own ſake, as well as for that of other commentators on Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[9] *What we ſhall ſay we* have, *and what we* owe.] i. e. *property* and *allegiance*. Warburton.

When we are governed by legal kings, we ſhall know the limits of their claim, i. e. ſhall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us.

Mr. Henley explains the paſſage thus: " The iſſue of the conteſt will ſoon decide what we ſhall ſay we *have*, and what may be accounted *our own*." To *owe* here is to poſſeſs. Steevens.

Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt arbitrate:[2]
Towards which, advance the war.[3]
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Had theſe lines been put into the mouth of any of the Scottiſh Peers, they might poſſibly bear the meaning that Steevens contends for; but as they are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by Siward, who was not to be governed either by Malcolm or Macbeth, they can ſcarcely admit of that interpretation. Siward probably only means to ſay in more pompous language, that the time approached which was to decide their fate. M. Mason.

Siward, having undertaken the cauſe of Scotland, ſpeaks, as a Scotſman would have ſpoken; and eſpecially as he is now in the preſence of Malcolm, Macduff, and others of the ſame country. Steevens.

[2] ——*arbitrate:*] i. e. *determine.* Johnson.

So, in the 18th Odyſſey tranſlated by Chapman:

"——ſtraight
"Can *arbitrate* a war of deadlieſt weight." Steevens.

[3] *Towards which, advance the war.*] It has been underſtood that local rhymes were introduced in plays to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to cloſe a ſcene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakſpeare's motive for continuing ſuch a practice, it may be obſerved that he often ſeems immediately to repent of it; and, in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemiſtichs which deſtroy the effect and conſequently defeat the ſuppoſed purpoſe of the antecedent couplets. See the following inſtances, in addition to that which introduces the preſent note.

Leave all the reſt to me.	——	Act I. end of ſcene v.
So pr'ythee go with me.	——	Act III. —— ſc. ii.
We are yet but young in deed.	——	Act III. —— ſc. iv.
But no more ſights &c.	——	Act IV. —— ſc. i.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.	——	Act V. —— ſc. i.
Make we our march towards Birnam.		Act V. —— ſc. ii.

In Hamlet &c. we find ſuch hemiſtichs after the rhymes at the ends of acts, as well as ſcenes. Steevens.

SCENE V.

Dunſinane. *Within the Caſtle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and Soldiers.*

MACB. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* Our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within, of women.*

SEY. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACB. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears:
The time has been,[4] my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek;[5] and my fell of hair[6]

[4] *The time has been,* &c.] May has imitated this paſſage twice; once in *The Heir,* and again in *The Old Couple.* See Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays,* Vol. VIII. p. 150. Vol. X. p. 473. edit. 1780. REED.

[5] —— *my ſenſes would have* cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek;] The *blood* is ſometimes ſaid to be *chilled*; but I do not recollect any other inſtance in which this phraſe is applied to the *ſenſes.* Perhaps our author wrote—*'coil'd.* My ſenſes would have ſhrunk back; died within me. So, in the ſecond ſcene of the preſent act:
" —Who then ſhall blame
" His peſter'd *ſenſes* to *recoil* and ſtart?" MALONE.

I retain the old reading. Perhaps, no word ſo forcible can be placed in its room. Thus, in the fifth *Æneid:*
" Sanguis hebet, *frigent*que effœtæ in corpore vires."

Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe, and ſtir
As life were in't: I have ſupp'd full with horrors;[7]
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.[8]—

The ſame expreſſion occurs alſo in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "My humour ſhall not *cool*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"My lord Northumberland will ſoon be *cool'd*."

But what example is there of the verb *recoiled* clipped into '*coiled*? *Coiled* can only afford the idea of *wound in a ring*, like a rope or a ſerpent. STEEVENS.

6 ——fell *of hair*—] My hairy part, my *capillitium*. *Fell* is *ſkin*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Alphonſus, Emperor of Germany*, by George Chapman, 1654:

"——Where the lyon's hide is thin and ſcant,
"I'll firmly patch it with the fox's *fell*."

Again in *K. Lear*:

"The goujeres ſhall devour them, fleſh and *fell*."

A dealer in hides is ſtill called a *fell*-monger. STEEVENS.

7 ——*I have* ſupp'd full *with horrors*;] Statius has a ſimilar thought in the ſecond book of his *Thebais*:

"——attollit membra, toroque
"Erigitur, *plenus monſtris*, vanumque cruorem
"Excutiens."

The concluſion of this paſſage may remind the reader of lady Macbeth's behaviour in her ſleep. STEEVENS.

8 *She ſhould have died hereafter*;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word. &c.] This paſſage has very juſtly been ſuſpected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what *word* there would have been a *time*, and that there would or would not be a *time* for any *word*, ſeems not a conſideration of importance ſufficient to tranſport Macbeth into the following exclamation. I read therefore:

She ſhould have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for—ſuch a world!—
To-morrow, &c.

It is a broken ſpeech, in which only part of the thought is expreſſed, and may be paraphraſed thus: *The queen is dead.* Macbeth.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,[9]
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;[2]

Her death ſhould have been deferred to ſome more peaceful hour; had ſhe lived longer, there would at length have been a time for *the honours due to her as a queen, and that reſpect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the* world—*ſuch is the condition of human life, that we always think* to-morrow *will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow ſteals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we ſtill linger in the ſame expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All theſe days, which have thus paſſed away, have ſent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engroſſed by the ſame dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.*

Such was once my conjecture, but I am now leſs confident. Macbeth might mean, that there would have been a more convenient *time* for ſuch a *word*, for ſuch *intelligence*, and ſo fall into the following reflection. We ſay we ſend *word* when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

By—*a word* Shakſpeare certainly means more than a ſingle one. Thus, in *King Richard II:*

" The hopeleſs *word* of—*never to return*
" Breathe I againſt thee." STEEVENS.

[9] *To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,*] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer obſerved to me, occurs in *Barclay's Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

" *Cras, cras, cras,* to-morrow we ſhall amende."
STEEVENS.

[2] *To the laſt ſyllable of* recorded time;] *Recorded time* ſeems to ſignify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The *record* of *futurity* is indeed no accurate expreſſion; but, as we only know tranſactions paſt or preſent, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of preſcience in which future events may be ſuppoſed to be written. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" To the *utmoſt ſyllable* of your worthineſs."

Recorded is probably here uſed for *recording* or *recordable*; one participle for the other, of which there are many inſtances both in Shakſpeare and other Engliſh writers. Virgil uſes *penetrabile* frigus for *penetrans* frigus, and *penetrabile* telum for telum *penetrans*.
STEEVENS.

By *recorded* time, Shakſpeare means not only the time that *has been*, but alſo that which *ſhall be* recorded. M. MASON.

And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death.[1] Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue; thy ſtory quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do it.

[1] *The way to* duſty *death.*] We ſhould read *duſky*, as appears from the figurative term *lighted.* WARBURTON.

Duſty is a very natural epithet. The ſecond folio has:

The way to ſtudy *death.*——

which Mr. Upton prefers; but it is only an errour by an accidental tranſpoſition of the types. JOHNSON.

The duſt of death is an expreſſion uſed in the 22d Pſalm. *Duſty death* alludes to the expreſſion of *duſt to duſt* in the burial ſervice, and to the ſentence pronounced againſt Adam: "*Duſt* thou art, "and to *duſt* thou ſhalt return." In *Troilus and Creſſida* alſo the ſame epithet occurs:

"——are grated
"To *duſty* nothing.—"

Shakſpeare, however, in the firſt act of this play, ſpeaks of the thane of Cawdor, as of one "——who had been *ſtudied* in his *death.*" STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon juſtly obſerves that *duſty* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *duſt* of death, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
"Where no prieſt ſhovels in *duſt.*" MALONE.

In *Sydney's Arcadia*, 1598, p. 445, we have the following ſtanza of a ſong on death:

"Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with paſſions be,
"And ſcarce diſcerne the dawne of comming day;
"Let them be clearde, and now begin to ſee
"Our life is but a ſtep in *duſtie way.*" REED.

Macb. Well, ſay, ſir.

Mes. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave!
[ſtriking him.

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee:[4] if thy ſpeech be ſooth,

[4] *Till famine* cling *thee:*] *Clung*, in the northern counties, ſignifies any thing that is ſhrivelled or ſhrunk up. By famine, the inteſtines are, as it were, ſtuck together. In *The Roman Actor* by Maſſinger, the ſame word, though differently ſpelt, appears to be uſed:

" —— my entrails
" Are *clamm'd* with keeping a continual faſt."

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praiſe of the Old Aſſe*, &c. 1593: " Who would have thought, or could have imagined, to have found the wit of Pierce ſo ſtarved and *clunged?*" Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

" My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*."

Again, in Heywood's *Pleaſant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

" His entrails with long faſt and hunger *clung*——."

Again, in Golding's verſion of *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*, Book VII:

" ——— old Æacus alſo, *cloong*
" With age——."

To *cling* likewiſe ſignifies, to *gripe*, to *compreſs*, to *embrace*. So, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

" —— ſlide from the mother,
" And *cling* the daughter."

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

" And found even *cling'd* in ſenſuality."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

" I will never ſee a white flea, before I will *cling* you."

Ben Jonſon uſes the word *clem* in the *Poetaſter*, Act I. ſc. ii: " I cannot eat ſtones and turfs; ſay, what will he *clem* me and my followers? aſk him an he will *clem* me." To be *clem'd* is a Staf-

I care not if thou doſt for me as much.—
I pull in reſolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: [5] *Fear not, till Birnam wood*

fordſhire expreſſion, which means, to be *ſtarved:* and there is likewiſe a Cheſhire proverb: "You been like Smithwick, either *clem'd* or burſten." Again, in *Antonio and Mellida:*

"Now lions' half-*clem'd* entrails roar for food."

In the following inſtances, the exact meaning of this word is not very clear:

"Andrea ſlain! then weapon *cling* my breaſt."
Firſt part of *Jeronimo*, 1605.

"Although my conſcience hath my courage *cleng'd*,
"And knows what valour was employ'd in vain."
Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603.

Again, in *The Sadler's Play*, among the Cheſter Whitſun plays, Mſ. Harl. 1013, p. 154, where the burial of our Saviour is ſpoken of:

"That now is *clongen* under clay."

I have given theſe varieties of the word for the ſake of any future lexicographer, or commentator on ancient authors.

Mr. Whalley however obſerves, that till famine *cling* thee, means—till it *dry thee up*, or *exhauſt all thy moiſture. Clung wood* is wood of which the ſap is entirely dried or ſpent. *Clung* and *clem*, ſays he, are terms of very different meaning. STEEVENS.

[5] *I* pull *in reſolution*; *and begin*
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth:] Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet, as it is a phraſe without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is ſurely better to read:

I pall *in reſolution,*———

I languiſh in my conſtancy, my confidence begins to forſake me. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve how eaſily *pall* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer, or miſtaken for it by an unſkilful printer. With this emendation Dr. Warburton and Mr. Heath concur. JOHNSON.

There is ſurely no need of change; for Shakſpeare, who made Trinculo, in *The Tempeſt*, ſay,

"I will *let looſe* my opinion,"

might have written,

I pull in my reſolution.

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horſe) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, ſeeing his danger, reſolves to *check* that confidence to which he had *given the rein before.* STEEVENS.

Do come to Dunſinane;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunſinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun,[6]
And wiſh the eſtate o'the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we'll die with harneſs[7] on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame. A Plain before the Caſtle.

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

MAL. Now near enough; your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhow like thoſe you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,
Lead our firſt battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.

SIW. Fare you well.—

[6] *I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun*, &c.]
Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat, tædet cæli convexa tueri. THEOBALD.

[7] ——*harneſs*—] An old word for armour. So, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:
"His *harneſs* is converted to ſoft ſilke." HENDERSON.

So, in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543: "—well perceyving that the intendours of ſuch a purpoſe would rather have had their *harneſſe on their backs*, than to have bound them up in barrelles." MALONE.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak; give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a ſtake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe.[8]—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

[8] ——*I muſt fight the* courſe.] A phraſe taken from bear-baiting. So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

"Alſo you ſhall ſee two ten-dog *courſes* at the great bear."

STEEVENS.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*They fight, and young* Siward *is ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman.—
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born.[9] [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is:—Tyrant, ſhow thy face:
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword,[a] with an unbatter'd edge,

[9] This ſhort ſcene is injudiciouſly omitted on the ſtage. The poet deſigned Macbeth ſhould *appear* invincible, till he encountered the object deſtined for his deſtruction. Steevens.

[a] ——either *thou, Macbeth,*
Or elſe my ſword, &c.] I ſuſpect an intermediate line has been loſt; perhaps of this import:
——either thou, Macbeth,
Advance, and bravely meet an injur'd foe,
Or elſe my ſword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I ſheathe again undeeded. Malone.

Were any change in this line neceſſary, inſtead of *either* we might read *hither.* "*Hither,* thou, Macbeth," would elliptically mean —"Come thou *hither,* Macbeth!" Lady Macbeth, apoſtrophiſing her abſent huſband, has uſed nearly the ſame phraſe:
"——*Hie thee hither,*
"That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear."
I cannot, however, perſuade myſelf that any line is wanting to complete the ſenſe of the paſſage. That abruptneſs which Mr. Malone regards as a blemiſh, (conſidering the preſent ſtate of Mac-

I ſheathe again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be;
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited:[3] Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.[4] [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

duff's mind) ſhould be received as a beauty. Shakſpeare (as Prior ſays of the author of Hudibras)

" ——ſagacious maſter, knew
" When to leave off, and when purſue." STEEVENS.

My conjecture is, I believe, unfounded. In *Cymbeline*, we have a ſimilar phraſeology:

" —— Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
" Even to Auguſtus' throne: *Or this*, or periſh."
MALONE.

[3] *Seems* bruited:] From *bruit*. Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour; to noiſe. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" —— his death
" Being *bruited* once," &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" —— I am not
" One that rejoices in the common wreck,
" As common *bruit* doth put it."

Again, in *Acoläſtus*, a comedy, 1540: " Lais was one of the moſt *bruited* common women that clerkes do write of." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *There thou ſhould'ſt be;*
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.] I ſuſpect, from deficience of metre, that the latter part of this paſſage originally ſtood thus—

Seems bruited *there*. Let me *but* find him, fortune!
And more &c. STEEVENS.

Mal. We have met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.

Siw. Enter, ſir, the caſtle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? [4] whiles I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my ſword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour:
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed: [5]

[4] *Why ſhould I play the* Roman fool, *and die*
On mine own ſword?] Alluding, perhaps, to the ſuicide of *Cato Uticenſis*, which our author muſt have read of in the old tranſlation of Plutarch, as the ſame circumſtance is mentioned again in *Julius Cæſar:*

" ——I did blame *Cato* for the death
" Which he did give himſelf." STEEVENS.

[5] *As eaſy may'ſt thou the* intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:] That is, air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon wiſhes to interpret the word *intrenchant* differently, and ſays that it may ſignify *ſurrounding*; but of a participle

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life,[6] which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;[7]

with ſuch a meaning, I believe there is no example.—Shakſpeare's indiſcriminate uſe of active and paſſive participles has been frequently noticed. In *Timon* he has *trenchant* in an active ſenſe, and in the line before us *intrenchant* is employed as paſſive.

Milton, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. VI. ſeems to have imitated this paſſage:

"Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
"Receive, no more than can the fluid air." Steevens.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"For it is as the *air invulnerable*." Malone.

[6] *I bear a* charmed *life*,] In the days of chivalry, the champions' arms being ceremoniouſly bleſſed, each took an oath that he uſed no *charmed* weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in alluſion to this cuſtom, tells Macduff of the ſecurity he had in the prediction of the ſpirit.

To this likewiſe Poſthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"——I, in my own woe *charm'd*,
"Could not find death." Upton.

So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin:

"Here you ſhall ſwear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,
"And by the right you challenge in true fame,
"That here you ſtand, not arm'd with any guile,
"Of philters, *charms*, of night-ſpells, characters,
"Or other black infernal vantages," &c.

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iv:

"——*he bears a charmed* ſhield,
"And eke enchaunted arms that none can pierce."
Steevens.

[7] ——palter *with us in a double ſenſe*:] That *ſhuffle* with ambiguous expreſſions. Johnson.

That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhow and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole;[8] and underwrit,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt: Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that firſt cries, *Hold, enough.*[9]
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:
"Now fortune, frown and *palter*, if thou pleaſe."
Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*
"——Romans, that have ſpoke the word,
"And will not *palter.*" Steevens.

[8] *We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,*
Painted upon a pole;] That is, on cloth ſuſpended on a pole. Malone.

[9] ——— *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on the words "To cry, *hold, hold!*" p. 377, n. 9. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, one of the combatants was an eſquire, and knighted after the battle, which the king terminated by crying *Hoo*, i. e. hold. Steevens.

"To cry *hold*, is the word of yielding," ſays Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries ſo. Tollet.

Retreat. Flouriſh. Re-enter with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and Soldiers.*

MAL. I would the friends we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.

SIW. Some muſt go off: and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

MAL. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.

ROSSE. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he died.

SIW. Then he is dead?

ROSSE. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

SIW. Had he his hurts before?

ROSSE. Ay, on the front.

SIW. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.[a]

[a] *Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,*
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, underſtood that his ſon, whom he had ſent in ſervice againſt the Scotchmen, was ſlain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was anſwered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wiſh I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore:
So, God[3] be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole.*[4]

Macd. Hail, king! for ſo thou art: Behold, where ſtands
The uſurper's curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſs'd with thy kingdom's pearl,[5]

Our author might have found the ſame incident recorded by Holinſhed in his Chronicle, Vol. I. p. 192. Malone.

[3] *So, God* &c.] The old copy redundantly reads—*And* ſo, God &c. Steevens.

[4] ——*on a pole.*] Theſe words I have added to the ſtage-direction, from the Chronicle: "Then cutting his head from his ſhoulders, he ſet it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *ſtands* in Macduff's ſpeech.

Many of the ſtage-directions appear to have been inſerted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this ſcene, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) according to their direction, Macbeth is ſlain on the ſtage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. Malone.

Our ancient players were not even ſkilful enough to prevent abſurdity in thoſe circumſtances which fell immediately under their own management. No bad ſpecimen of their want of common ſenſe on ſuch occaſions, may be found in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611,—"*Enter* Sybilla *lying in childbed*, with her child *lying* by her," &c. Steevens.

[5] ——*thy kingdom's* pearl,] This metaphorical expreſſion was excluded by Mr. Rowe, after whom our modern editors were content to read—*peers.*

The following paſſage from Ben Jonſon's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*, may however countenance the old reading, which I have inſerted in the text:

"Queen, prince, duke, and earls,
"Counteſſes, ye courtly *pearls*," &c.

That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds;
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail![5]

[*Flouriſh.*

Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,[6]
Before we reckon with your ſeveral loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinſmen,
Henceforth be earls, the firſt that ever Scotland
In ſuch an honour nam'd.[7] What's more to do,

Again, in Shirley's *Gentlemen of Venice:*

" ——he is the very *pearl*
" Of courteſy."—— STEEVENS.

Thy kingdom's pearl means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament. So, J. Sylveſter, *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600:

" Honour of cities, *pearle of kingdoms all.*"

Again, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by N. Breton, 1606:

" ——an earl,
" And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl.*"

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, calls Lord Southampton—" bright *pearle* of peers." MALONE.

[5] *King of Scotland*, hail!] Old copy—" *Hail*, king of Scotland!" For the ſake of metre, and in conformity to a practice of our author, I have tranſplanted the word—*hail*, from the beginning to the end of this hemiſtich. Thus, in the third ſcene of the play, p. 352:

" So, all *hail*, Macbeth, and Banquo!
" Banquo, and Macbeth, all *hail.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *We ſhall not* ſpend *a large* expence *of time,*] To *ſpend* an *expence*, is a phraſe with which no reader will be ſatisfied. We certainly owe it to the miſtake of a tranſcriber, or the negligence of a printer. Perhaps, *extent* was the poet's word. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*the firſt that ever Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd.] " Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had aſſiſted him againſt Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earles*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathneſs, Roſſe, and Angus." Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland*, p. 176. MALONE.

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

This play is deſervedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and ſolemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action; but it has no nice diſcriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular diſpoſitions, and the courſe of the action neceſſarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well deſcribed; and I know not whether it may not be ſaid, in defence of ſome parts which now ſeem improbable, that, in Shakſpeare's time, it was neceſſary to warn credulity againſt vain and illuſive predictions.

The paſſions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely deteſted; and though the courage of Macbeth preſerves ſome eſteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON.

How frequent the practice of enquiring into the events of futurity, ſimilar to thoſe of Macbeth, was in Shakſpeare's time, may be ſeen in the following inſtances: "The Marſhall of Raiz wife hath bin heard to ſay, that Queen Katherine beeing deſirous to know what ſhould become of her children, and who ſhould ſucceed them, the party which undertooke to aſſure her, let her ſee a glaſſe, repreſenting a hall, in the which either of them made ſo many turns as he ſhould raigne yeares; and that King Henry the Third, making his, the Duke of Guiſe croſt him like a flaſh of lightning; after which the Prince of Navarre preſented himſelfe, and made 22 turnes, and then vaniſhed." *P. Mathieu's Heroyk life and deplorable death of Henry the Fourth*, tranſlated by *Ed. Grimeſton*, 4to. 1612, p. 42. Again: "It is reported that a Duke of Bourgondy had like to have died for feare at the ſight of the nine worthies which a magician ſhewed him." *Ib.* p. 116. REED.

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a liſt of no leſs than CII. dramatic ſubjects, had fixed on the ſtory of this play among the reſt. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's caſtle. "The matter of Duncan (ſays he) may be expreſſed by the appearing of his ghoſt." It ſhould ſeem from this laſt memorandum, that Milton diſliked the licence his predeceſſor had taken in comprehending a hiſtory of ſuch length within the ſhort compaſs of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan of the ancient drama. He could not ſurely have indulged ſo vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakſpeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

The late Mr. Whateley's *Remarks on ſome of the Characters of Shakſpeare*, have ſhown, with the utmoſt clearneſs of diſtinction and felicity of arrangement, that what in Richard III. is fortitude, in Macbeth is no more than reſolution. But this judicious critic having imputed the cauſe of Macbeth's inferiority in courage to his natural diſpoſition, induces me to diſſent in one particular from an Eſſay which otherwiſe is too comprehenſive to need a ſupplement, and too rational to admit of confutation.

Throughout ſuch parts of this drama as afford opportunities for a diſplay of perſonal bravery, Macbeth ſometimes *ſcrews his courage to the ſticking place*, but never riſes into conſtitutional heroiſm. Inſtead of meditating ſome deciſive ſtroke on the enemy, his reſtleſs and ſelf-accuſing mind diſcharges itſelf in ſplenetic effuſions and perſonal invectives on the attendants about his perſon. His genuine intrepidity had forſaken him when he ceaſed to be a virtuous character. He would now deceive himſelf into confidence, and depends on forced alacrity, and artificial valour, to extricate him from his preſent difficulties. Deſpondency too deep to be rooted out, and fury too irregular to be ſucceſsful, have by turns poſſeſſion of his mind. Though he has been aſſured of what he certainly credited, that *none of woman born ſhall hurt him*, he has twice given us reaſon to ſuppoſe he would have *fled*, but that he *cannot*, being *tied to the ſtake*, and compelled to *fight the courſe*. Suicide alſo has once entered into his thoughts; though this idea, in a paroxyſm of noiſy rage, is ſuppreſſed. Yet here it muſt be acknowledged that his apprehenſions had betrayed him into a ſtrange inconſiſtency of belief. As he perſiſted in ſuppoſing he could be deſtroyed by *none of woman born*, by what means did he think to deſtroy himſelf? for he was produced in the common way of nature, and fell not within the deſcription of the only object that could end the being of Macbeth. In ſhort, his efforts are no longer thoſe of courage, but of deſpair excited by ſelf-conviction, infuriated by the menaces of an injured father, and confirmed by a preſentiment of inevitable defeat. Thus ſituated,—*Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit*,—he very naturally prefers a manly and violent, to a ſhameful and lingering termination of life.

One of Shakſpeare's favourite morals is—that criminality reduces the brave and puſillanimous to a level. *Every puny whipſter gets my ſword*, exclaims Othello, *for why ſhould honour outlive honeſty? Where I could not be honeſt*, ſays Albany, *I was never valiant*; Iachimo imputes his *want of manhood* to the *heavineſs and guilt within his boſom*; Hamlet aſſerts that *conſcience does make cowards of us all:* and Imogen tells Piſanio *he may be valiant in a better cauſe, but now he ſeems a coward.* The late Doctor Johnſon, than whom no man was better acquainted with general nature, in his *Irene* has alſo obſerved of a once faithful Baſſa,

" How guilt, when harbour'd in the conſcious breaſt,
" Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
" See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
" By treaſon levell'd with the dregs of men!
" Ere guilty fear depreſs'd the hoary chief,
" An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
" Had ſtretch'd the fiery boaſter in his grave."

Who then can ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare would have exhibited his Macbeth with encreaſing guilt, but undiminiſhed bravery? or wonder that our hero,

" Whoſe peſter'd ſenſes do recoil and ſtart,
" When all that is within him does condemn
" Itſelf for being there,"

ſhould have loſt the magnanimity he diſplayed in a righteous cauſe, againſt Macdonwald and the Thane of Cawdor? Of this circumſtance, indeed, the murderer of Duncan was ſoon aware, as appears from his aſking himſelf the dreadful queſtion—

" How is't with me, when every noiſe *appals* me?"

Between the courage of Richard and Macbeth, however, no compariſon in favour of the latter can be ſupported. Richard was ſo thoroughly deſigned for a daring, impious, and obdurate character, that even his birth was attended by prodigies, and his perſon armed with ability to do the earlieſt miſchief of which infancy is capable. Macbeth, on the contrary, till deceived by the illuſions of witchcraft, and depraved by the ſuggeſtions of his wife, was a religious, temperate, and blameleſs character. The vices of the one, were originally woven into his heart; thoſe of the other, were only applied to the ſurface of his diſpoſition. They can ſcarce be ſaid to have penetrated quite into its ſubſtance, for while there was ſhame, their might have been reformation.

The precautions of Richard concerning the armour he was to wear in the next day's battle, his preparations for the onſet, and his orders after it is begun, are equally characteriſtic of a calm and intrepid ſoldier, who poſſeſſes the *wiſdom* that appeared ſo formidable to Macbeth, and *guided* Banquo's *valour to act in ſafety*. But Macbeth appears in confuſion from the moment his caſtle is inveſted, iſſues no diſtinct or material directions, prematurely calls for his

armour, as irreſolutely throws it off again, and is more intent on ſelf-crimination, than the repulſe of the beſiegers, or the diſpoſition of the troops who are to defend his fortreſs. But it is uſeleſs to dwell on particulars ſo much more exactly enumerated by Mr. Whately.

The truth is, that the mind of Richard, unimpregnated by original morality, and uninfluenced by the laws of Heaven, is harraſſed by no ſubſequent remorſe. *Repente fuit turpiſſimus.* Even the depreſſion he feels from preternatural objects, is ſpeedily taken off. In ſpite of ominous viſions he ſallies forth, and ſeeks his competitor *in the throat of death.* Macbeth, though he had long abandoned the practice of goodneſs, had not ſo far forgot its accuſtomed influence, but that a virtuous adverſary whom he had injured, is as painful to his ſight as the ſpectre in a former ſcene, and equally blaſts the reſolution he was willing to think he had ſtill poſſeſſed. His conſcience (as Hamlet ſays of the poiſon) *overcrows his ſpirit,* and all his *enterprizes are ſicklied over by the pale caſt of thought.* The curſe that attends on him is, *virtutem videre, et intabeſcere relictâ.* Had Richard once been a feeling and conſcientious character, when his end drew nigh, he might alſo have betrayed evidences of timidity—"there ſadly ſumming what he had, and loſt;" and if Macbeth originally had been a hardened villain, no terrors might have obtruded themſelves on his cloſe of life. *Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat.* In ſhort, Macbeth is timid in ſpite of all his boaſting, as long as he thinks timidity can afford reſources; nor does he exhibit a ſpecimen of determined intrepidity, till the completion of the prophecy, and the challenge of Macduff, have taught him that life is no longer tenable. Five counterfeit Richmonds are ſlain by Richard, who, before his fall, has *enacted wonders* beyond the common ability of man. The proweſs of Macbeth is confined to the ſingle conqueſt of Siward, a novice in the art of war. Neither are the truly brave ever diſgraced by unneceſſary deeds of cruelty. The victims of Richard therefore are merely ſuch as obſtructed his progreſs to the crown, or betrayed the confidence he had repoſed in their aſſurances of fidelity. Macbeth, with a ſavage wantonneſs that would have diſhonoured a Scythian female, cuts off a whole defenceleſs family, though the father of it was the only reaſonable object of his fear.—Can it be a queſtion then which of theſe two perſonages would manifeſt the moſt determined valour in the field? Shall we heſitate to beſtow the palm of courage on the ſteady unrepenting Yorkiſt, in whoſe boſom ideas of hereditary greatneſs, and confidence reſulting from ſucceſs, had fed the flame of glory, and who dies in combat for a crown which had been the early object of his ambition? and ſhall we allot the ſame wreath to the wavering ſelf-convicted Thane, who, educated without hope of royalty, had been ſuggeſted into greatneſs, and yet, at laſt,

would forego it all to ſecure himſelf by flight, but that flight is become an impoſſibility?

To conclude, a picture of conſcience encroaching on fortitude, of magnanimity once animated by virtue, and afterwards extinguiſhed by guilt, was what Shakſpeare meant to diſplay in the character and conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakſpeare's lateſt productions, and it might poſſibly have been ſuggeſted to him by a little performance on the ſame ſubject at Oxford, before king James, 1605, I will tranſcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonicus:* "Fabulæ anſam dedit antiqua de regiâ proſapiâ hiſtoriola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occurriſſe duobus Scotiæ proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixiſſe regem futurum, ſed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, ſed reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è ſtirpe potentiſſimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the obſervation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwittingly* make Shakſpeare learned at leaſt in Latin, as this muſt have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plauſibly ſaid, that he probably picked up the ſtory at *ſecond-hand*; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, ſays Antony, was firſt in Latine to the king, then in Engliſh to the queene and young prince:" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the kinge did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakſpeare, was on this occaſion. FARMER.

Dr. Johnſon uſed often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boaſting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Aſcham's *Toxophilus*,* at a time when Aſcham's pieces

* ——*Aſcham's* Toxophilus,] Mr. Malone is ſomewhat miſtaken in his account of Dr. Johnſon's pleaſantry, which originated from an obſervation made by Mr. Theobald in 1733, and repeated by him in 1744. See his note on *Much ado about nothing* in his 8vo. edition of Shakſpeare, Vol. I. p. 410; and his duodecimo, Vol. II. p. 12. "——and had I the convenience of conſulting *Aſcham's Toxophilus*, I might probably grow better acquainted with his hiſtory:" i. e. that of *Adam Bell*, the celebrated archer.

Mr. Theobald was certainly no diligent inquirer after ancient books, or was much out of luck, if in the courſe of ten years he could not procure the treatiſe he wanted, which was always ſufficiently common. I have abundant reaſon to remember the foregoing circumſtance, having often ſtood the puſh of my late coadjutor's merriment on the ſame ſcore; for he never heard me lament the ſcarcity of any old pamphlet from which I expected to derive information, but he inſtantly roared out—"Sir, remember *Tib* and his *Toxophilus*." STEEVENS.

had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length *Toxophilus* was procured, but—nothing was done. The Interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the ſtudents of Saint John's college, was for a while ſo far my *Toxophilus*, as to excite my curioſity very ſtrongly on the ſubject. Whether Shakſpeare in the compoſition of this noble tragedy was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of tranſlation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth aſcertaining. The Britiſh Muſeum was examined in vain. Mr. Warton very obligingly made a ſtrict ſearch at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verſes that were ſpoken in 1605 by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at laſt obtained, "that no man" (to uſe the words of Dr. Johnſon) "may ever want them more," I will here tranſcribe them.

There is ſome difficulty in reconciling the different accounts of this entertainment. The author of *Rex Platonicus* ſays, "Tres adoleſcentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti, è collegio [Divi Johannis] prodeuntes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, regi ſe tres eſſe Sibyllas profitentur, quæ Banchoni olim ſobolis imperia prædixerant, &c. Deinde tribus principibus ſuaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus ſuccinentes,—principes ingenioſa fictiuncula delectatos dimittunt."

But in a manuſcript account of the king's viſit to Oxford in 1605, in the Muſeum, (Mſs. Baker, 7044,) this interlude is thus deſcribed: "This being done, he [the king] rode on untill he came unto St. John's college, where coming againſt the gate, three young youths, in habit and attire like *Nymphes*, confronted him, repreſenting England, Scotland, and Ireland; and talking dialogue-wiſe each to other of their ſtate, at laſt concluded, yielding up themſelves to his gracious government." With this A. Nixon's account in *The Oxford Triumph*, quarto, 1605, in ſome meaſure agrees, though it differs in a very material point; for, if his relation is to be credited, theſe young men did not alternately recite verſes, but pronounced three diſtinct orations: "This finiſhed, his Majeſtie paſſed along till hee came before Saint John's college, when three little boyes, coming foorth of a caſtle made all of ivie, dreſt like three *nymphes*, (the conceipt whereof the king did very much applaude,) delivered three *orations*, firſt in Latine to the king, then in Engliſh to the queene and young prince; which being ended his majeſtie proceeded towards the eaſt gate of the citie, where the towneſmen againe delivered unto him another ſpeech in Engliſh."

From theſe diſcordant accounts one might be led to ſuppoſe, that there were ſix actors on this occaſion, three of whom perſonated the Sybills, or rather the Weird ſiſters, and addreſſed the royal viſitors in Latin, and that the other three repreſented England, Scotland and Ireland, and ſpoke only in Engliſh. I believe how-

ever that there were but three young men employed; and after reciting the following Latin lines, (which prove that the weird ſiſters and the repreſentatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were the ſame perſons,) they might perhaps have pronounced ſome Engliſh verſes of a ſimilar import, for the entertainment of the queen and the princes.

To the Latin play of *Vertumnus*, written by Dr. Mathew Gwynne, which was acted before the king by ſome of the ſtudents of St. John's college on a ſubſequent day, we are indebted for the long-ſought-for interlude performed at St. John's gate; for Dr. Gwynne, who was the author of this interlude alſo, has annexed it to his *Vertumnus*, printed in 4to. in 1607.

" Ad regis introitum, e Joannenſi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem ſito, tres quaſi Sibyllæ, ſic (ut e ſylva) ſalutarunt.

1. Fatidicas olim fama eſt ceciniſſe ſorores
Imperium ſine fine tuæ, rex inclyte, ſtirpis.
Banquonem agnovit generoſa Loquabria Thanum;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis ſed ſceptra nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinatæ:
In ſaltum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuiſque,
Dum ſpectande tuis, e ſaltu accedis ad urbem;
Teque ſalutamus: Salve, cui Scotia ſervit;
2. Anglia cui, ſalve. 3. Cui ſervit Hibernia, ſalve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cætera, ſalve.
2. Quem diviſa prius colit una Britannia, ſalve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, ſalve.
1. ANNA, parens regum, ſoror, uxor, filia, ſalve.
2. Salve, HENRICE hæres, princeps pulcherrime, ſalve.
3. Dux CAROLE, et perbelle Polonice regule, ſalve.
1. Nec metas fatis, nec tempora ponimus iſtis;
Quin orbis regno, famæ ſint terminus aſtra:
CANUTUM referas regno quadruplice clarum;
Major avis, æquande tuis diademate ſolis.
Nec ſerimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
Nec furor in nobis; ſed agente caleſcimus illo
Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per ſomnia motus,
Londinenſis eques, muſis hæc tecta dicavit.
Muſis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.

Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
Ire ſalutatum, Chriſti precurſor, ad ædem
Chriſti pergentem, juſſit. Dictâ ergo ſalute
Perge, tuo aſpectu ſit læta Academia, perge." MALONE.

As that ſingular curioſity, *The Witch*, printed by Mr. Reed, and diſtributed only among his friends, cannot fall in the way of every curious and inquiſitive reader of Shakſpeare, I am induced to ſubjoin ſuch portions of it (though ſome of them are already glanced at) as might have ſuggeſted the idea on which our author founded his unrivalled ſcene of enchantment in the fourth act of the preſent tragedy.

The lyrick part indeed of the ſecond of theſe extracts has already appeared in my note under the article *Macbeth*, in Mr. Malone's *Attempt* &c. Vol. I; and is repeated here only for the ſake of juxtapoſition, and becauſe its adjuncts (to borrow a phraſe from Lady Macbeth) would have been "bare without it." The whole is given with its antiquated ſpelling, corrected from the original MS.

STEEVENS.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter HECCAT; *and other Witches (with Properties, and Habitts fitting.)*

Hec. Titty, and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgen, Liard, and Robin!
White ſpirits, black ſpiritts, gray ſpiritts, redd ſperitts;
Devill-Toad, Devill-Ram, Devill-Catt, and Devill-Dam.
Why Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwin and Prickle!
Stad. Here, ſweating at the veſſel.
Hec. Boyle it well.
Hop. It gallops now.
Hec. Are the flames blew enough?
Or ſhall I uſe a little ſeeten more?
Stad. The nipps of Fayries upon maides white hipps,
Are not more perfect azure.
Hec. Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen diſh,
That I may fall to work upon theis ſerpents,
And ſqueize 'em ready for the ſecond howre.
Why, when?
Stad. Heere's Stadlin, and the diſh.
Hec. There take this un-baptized brat:
Boile it well: preſerve the fat:

You know 'tis pretious to transfer
Our 'noynted fleſh into the aire,
In moone-light nights, ore ſteeple-topps,
Mountaines, and pine-trees, that like pricks, or ſtoppe,
Seeme to our height: high towres, and roofes of princes,
Like wrinckles in the earth: whole provinces
Appeare to our ſight then, ev'n leeke
A ruſſet-moale upon ſome ladies cheeke.
When hundred leagues in aire we feaſt and ſing,
Daunce, kiſſe, and coll, uſe every thing:
What yong-man can we wiſh to pleaſure us
But we enioy him in an Incubus?
Thou know'ſt it Stadlin?
Stad. Uſually that's don.
Hec. Laſt night thou got'ſt the Maior of Whelplies ſon,
I knew him by his black cloake lyn'd with yallow;
I thinck thou haſt ſpoild the youth: hee's but ſeaventeene.
I'll have him the next mounting: away, in.
Goe feed the veſſell for the ſecond howre.
Sta. Where be the magicall herbes?
Hec. They're downe his throate.
His mouth cramb'd full; his eares, and noſthrills ſtufft.
I thruſt in Eleoſelinum, lately
Aconitum, frondes populeus, and ſoote,
You may ſee that, he looks ſo black i'th' mouth:
Then Sium, Acharum, Vulgaro too
Dentaphillon, the blood of a flitter-mowſe,
Solanum ſomnificum et oleum.
Stad. Then ther's all Heccat?
Hec. Is the hart of wax
Stuck full of magique needles?
Stad. 'Tis don Heccat.
Hec. And is the Farmer's picture, and his wives,
Lay'd downe to th' fire yet?
Stad. They are a roaſting both too.
Hec. Good;
Then their marrowes are a melting ſubtelly,
And three monethes ſicknes ſucks up life in 'em.
They denide me often flowre, barme, and milke,
Gooſe-greaze and tar, when I nere hurt their churnings,
Their brew-locks nor their batches, nor fore-ſpoake
Any of their breedings. Now I'll be-meete with 'em.
Seaven of their yong piggs I have be-witch'd already
Of the laſt litter, nine ducklyngs, thirteene goſelings and a hog
Fell lame laſt Sonday after even-ſong too.
And mark how their ſheepe proſper; or what ſoupe

Each milch-kine gives to th' paile: I'll ſend theſe ſnakes
Shall milke 'em all before hand: the dew'd-ſkirted dayrie wenches
Shall ſtroak dry duggs for this, and goe home curſſing:
I'll mar their ſillabubs, and ſwathie feaſtings
Under cowes bellies, with the pariſh-youthes:

Enter FIRESTONE.

Wher's Fireſtone? our ſon Fireſtone,

Fire. Here am I mother.

Hec. Take in this brazen diſh full of deere ware,
Thou ſhalt have all when I die, and that wilbe
Ev'n juſt at twelve a clock at night come three yeere.

Fire. And may you not have one a-clock in to th' dozen (Mother?)

Hec. Noh.

Fire. Your ſpirits are then more unconſcionable then bakers: You'll have liv'd then (Mother) ſix-ſcore yeare to the hundred; and me-thincks after ſix-ſcore yeares the devill might give you a caſt; for he's a fruiterer too, and has byn from the beginning: the firſt apple that ere was eaten, came through his fingers: The Coſtermongers then I hold to be the auncienteſt trade, though ſome would have the Tailor prick'd downe before him.

Hec. Goe and take heed you ſhed not by the way:
The howre muſt have her portion, 'tis deere ſirrop.
Each charmed drop is able to confound
A famely conſiſting of nineteene,
Or one and twentie feeders.

Fire. Mary, heere's ſtuff indeed! Deere ſurrup call you it? a little thing would make me give you a dram on't in a poſſett, and cutt you three yeares ſhorter.

Hec. Thou'rt now about ſome villany.

Fire. Not I (forſooth) Truly the devill's in her I thinck. How one villanie ſmells out an other ſtraight: Ther's no knavery but is noſde like a dog, and can ſmell out a doggs meaning. (Mother) I pray give me leave to ramble a-broad to-night with the night-mare, for I have a great mind to over-lay a fat parſon's daughter.

Hec. And who ſhall lye with me then?

Fire. The great cat for one night (Mother). 'Tis but a night: make ſhift with him for once.

Hec. You're a kind ſon:
But 'tis the nature of you all, I ſee that:
You had rather hunt after ſtrange women ſtill,
Then lye with your owne mother: Gett thee gon;
Sweatt thy ſix ounces out about the veſſell,

And thou ſhalt play at mid-night: the night-mare
Shall call thee when it walkes.
Fire. Thancks moſt ſweet Mother. [*Exit.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Hec. Urchins, Elves, Haggs, Satires, Pans, Fawnes, ſilence. Kitt with the candleſtick; Tritons, Centaures, Dwarfes, Imps, the Spoone, the Mare, the Man i'th'oake; the Hell-waine, the Fire-drake, the Puckle. A. Ab. Hur. Hus.
Seb. Heaven knowes with what unwillingnes and hate
I enter this dambd place: but ſuch extreemes
Of wrongs in love, fight 'gainſt religion's knowledge,
That were I ledd by this diſeaſe to deaths
As numberles as creatures that muſt die,
I could not ſhun the way: I know what 'tis
To pitty mad-men now; they're wretched things
That ever were created, if they be
Of woman's making, and her faithles vowes:
I fear they're now a kiſſing: what's a clock?
'Tis now but ſupper-time: But night will come,
And all new-married copples make ſhort ſuppers.
What ere thou art, I have no ſpare time to feare thee;
My horrors are ſo ſtrong and great already,
That thou ſeem'ſt nothing: Up and laze not:
Hadſt thou my buſynes, thou couldſt nere ſit ſoe;
'Twould firck thee into ayre a thouſand mile,
Beyond thy oynetments: I would, I were read
So much in thy black powre, as mine owne greifes!
I'me in great need of help: wil't give me any?
Hec. Thy boldnes takes me bravely: we are all ſworne
To ſweatt for ſuch a ſpirit: See; I regard thee,
I riſe, and bid thee wellcome. What's thy wiſh now?
Seb. Oh my heart ſwells with't. I muſt take breath firſt.
Hec. Is't to confound ſome enemie on the ſeas?
It may be don to night. Stadlin's within;
She raiſes all your ſodaine ruinous ſtormes
That ſhipwrack barks, and teares up growing oakes,
Flyes over houſes, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney (a ſweet place for't)
He would be hang'd ere he would ſet his owne yeares there,
They muſt be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A greene ſilk curtaine drawne before the eies on't,
(His rotten diſeasd yeares)! Or doſt thou envy
The fat proſperitie of any neighbour?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can ſtraight deſtroy the yong of all his cattell:
Blaſt vine-yards, orchards, meadowes; or in one night

Tranſport his doong, hay, corne, by reekes, whole ſtacks,
Into thine owne ground.
Seb. This would come moſt richely now
To many a cuntry grazier: But my envy
Lies not ſo lowe as cattell, corne, or vines:
'Twill trouble your beſt powres to give me eaſe.
Hec. Is yt to ſtarve up generation?
To ſtrike a barrennes in man or woman?
Seb. Hah!
Hec. Hah! did you feele me there? I knew your griefe.
Seb. Can there be ſuch things don?
Hec. Are theis the ſkins
Of ſerpents? theis of ſnakes?
Seb. I ſee they are.
Hec. So ſure into what houſe theis are convay'd
Knitt with theis charmes, and retentive knotts,
Neither the man begetts, nor woman breeds;
No, nor performes the leaſt deſire of wedlock,
Being then a mutuall dutie: I could give thee
Chiroconita, Adincantida,
Archimadon, Marmaritin, Calicia,
Which I could ſort to villanous barren ends,
But this leades the ſame way: More I could inſtance:
As the ſame needles thruſt into their pillowes
That ſoawes and ſocks up dead men in their ſheets:
A privy grizzel of a man that hangs
After ſun-ſett: Good, excellent: yet all's there (Sir).
Seb. You could not doe a man that ſpeciall kindnes
To part them utterly, now? Could you doe that?
Hec. No: time muſt do't: we cannot disioyne wedlock:
'Tis of heaven's faſtning: well may we raiſe jarrs,
Jealouzies, ſtriffes, and hart-burning diſagreements,
Like a thick ſkurff ore life, as did our maſter
Upon that patient miracle: but the work itſelf
Our powre cannot dis-joynt.
Seb. I depart happy
In what I have then, being conſtrain'd to this:
And graunt you (greater powres) that diſpoſe men,
That I may never need this hag agen. [*Exit.*
Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't;
'Tis for the love of miſcheif I doe this,
And that we are ſworne to the firſt oath we take.
Fire. Oh mother, mother.
Hec. What's the newes with thee now?
Fire. There's the braveſt yong gentleman within, and the fineſt drunck: I thought he would have falne into the veſſel: he ſtumbled at a pipkin of childes greaze; reelde againſt Stadlin, over-

threw her, and in the tumbling caſt, ſtruck up old Puckles heeles with her clothes over her eares.

Hec. Hoy-day!

Fire. I was fayne to throw the cat upon her, to ſave her honeſtie; and all litle enough: I cryde out ſtill, I pray be coverd. See where he comes now (Mother.)

Enter ALMACHILDES.

Alm. Call you theis witches?
They be tumblers me-thinckes, very flat tumblers.

Hec. 'Tis Almachildes: freſh blood ſtirrs in me—
The man that I have lufted to enjoy:
I have had him thrice in Incubus already.

Al. Is your name gooddy Hag?

Hec. 'Tis any thing.
Call me the horridſt and unhallowed things
That life and nature trembles at; for thee
I'll be the ſame. Thou com'ſt for a love-charme now?

Al. Why thou'rt a witch, I thinck.

Hec. Thou ſhalt have choice of twentie, wett, or drie.

Al. Nay let's have drie ones.

Hec. Yf thou wilt uſe't by way of cup and potion,
I'll give thee a Remora ſhall be-witch her ſtraight.

Al. A Remora? what's that?

Hec. A litle ſuck-ſtone,
Some call it a ſtalamprey, a ſmall fiſh.

Al. And muſt 'be butter'd?

Hec. The bones of a greene frog too: wondrous pretious,
The fleſh conſum'd by pize-mires.

Al. Pize-mires! give me a chamber-pot.

Fire. You ſhall ſee him goe nighe to be ſo unmannerly, hee'll make water before my mother anon.

Al. And now you talke of frogs, I have ſomewhat here:
I come not emptie pocketted from a bancket.
(I learn'd that of my haberdaſhers wife.)
Looke, gooddy witch, there's a toad in marchpane for you.

Hec. Oh ſir, y'have fitted me.

Al. And here's a ſpawne or two
Of the ſame paddock-brood too, for your ſon.

Fire. I thanck your worſhip, ſir: how comes your handkercher ſo ſweetely thus beray'd? ſure tis wett ſucket, ſir.

Al. 'Tis nothing but the ſirrup the toad ſpit,
Take all I pree-thee.

Hec. This was kindly don, ſir,
And you ſhall ſup with me to-night for this.

Al. How? ſup with thee? doſt thinck I'll eate fryde ratts,
And pickled ſpiders?
Hec. No: I can command, Sir,
The beſt meate i'th' whole province for my frends,
And reverently ſervd in too.
Al. How?
Hec. In good faſhion.
Al. Let me but ſee that, and I'll ſup with you.

She conjures; and enter a Catt (playing on a fidle) and Spiritts (with meate).

The Catt and Fidle's an excellent ordinarie:
You had a devill once in a fox-ſkin.
Hec. Oh, I have him ſtill: come walke with me, Sir.
[*Exit.*
Fire. How apt and ready is a drunckard now to reele to the devill! Well I'll even in, and ſee how he eates, and I'll be hang'd if I be not the fatter of the twaine with laughing at him. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter HECCAT, WITCHES, & FIRE-STONE.

Hec. The moone's a gallant; ſee how briſk ſhe rides.
Stad. Heer's a rich evening, Heccat.
Hec. I, is't not wenches,
To take a jorney of five thouſand mile?
Hop. Ours will be more to-night.
Hec. Oh, 'twill be pretious: heard you the owle yet?
Stad. Breifely in the copps,
As we came through now.
Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hoong at my lipps three times
As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.
Old Puckle ſaw her.
Hec. You are fortunate ſtill:
The very ſchreich-owle lights upon your ſhoulder,
And wooes you, like a pidgeon. Are you furniſh'd?
Have you your oyntments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll over-take you ſwiftly.
Stad. Hye thee Heccat:
We ſhal be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach you quickly.
Fire. They are all going a birding to-night. They talk of fowles i'th'aire, that fly by day: I am ſure they'll be a company of fowle

ſlutts there to night. Yf we have not mortallitie affer'd, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putryfie it, to infect a whole region. She ſpies me now.

Hec. What Fire-Stone, our ſweet ſon?

Fire. A litle ſweeter then ſome of you; or a doonghill were too good for me.

Hec. How much haſt here?

Fire. Nineteene, and all brave plump ones; beſides ſix lizards, and three ſerpentine eggs.

Hec. Deere and ſweet boy: what herbes haſt thou?

Fire. I have ſome Mar-martin, and Man-dragon.

Hec. Marmaritin, and Mandragora, thou wouldſt ſay.

Fire. Heer's Pannax too: I thanck thee, my pan akes I am ſure with kneeling downe to cut 'em.

Hec. And Selago,
Hedge hiſop too: how neere he goes my cuttings?
Were they all cropt by moone-light?

Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am a moone-calf (Mother).

Hec. Hye thee home with 'em.
Looke well to the houſe to night: I am for aloft.

Fire. Aloft (quoth you?) I would you would breake your neck once, that I might have all quickly. Hark, hark, mother; they are above the ſteeple alredy, flying over your head with a noyſe of muſitians.

Hec. They are they indeed. Help me, help me; I'm too late els.

SONG. Come away, come away; } *in the aire.*
Heccat, Heccat, come away. }

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the ſpeed I may,
With all the ſpeed I may.
Wher's Stadlin?

Heere } *in the aire.*

Wher's Puckle?
Heere:
And Hoppo too, and Hellwaine too: } *in the aire.*
We lack but you; we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but noynt, and then I mount.

[*A ſpirit like a Cat deſcends.*

Ther's one comes downe to fetch his dues; } *above.*
A kiſſe, a coll, a ſip of blood:
And why thou ſtaiſt ſo long
I muſe, I muſe,
Since the air's ſo ſweet and good.

Hec. Oh, art thou come,
What newes, what newes?
All goes ſtill to our delight,
Either come, or els
Refuſe, refuſe.
Hec. Now I am furniſh'd for the flight.
Fire. Hark, hark, the Catt ſings a brave treble in her owne language.
Hec. going up.] Now I goe, now I flie,
Malkin my ſweete ſpirit and I.
Oh what a daintie pleaſure tis
To ride in the aire
When the moone ſhines faire,
And ſing and daunce, and toy and kiſs:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountaines,
Over ſeas, our miſtris fountaines,
Over ſteepe towres and turretts
We fly by night, 'mongſt troopes of ſpiritts.
No ring of bells to our eares ſounds,
No howles of woolves, no yelpes of hounds;
No, not the noyſe of water's-breache,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reache.

No Ring of bells, &c. } *above.*

Fire. Well Mother, I thanck your kindnes: You muſt be gambolling i'th'aire, and leave me to walk here like a fooke and a mortall. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter DUCHESSE, HECCAT, FIRESTONE.

Hec. What death is't you deſire for Almachildes?
Dutch. A ſodaine and a ſubtle.
Hec. Then I have fitted you.
Here lye the guifts of both; ſodaine and ſubtle:
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blew fire, kindled with dead mens' eyes,
Will waſte him by degrees.
Duch. In what time, pree-thee?
Hec. Perhaps in a moone's progreſſe.
Duch. What? a moneth?
Out upon pictures! if they be ſo tedious,
Give me things with ſome life.
Hec. Then ſeeke no farther.
Duch. This muſt be don with ſpeed, diſpatch'd this night,
If it may poſſible.
Hec. I have it for you:
Here's that will do't: ſtay but perfection's time,

And that's not five howres hence.
Duch. Canſt thou do this?
Hec. Can I?
Duch. I meane, ſo cloſely.
Hec. So cloſely doe you meane too?
Duch. So artfully, ſo cunningly.
Hec. Worſe & worſe; doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let ſcrupulous creatures know
Cum volui, ripis ipſis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere ſuos; concuſſaq. ſiſto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta; nubila pello,
Nubilaq. induco: ventos abigoq. vocoq.
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces;
Et ſilvas moveo, jubeoq, tremiſcere montes,
Et mugire ſolum, maneſq. exire ſepulchris.
Te quoque Luna traho.
Can you doubt me then, daughter,
Than can make mountaines tremble, miles of woods walk;
Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the ſpiritts
Of the entomb'd to burſt out from their marbles;
Nay, draw yond moone to my envolv'd deſignes?
Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad and our great catt angrie; for one ſpitts French then, and thother ſpitts Latten.
Duch. I did not doubt you, Mother.
Hec. No? what did you,
My powre's ſo firme, it is not to be queſtion'd.
Duch. Forgive what's paſt: and now I know th' offenſivenes
That vexes art, I'll ſhun th' occaſion ever.
Hec. Leave all to me and my five ſiſters, daughter.
It ſhall be convaid in at howlett-time.
Take you no care. My ſpiritts know their moments:
Raven, or ſcreitch-owle never fly by th' dore
But they call in (I thanck 'em) and they looſe not by't.
I give 'em barley ſoakd in infants' blood:
They ſhall have ſemina cum ſanguine,
Their gorge cramd full if they come once to our houſe:
We are no niggard.
Fire. They fare but too well when they come heather: they eate up as much tother night as would have made me a good conſcionable pudding.
Hec. Give me ſome lizards-braine: quickly Fireſtone.
Wher's grannam Stadlin, and all the reſt o'th'ſiſters?
Fire. All at hand forſooth.
Hec. Give me Marmaritin; ſome Beare-breech: when?
Fire. Heer's Beare-breech, and lizards braine forſooth.
Hec. In to the veſſell;

And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girle
I kill'd laſt midnight.
Fire. Whereabouts, ſweet Mother?
Hec. Hip; hip or flanck. Where is the Acopus?
Fire. You ſhall have Acopus, forſooth.
Hec. Stir, ſtir about; whilſt I begin the charme.

A charme Song, about a Veſſell.

Black ſpiritts, and white; Red ſpiritts, and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keepe it ſtiff in;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it luckey;
Liard, Robin, you muſt bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in, all good keepe out!
1. *Witch.* Heer's the blood of a bat.
Hec. Put in that; oh put in that.
2. Heer's libbard's-bane.
Hec. Put in againe.
1. The juice of toad; the oile of adder.
2. Thoſe will make the yonker madder.
Hec. Put in; ther's all, and rid the ſtench.
Fire. Nay heer's three ounces of the red-hair'd wench.
All. Round, around, around, &c.
Hec. So, ſoe, enough: into the veſſell with it.
There, 't hath the true perfection: I am ſo light
At any miſchief: ther's no villany
But is a tune methinkes.
Fire. A tune! 'tis to the tune of dampnation then, I warrant you; and that ſong hath a villanous burthen.
Hec. Come my ſweet ſiſters; let the aire ſtrike our tune,
Whilſt we ſhow reverence to yond peeping moone.
[*Here they daunce. The Witches dance & Exeunt.*

*** THE following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The firſt and ſecond of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the ſecond act, in a ſcene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other ſong, which is ſung in the third act, the firſt words (*Come away*) are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuſcript in the collection of Major Pearſon. Whether this ſong was written by Shakſpeare, and omit-

ted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be aſcertained. MALONE.

ACT II.

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* Speak, ſiſter, ſpeak; is the deed done?
2. *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve glaſſes ſince have run.
3. *Witch.* Ill deeds are ſeldom ſlow;
Nor ſingle: following crimes on former wait:
The worſt of creatures faſteſt propagate.
Many more murders muſt this one enſue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2. *Witch.* He will—
1. *Witch.* He ſhall—
3. *Witch.* He muſt ſpill much more blood;
And become worſe, to make his title good.
1. *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2. *Witch.* Agreed.
3. *Witch.* Agreed.
4. *Witch.* Agreed.
Chor. We ſhould rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs periſh, ſhould we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
Sometimes like brinded cats we ſhew,
Having no muſick but our mew:
Sometimes we dance in ſome old mill,
Upon the hopper, ſtones, and wheel,
To ſome old ſaw, or bardiſh rhyme,
Where ſtill the mill-clack does keep time.
Sometimes about an hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we:
Thither the chirping cricket comes,
And beetle, ſinging drowſy hums:
Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
And when with none of thoſe we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.
At the night-raven's diſmal voice,
Whilſt others tremble, we rejoice;
And nimbly, nimbly dance we ſtill,
To the echoes from an hollow hill. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE V.

HECATE *and the three* WITCHES.

MUSICK *and* SONG.

[*Within.*] *Hecate, Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. Hark, I am call'd, my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Within.*] Come away, *Hecate, Hecate!* O come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the ſpeed I may,
With all the ſpeed I may.
Where's Stadling?
2. Here. [*within.*]
Hec. Where's Puckle?
3. Here; [*within.*]
And Hopper too, and Helway too.*
We want but you, we want but you:
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount:
I will but 'noint, &c.
[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,
[*A Machine with* Malkin *in it deſcends.*†
A kiſs, a coll, a ſip of blood;
And why thou ſtay'ſt ſo long, I muſe,
Since the air's ſo ſweet and good.
Hec. O, art thou come? What news?
[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight:
Either come, or elſe refuſe.
Hec. Now I'm furniſh'd for the flight;
[Hecate *places herſelf in the Machine.*
Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my ſweet ſpirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleaſure's this,
To ſail i'the air,
While the moon ſhines fair;
To ſing, to toy, to dance and kiſs!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over hills, and miſty fountains; §

* *And* Hopper *too, and* Helway *too.*] In *The Witch*, theſe perſonages are called *Hoppo* and *Hellwayne.* MALONE.

† This ſtage-direction I have added. In *The Witch* there is here the following marginal note: "A ſpirit like a cat deſcends." In Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, printed in 1674, this ſong, as well as all the reſt of the piece, is printed very incorrectly. I have endeavoured to diſtribute the different parts of the ſong before us, as, I imagine, the author intended. MALONE.

§ *Over hills,* &c.] In *The Witch*, inſtead of this line we find:
Over ſeas, our miſtreſs' fountains. MALONE.

Over ſteeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongſt troops of ſpirits.
No ring of bells to our ears ſounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yelps of hounds;
No, not the noiſe of waters' breach,
Nor cannons' throats our height can reach. [Hecate *aſcends.*
1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte; ſhe'll ſoon be back again.
2. *Witch.* But whilſt ſhe moves through the foggy air,
Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare. [*Exeunt.*

Notes omitted (on account of length) in their proper places.
[See p. 396.]

* ——— *his two* chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince, &c.
——— *Will it not be receiv'd,*
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?] In the original Scottiſh Hiſtory by Boethius, and in Holinſhed's Chronicle, we are merely told that Macbeth ſlew Duncan at Inverneſs. No particulars whatſoever are mentioned. The circumſtance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as ſome other circumſtances, our author has taken from the hiſtory of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the caſtle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan aſcended the throne. The fact is thus told by Holinſhed, in p. 150 of his Scottiſh Hiſtory (the hiſtory of the reign of Duncan commences in p. 168): "Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his linage had ſuſteined by the execution of thoſe his kinſmen, whom the king for a ſpectacle to the people had cauſed to be hanged, could not but ſhew manifeſt tokens of great griefe at home amongſt his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceaſed not to travell with him till ſhe underſtood what the cauſe was of his diſpleaſure. Which at length when ſhe had learned by his owne relation, ſhe, as one that bare no leſſe malice in hir heart, for the like cauſe on his behalfe, than hir huſband did for his friends, counſelled him, (ſith the king uſed oftentimes to lodge in his houſe without anie gard about him other than the garriſon of the caſtle, [of Fores,] which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, *and ſhowed him the meanes whereby he might ſooneſt accompliſh it.*

Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir advice in the execution of ſo heinous an act. Whereupon deviſing with himſelfe for a while, which way hee might beſt accompliſh his curſed intent, at length gat opportunitie, and ſped his purpoſe as followeth. It chanced that the king upon *the daie before he purpoſed to depart foorth of the*

caſtell, was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the laſt, comming foorth, he called ſuch afore him as had faithfullie ſerved him *in purſute and apprehenſion of the rebels*, and giving them heartie thanks *he beſtowed ſundrie honourable gifts amongſt them, of the which number* Donwald *was one, as he that had been ever accounted a moſt faithful ſervant to the king*.

At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with two of his chamberlains*, who having brought him to bed, came foorth againe, and then fell to banketting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverſe delicate diſhes, and ſundrie ſorts of *drinks* for their reare ſupper or collation, whereat *they ſate up ſo long, till they had charged their ſtomachs with ſuch full gorges*, that their heads were no ſooner got to the pillow, but aſleepe they were ſo faſt, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, ſooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken ſleepe.

Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through inſtigation of his wife, he called foure of his ſervants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpoſe with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what ſort they ſhould worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his inſtructions, and ſpeedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cocks crow, where they ſecretlie cut his throte as he lay ſleeping, without anie buſkling at all: and immediately by a poſterne gate they carried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horſe there provided for that purpoſe, they convey it unto a place about two miles diſtant from the caſtell.—

Donwald, about the time that the murther was in dooing, got him amongſt them that kept the watch, and ſo continued to companie with them all the reſidue of the night. But in the morning when the noiſe was raiſed in the kings chamber, how the king was ſlaine, his bodie conveied awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter*; and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the ſides of it, *he forthwith ſlew the chamberlains*, as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a madman running to and fro, he ranſacked everie corner within the caſtell, as though it had beene to have ſeene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murtherers hid in anie privie place: but at length comming to the poſterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the *chamberleins, whom he had ſlaine, with all the fault*, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwiſe (ſaid he) but that they were of counſell in the committing of that moſt deteſtable murther.

Finallie, ſuch was his over-earneſt diligence in the ſevere inquiſition and trial of the offenders heerein, that ſome of the lords began to miſlike the matter, and to ſmell foorth ſhrewd tokens that he ſhould not be altogether cleare himſelfe. But for ſo much as they were in that countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reaſon of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place ſhould better ſerve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home." MALONE.

Add, at the concluſion of Mr. Malone's note, p. 411.] I believe, however, a line has been loſt after the words "ſtealthy pace."

Our author did not, I imagine, mean to make the murderer a raviſher likewiſe. In the parallel paſſage in *The Rape of Lucrece*, they are diſtinct perſons:

"While LUST and MURDER wake, to *ſtain* and *kill*."

Perhaps the line which I ſuppoſe to have been loſt, was of this import:

——and wither'd MURDER,
Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace
Enters the portal; *while night-waking* LUST,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſides, towards his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"At midnight—
"When man, and bird, and beaſt, are all at reſt,
"Save thoſe that watch for *rape* and blodie *murder*,"

There is reaſon to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakſpeare's plays ariſe from lines and half lines having been omitted, by the compoſitor's eye paſſing haſtily over them. Of this kind of negligence there is a remarkable inſtance in the preſent play, as printed in the folio, 1632, where the following paſſage is thus exhibited:

"——that we but teach
"Bloody inſtructions, which, being taught, return
"*To plague the ingredience of our poiſon'd chalice*
"To our own lips."

If this miſtake had happened in the firſt copy, and had been continued in the ſubſequent impreſſions, what diligence or ſagacity could have reſtored the paſſage to ſenſe?

In the folio, 1623, it is right, except that the word *ingredients* is there alſo miſ-ſpelt:

"——which, being taught, return
"To plague the *inventor*. *This even-handed juſtice*
"*Commends the* ingredience of our poiſon'd chalice
"To our own lips."

So, the following paſſage in *Much ado about nothing*,

" And I will break with her *and with her father*,
" *And thou ſhalt have her.* Was't not to this end," &c.

is printed thus in the folio, [1623] by the compoſitor's eye glancing from one line to the other:

" And I will break with her. Was't not to this end," &c.

Again, we find in the play before us, edit. 1632:

" ——for their dear cauſes
" Excite the mortified man."

inſtead of

" ——for their dear cauſes
" *Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm*
" Excite the mortified man."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, 1632:

" ——in himſelf too mighty,
" Untill a time may ſerve."

inſtead of

" ——in himſelf too mighty,
" *And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be,*
" Untill a time may ſerve." MALONE.

See p. 425, n. 4.] After the horrour and agitation of this ſcene, the reader may perhaps not be diſpleaſed to pauſe for a few minutes. The conſummate art which Shakſpeare has diſplayed in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commiſſion of the dreadful act, cannot but ſtrike every intelligent reader. An ingenious writer, however, whoſe comparative view of Macbeth and Richard III. has juſt reached my hands, has developed ſome of the more minute traits of the character of Macbeth, particularly in the preſent and ſubſequent ſcene, with ſuch acuteneſs of obſervation, that I am tempted to tranſcribe ſuch of his remarks as relate to the ſubject now before us, though I do not *entirely* agree with him. After having proved by a deduction of many particulars, that the towering ambition of Richard is of a very different colour from that of Macbeth, whoſe weaker deſires ſeem only to aim at preeminence of place, not of dominion, he adds, " Upon the ſame principle a diſtinction ſtill ſtronger is made in the article of courage, though both are poſſeſſed of it even to an eminent degree; but in Richard it is intrepidity, and in Macbeth no more than reſolution: in him it proceeds from exertion, not from nature; in enterprize he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occaſion requires, to ſtifle and ſubdue it. When he and his wife are concerting the murder, his doubt, " if we ſhould fail?" is a difficulty raiſed by an apprehenſion; and as ſoon as that is removed by the contrivance of Lady Macbeth, to make the officers drunk and lay the

crime upon them, he runs with violence into the other extreme of confidence, and cries out, with a rapture unuſual to him,

" —Bring forth men children only, &c.
" ——Will it not be receiv'd
" When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
" Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
" That they have done it?"

which queſtion he puts to her who had the moment before ſuggeſted the thought of

" His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
" Of our great quell."

and his aſking it again, proceeds from that extravagance with which a delivery from apprehenſion and doubt is always accompanied. Then ſummoning all his fortitude he ſays, " I am ſettled," &c. and proceeds to the bloody buſineſs without any further recoil. But a certain degree of reſtleſſneſs and anxiety ſtill continues, ſuch as is conſtantly felt by a man not naturally very bold, worked up to a momentous atchievement. His imagination dwells entirely on the circumſtances of horrour which ſurround him; the viſion of the dagger; the darkneſs and the ſtillneſs of the night, and the terrors and the prayers of the chamberlains. Lady Macbeth, who is cool and undiſmayed, attends to the buſineſs only; conſiders of the place where ſhe had laid the daggers ready; the impoſſibility of his miſſing them; and is afraid of nothing but a diſappointment. She is earneſt and eager; he is uneaſy and impatient; and therefore wiſhes it over:

" I go, and it is done;" &c.

But a reſolution thus forced cannot hold longer than the immediate occaſion for it: the moment after that is accompliſhed for which it was neceſſary, his thoughts take the contrary turn, and he cries out in agony and deſpair,

" Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'ſt!"

That courage which had ſupported him while he was *ſettled and bent up*, forſakes him ſo immediately after he has performed the *terrible feat*, for which it had been exerted, that he forgets the favourite circumſtance of laying it on the officers of the bedchamber; and when reminded of it he refuſes to return and complete his work, acknowledging,

" I am afraid to think what I have done;
" Look on't again I dare not."

His diſorder'd ſenſes deceive him; and his debilitated ſpirits fail him; he owns that " every noiſe appals him;" he liſtens when nothing ſtirs; he miſtakes the ſounds he does hear; he is ſo confuſed as not to know whence the knocking proceeds. She, who is more calm, knows that it is from the ſouth entry; ſhe gives clear and direct anſwers to all the incoherent queſtions he aſks her; but he returns none to that which ſhe puts to him; and though after

ſome time, and when neceſſity again urges him to recollect himſelf, he recovers ſo far as to conceal his diſtreſs, yet he ſtill is not able to divert his thoughts from it: all his anſwers to the trivial queſtions of Lenox and Macduff are evidently given by a man thinking of ſomething elſe; and by taking a tincture from the ſubject of his attention, they become equivocal:

Macd. Is the king ſtirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down; &c.
Macb. Twas a rough night.

Not yet implies that he will by and by, and is a kind of guard againſt any ſuſpicion of his knowing that the king would never ſtir more. *He did appoint ſo*, is the very counterpart of that which he had ſaid to Lady Macbeth, when on his firſt meeting her ſhe aſked him,

"*Lady M.* When goes he hence?
"*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purpoſes."

in both which anſwers he alludes to his diſappointing the king's intention. And when forced to make ſome reply to the long deſcription given by Lenox, he puts off the ſubject which the other was ſo much inclined to dwell on, by a ſlight acquieſcence in what had been ſaid of the roughneſs of the night; but not like a man who had been attentive to the account, or was willing to keep up the converſation." *Remarks on ſome of the Characters of Shakſpeare*, [by Mr. Whateley] 8vo. 1785.

To theſe ingenious obſervations I entirely ſubſcribe, except that I think the wavering irreſolution and agitation of Macbeth after the murder ought not to be aſcribed *ſolely* to a remiſſion of courage, ſince much of it may be imputed to the remorſe which would ariſe in a man who was of a good natural diſpoſition, and is deſcribed as originally "full of the milk of human kindneſs;—not without ambition, but without the illneſs ſhould attend it." MALONE.

See Remarks on Mr. Whateley's Diſſertation, p. 584 *&c. ſeq.* They firſt appeared in *The European Magazine* for April, 1787. STEEVENS.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

John Woodward

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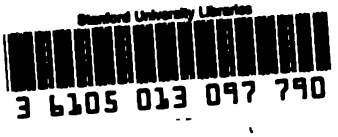

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